THE YOUNG LADIES MAGAZINE,

OR,

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN

A DISCREET GOVERNESS

AND

Several YOUNG LADIES of the first RANK under her EDUCATION.

BY

Mrs. *LE PRINCE DE BEAUMONT.*

A NEW EDITION.

VOLUME I.

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60
APR

TO LADY

SOPHIA CARTERET.

MADAM,

THIS addreſs to your Ladyſhip muſt not paſs for a fulſome dedicatory epiſtle. Thoſe performances devoted to flattery neither ſuit you nor me. The intercourſe I have ſo long had the honour of with you, has always been carried on with truth. 'Tis the only language you approve, and the only language fit to be uſed by me. There is room for an ample dedication; I might enlarge on your illuſtrious anceſtors, and make their merit yours, which you would reject with ſcorn. You know, better than any perſon, that virtue, to deſerve commendation, muſt be perſonal; and I am too well acquainted with your thoughts on this ſubject to employ this common topic. I could with juſtice ſpeak of your talents and happy diſpoſition; and had I leſs regard or affection for you, I might perhaps yield to a temptation that is not altogether uncommon. But my heart guides my pen, and will not per-

mit me to offer any thing to you that is not uſeful.

The gifts of nature, which you are bleſt with, are an early promiſe of that true merit, which has a juſt title to praiſe. From your firſt ſettling out, before you knew what reflection and thought was, I obſerved with pleaſure, that you reaſoned, as it were, by inſtinct, and ſpoke like the moſt rational perſons. Your underſtanding and your will are ſo clear and ſound, that you never miſtake in a point of juſtice, and ſeldom in indifferent matters. But, Madam, theſe happy diſpoſitions, that are in you, are beſtowed on you by a bountiful hand; and I muſt deſire your Ladyſhip to praiſe that infinite and beneficent Being, who has been ſo liberal to you, and at the ſame time to reflect, that the rigour of the account you are to make, increaſes in proportion to the bleſſings you have received. Your tenderneſs and compaſſion, which gives you a fellow-feeling for the diſtreſſed, and ſo much pleaſure when you can contribute to their relief, theſe and other happy diſpoſitions are not from yourſelf; you have received all from above. I might commend your improving the talents intruſted with you; but if you will

reflect

reflect upon your education, the daily examples you have from thoſe that are dearest to you, you will be ſtill farther convinced, that you have nothing to boaſt. The day will come, when, after you are left to yourſelf, the world will attribute what it admires in you to your conduct. You muſt be prepared for that time; and in your preſent happy ſituation, where every circumſtance of life directs you to virtue, be ſteady in the love of righteouſneſs; that in the midſt of a corrupt world you may ſtill find, as you now do, that you are hurt and offended by every thing that appears to be a ſuggeſtion againſt the laws of morality. Preſerve with care the reſpect, you in ſome manner took in with your milk, for Chriſtianity; and dare to be, what a degenerate world glories in not being, a Chriſtian. Never forget that the ſtock of good-nature, which influences your whole deportment, is a call from heaven, which deſigns you for a mother of the poor. Your correſpondence with this high vocation will truly deſerve praiſe; but never forget, that praiſe is the bane of virtue; and whatever pitch thoſe virtues may be carried to, of which the happy beginnings open ſo agreeable a proſpect in your

perſon, repeat inceſſantly in your thoughts: *Why ſhould I glory? What is there that I have not received?*

This piece of juſtice, due to God your benefactor, and to yourſelf, will be the means to preſerve chriſtian virtues, which, from the moment that we attribute them with impiety to ourſelves, diſappear and leave the ſoul.

A young lady, who has the honour of being related to your ladyſhip, upon hearing that I had given her character amongſt thoſe I offered to the public in the *Young Ladies Magazine*, reproached me very ſharply: *What*, ſaid ſhe, *was I to receive the mortal poiſon of flattery from the hands of* Madam de Beaumont? The lady pretended, that I had not done her juſtice, and had flattered her in the character I had drawn for her. It may be, Madam, that in ſketching out your portrait I have not thought to attribute to you all that is ſaid on your account. But ſuppoſing, that, as you ſay, the copy is perfecter than the original, you muſt conclude, my intention was to preſent you with a pattern that might ſpirit up all your endeavours to be what you are not.

I make

I make the ſame compliment to your Ladyſhip. You are perſonated by Lady *Senſible* in the following dialogues. If my reſpectful inclination for you, has impoſed upon me; if I have, without intending it, ſet off the copy with graces that are not in the original, you muſt take care to rectify the miſtake, and make the original ſo like the copy, that not the leaſt feature may be miſſed.

I am, with due reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt obedient and

Moſt humble Servant,

Le Prince de BEAUMONT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception, the *Miſſes Magazine* has met with in his Majeſty's dominions, and abroad, has determined me to publiſh a *Magazine for Young Ladies*.

The moſt dangerous of all the ſtages of life, in my opinion comes on about fourteen or fifteen. About that age a young lady is entered into the world, and takes a kind of new being. All the paſſions kept under reſtraint in the ſtate of infancy begin to appear, and to plead in their favour the example of the new acquaintance, with whom they have begun to rank. Though a young lady ſteps into the world with the beſt education, there is too much reaſon to fear, that the beſt impreſſions will be eraſed by others that ſucceed them, and are formed from the corrupt and dangerous maxims, which they ſoon hear. But every thing is to be feared, when a young lady brings along with her into this new world paſſions either flattered or not curbed, a total ignorance, and, to ſay no worſe, puerile prejudices. She muſt inevitably be ruined.

The world is ſurpriſed at the increaſe of the number of ſo many deſpicable women; but, under the favour of a moment of reflection, there is far greater reaſon to be much more ſurpriſed, that there are ſtill ſo many virtuous.

Let us ſtop our ears againſt the inceſſant panegyrics that ſelf-love laviſhes upon us. Let us enter into ourſelves, and own ingenuouſly, that we have the root of all vice within ourſelves, an eſteem of all imaginary good things,

an averſion to all reſtraint, with a love of liberty, that borders upon libertiniſm. Under all theſe diſpoſitions to diſeaſes, that are like to prove mortal to the ſoul, we venture into an infected air without any precaution or preſervative. How can we wonder at ſo many unfortunate falls, that ſtrike and terrify the ſpectators? I know, that ſome common places have been repeated over and over, and, if you will, to young women that have had the worſt education. *A diſorderly woman is always deſpiſed. 'Tis neceſſary to be godly and religious, a* decorum *muſt be obſerved. Virtue alone can make us eſteemed and happy.* The weakeſt governeſs has theſe maxims always in her mouth; ſhe repeats them without thought to a girl, who hears them without any knowledge of their meaning. Some, I will not diſpute it, apply themſelves with a very good intention to inculcate theſe principles, by a frequent repetition, to thoſe under their charge. But, with all their endeavours to compaſs this laudable deſign, they generally miſcarry, in as much as they do not know, and conſequently cannot teach them, that the ſteps that lead to a fault are not the fault itſelf, tho' they are very dangerous and often criminal. An offence is held in horror, and if it made its firſt appearance barefaced, moſt young people would be guarded againſt danger. But what are the ſteps that lead to diſorder? Imprudence, curioſity, levity, want of attention. Young ladies muſt learn this leſſon; they muſt have it frequently repeated; they muſt be alarmed with their examples, who not acquainted with the danger have found it fatal, to their loſs. But let us ſuppoſe you have convinced them;

them; do you find that the proſpect of ſo many dangers ſeizes them with fear and horror? And yet the greateſt difficulty remains, and it is this. They muſt be farther convinced, that neither their dread of evil, nor their own prudence, even under the watchful care of parents, can bear them ſafe out of danger, and that they muſt inevitably periſh, unleſs they are armed and preſerved with thoſe helps which religion procures. This is not all. The helps, which religion affords, muſt be analyſed and laid out in their full light. The firſt view diſcourages and gives a ſhock to nature; but the coarſe veil muſt be taken off, and prejudice removed, to ſatisfy them that the yoke of the goſpel is light and eaſy; and they muſt be made ſenſible of this great and important truth, that *it is eaſier* and leſs difficult to ſubdue, than to ſatisfy our paſſions. They muſt, I add, feel and ſee that though their ſouls were not immortal, and nothing to be feared or hoped in another life, it would be their intereſt to be virtuous, ſince virtue is the only means to alleviate evils, which cannot be avoided in this life. But this is a taſk far above the generality of governeſſes; and it is a queſtion whether the mothers of young ladies are better qualified for this arduous truſt; they that ſhould lead the way and direct the governeſſes. Many are more ignorant than theſe laſt, more unſettled and leſs moral. Their examples and their maxims are at perpetual variance. Here a mother, by an exceſs of ſeverity, locks up from herſelf the heart of a daughter, which a young lady opens to a confident, or a ſervant maid, and engages in a proceſs of life, where every ſtep is ruin. There an-

other with an ill-timed condeſcenſion fears, that Miſs's health may be prejudiced, if ſhe meet with any contradiction, and chuſes to let all things go as they may, rather than ſuffer any reſtraint from the means, which would keep a proper balance between ſeverity and weakneſs. Another by her ill-guarded diſcourſe diſcovers the little value ſhe ſets upon chriſtianity, and prepares her daughter not ſo much to admit, as eagerly to ingroſs all that ſhe hears, or reads in impious books, too many in number, and which tend to make every thing doubtful, even the fundamental truths of religion, and the divine inſpiration of the ſcriptures. In a word, the generality of parents are ſo taken up with the world, gaming, public ſhews and pageantry, that they want time to engage the confidence of their daughters; and, though they ſhould have this leiſure, they are utter ſtrangers to the means, by which they might ſucceed in this neceſſary undertaking; and know not how to make uſe of that confidence, when they are happily arrived at this term ſo much to be deſired by parents.

From what has been ſaid there is too much reaſon to conclude that young perſons are abſolutely, or very near it, in want of neceſſary helps to eſcape the dangers, which accompany the ravings or infatuation of adoleſcency; ſince we ſeldom meet in a governeſs, and even in parents, with the qualities requiſite to form their underſtanding and their hearts.

The major part of my readers, who have not ſo much as an idea of right education, and of the talents neceſſary for that important purpoſe, will look upon this as a paradox. But I repeat

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it here, after many repetitions, and ſhall continue to do ſo whilſt I live, that education does not conſiſt in the acquiſition or culture of talents, nor in an exterior appearance and outward ſhew; and yet what is called the beſt education goes no farther. When a young lady of fourteen or fifteen is to be brought up, the end propoſed is to form a Chriſtian, an amiable wife, a tender mother, an attentive houſekeeper, and a commonwealth's-woman, that may be a pleaſure, and what is more, an advantage to ſociety. But let us repeat it once more, what care, what pains, and how many talents are neceſſary for the momentous taſk? The greateſt attention, and the moſt conſummate experience ſcarce ſuffice to attain this great end.

I have ſaid that a young lady of fifteen muſt be trained up a Chriſtian. The propoſition will meet with general applauſe, and, as to terms, it ſubſiſts in the common ideas; but few take the ſenſe and meaning. This ſort of language is not underſtood, and I ſhall be ridiculed by moſt of my readers. I ſhall come well off, if I am only taken for an extravagant woman, and if they don't pretend to find ſome poiſon in a doctrine, which cannot be imputed to me, but through want of attention to the goſpel where I found it. And it may be no misfortune to be claſſed among the Methodiſts, a ſet of men little, if at all, known to me. But I muſt once for all declare my mind on this article.

The goſpel contains two parts, the firſt *dogmatical*, and this relates to ſpeculative truths; the ſecond practical, and that relates to our morals. The firſt are to be believed, the ſecond

to

to be practiſed. That I may keep up to the plan which I have propoſed to myſelf, in ſome things that are purely dogmatical I ſhall barely quote the ſacred text, without any comment, gloſs, or interpretation. And I deſire that the ſame queſtion be aſked about the *Young Ladies Magazine*, as was aſked about the *Miſſes*. *What are the author's ſentiments concerning dogmatical points? What communion does the author follow?* But my opinion as to moral points ſhall be clearly decided. It will be thought ſingular, and to be carried too far. That will not be my fault.

I was aſked the other day whether I could not moderate my opinion: that rigor of doctrine diſcourages many *. A rich man has means to benefit others as well as himſelf. A rich man muſt be happier than a poor man. If diſciples of this world were to be formed, this doctrine would be readily admitted, but it muſt be proſcribed amongſt the diſciples of Jeſus Chriſt. Riches are not an advantage, unleſs they are employed for the uſe intended by providence, from whom they have been received in truſt for the indigent; nay, the rich ceaſe to be diſciples of Chriſt, when they don't diſpenſe their wealth to that end. Riches otherwiſe miſlead the heart, and incline it to an immoderate purſuit of eaſe, the love of ſuperfluities, and too violent a tie to this world. Cares, ſolicitude, fears and ſuſpicions, in a word all the difficulties of ſalvation face the rich man, that has an exceſſive affection to his wealth. I know and I have

* *Thoſe words*, bleſſed are the poor, *and many others, are not to be taken in the ſtrict ſenſe of the letter.*

declared

declared that the words of our Lord are only to be underſtood of the rich, who love their wealth criminally, and with prejudice to the duty they owe to God and their neighbour; but this is not enough to quiet the fears of the virtuous rich man, who has juſt reaſons to dread being weighed down by cupidity. I cannot diſguiſe the truth; naked truth is beſt; otherwiſe it ſuffers ſome diminution. Beſides, my young ladies are brought up to repeat the goſpel; that muſt be done faithfully; the text muſt not be altered.

Providence diſpoſes of the ſeveral conditions of life according to the divine plan for the ends intended. We have every one our reſpective employ, which, whatever it coſts us, muſt be faithfully diſcharged. The ſame providence has fixed my ſtation, and to enable me for the acquitting of the great duties of this poſt has entruſted me with ſome talents, and has procured me the confidence of the public as a means to facilitate the forming of young perſons. I ſhould incur the diſpleaſure of God; I ſhould not correſpond to my call, if the fear of weak cenſures with-held my pen. I have an opportunity of inſinuating the ſpirit of Chriſtianity into the hearts of my young readers. Their minds have not received any other impreſſions, and are not preoccupated. If there ſhould be ſome influence of worldly maxims, the impreſſion can be but ſuperficial. And therefore let us make haſte to imprint in their hearts the wholeſome maxims of Jeſus Chriſt with deep and laſting characters.

But who hinders you? they will ſay: Are we againſt our daughters being brought up to good morals? Muſt we be concluded no Chriſtians becauſe we are no bigots? We deſire you to bring up our children; pray make them women of worth and honour; but do not puzzle their brains with extravagant maxims; let them not copy after Lord ſuch-a-one, nor Lady ———. I do not intend or deſire they ſhould follow any one's ſteps but thoſe of *Jeſus Chriſt*; but I cannot make them ſuch perſons as you deſire, and of ſuch virtue as ſhall be proof againſt all trials, unleſs I make them perfect Chriſtians. The degree of their religion will be the ſtandard of their worth, honour, prudence, and of their attention to their reſpective duties. I muſt bring them to look upon their ſalvation as an important affair, their greateſt, their only affair. I will give them to underſtand, that they are only created for that end; and that the wealth of the whole world will avail them nothing, if they have the misfortune to loſe their ſouls; laſtly, that they need only comply faithfully with the duties of their reſpective ſtates, in order to aſcertain their ſalvation. Is not this the intereſt of parents, huſbands, their offspring, their domeſtics, and withal the intereſt of the public? This pleaſes you; it muſt pleaſe all the world. But you cavil about the means; I beg they may be left to me: one word more and I have done. *Do you deſign to bring them up bigots?* Suſpend your opinion; be not alarmed; read this little book to the end; and obſerve what I mean by a bigot, and perhaps in the main we ſhall not diſagree. Then it may turn out, that I ſhall have

have no adverſaries, but thoſe who make a trade of devotion, that is, who through ignorance of hypocriſy have ſubſtituted bigotry in the room of true piety. And let this ſuffice, that gentlemen and ladies of the world may cool their paſſion, and diſmiſs imaginary fears. Let them know, that I have the utmoſt horror for falſe devotion; that I will be as great an enemy to falſe devotion, as I am to irreligion, and that I take the former to be more dangerous; and you young ladies, who ſeek to be truly happy, be aſſured, that I will point out the way that leads to it, and which you will find eaſier as you advance. Take this book, read, meditate, and conſider the contents; after which you ſhall be, with my conſent, at liberty to make your own choice.

Divine and holy Spirit! *Paul* planteth, *Apollo* watereth, but thou alone giveſt the increaſe. Direct my pen; prepare the minds and hearts of my young readers; without thee my words will be but empty ſounds that ſtrike the ear; for thou only can'ſt touch the heart.

Some new characters are introduced in this Magazine. Were they imaginary, others might have been pitched upon; but perhaps theſe are as well fitted for my deſign. I copy from nature; my young people furniſh me with all ſorts of originals, and this abridges my work very conſiderably; and I am not without hopes that it will alſo make it uſeful. In a dozen characters that I have choſen, I point out the general methods to be followed by thoſe, who undertake the inſtruction of youth. There are none of their ſcholars but what may be reduced to one

or other of the characters preſented here to the public. The ſhades which make the difference are almoſt imperceptible, and cannot be obſerved without the greateſt attention; and yet this diſcovery is of the greateſt conſequence, of which the following inſtance is a ſignal proof. The lady, who goes by the name of Lady *Violent*, was but four years and a half old when ſhe was conſigned to my hands. She did not underſtand a word of French, and had with a capacity far above her age very ſtrong paſſions, which by the indulgence of her nurſe were grown quite ungovernable. I ſaw plainly at the ſecond viſit I made, how unprofitable and troubleſome my leſſons were. I was very ſenſible, that the child not only deteſted, but had reaſon to deteſt me; and her averſion to me in proportion to her wit was the more grounded and rational; ſhe was tired with repeating words without any meaning; the diſguſt ſhe had taken againſt the French language reflected on me; and as I was not able for want of language to argue the point with her, I had no hopes left of ſeeing any abatement of the repugnance ſhe had to being taught. I begged ſhe might have a French governeſs; it was allowed, and very luckily a prudent perſon was found for the purpoſe. I continued my leſſons for a whole winter, and very tedious they proved to the young lady. She told me without ceremony, that ſhe hated me. Had I not been ſure that ſhe was miſtreſs of a great wit and a good heart, I ſhould have given up all hopes; but when you have thoſe good qualities to deal with, you may depend upon ſucceſs ſooner or later in this kind of enterpriſe.

terpriſe. I went on very regularly, and loſt three hours every week, and her parents had the good ſenſe not to think their money loſt. The next year my charge was in a way that ſhe would hear me. Her averſion diminiſhed, tho' not very perceptibly. I took care always to commend, when a proper occaſion offered, and winked at ſmaller faults, that I might not be under a neceſſity of reprimanding. This method had very good effect. The child owned that ſhe began to abate in her diſlike of me; at laſt ſhe was glad to ſee me, and deſired to have longer leſſons. May this example be of ſervice to thoſe who meet with ſuch a character! Children of this turn are only to be guided by reaſon; it requires much prudence to bring them to a ſenſe of their own advantage; and if violent means were to take place, no good could come of it; very great progreſs is made among ſuch characters with a ſeeming loſs of time. The method which met with ſucceſs here would have been the ruin of an indolent child, or of an indifferent genius. The laſt are to be treated with kindneſs, though with leſs condeſcenſion: but I might never make an end upon this ſubject; and for farther ſatisfaction on this point I muſt diſmiſs my reader to the work itſelf.

The firſt ſtage of adoleſcency is not the only time, that young ladies want help and inſtruction, the laſt decides for life, as they then chuſe a ſtate. Hence their Magazine muſt take in all the precautions neceſſary to enter upon a married ſtate, or to determine for a ſingle life. Endeavours muſt be uſed to lay before young perſons the inconveniencies, the dangers and the advantages

advantages of a ſtate, which they are no longer at liberty to change for another; and laſtly, young ladies muſt be guarded by proper advice againſt the immoderate deſire they have, and the pains they take to appear agreeable, which they pretext under the ſpecious ſhew of being neceſſary to arrive at a proper ſettlement. Nothing ſhall be forgot that can anſwer the ends propoſed in this work; and I ſhall think my pains well beſtowed, if it prove uſeful to the young perſons for whoſe advantage it is undertaken.

Some will think that the morning inſtructions to be given here, are too ſerious for ladies from fifteen to eighteen years of age. But, to ſatisfy this objection, I need only acquaint my readers, that I have merely writ down the converſations that have paſſed between me and my ſcholars; and experience has taught me that thoſe inſtructions are not above their reach. Among my young people there are children of twelve years of age that will not let a ſophiſm be paſſed upon them for a ſyllogiſm, and they will tell you very gravely of a book they are reading: *The author has taken leave of his ſubject*; *he ſays very weak things*. *His principle is falſe*; *his inferences muſt be ſo*. What is more, my young ladies will prove it. We don't form a true judgment of the capacity of children; nothing is out of their reach, if they are taught by little and little to form an argument, or rather to diſcourſe on a ſubject. Now-a-days ladies read all ſorts of books, hiſtory, politicks, philoſophy, and even ſuch as concern religion. They ſhould therefore be in a condition to judge ſolidly of what they read, and able to diſcern truth from falſhood.

hood. Before I reſolved to publiſh any thing concerning this matter, I tried two years ſucceſſively what young ladies were capable of, and after repeated trials, was fully convinced, that we are all born geometricians; and that it is no ſuch hard taſk to bring ſoon to light and to diſplay the connate geometrical ideas of children twelve years old. To give ſtill farther ſatisfaction to the reader, nothing ſhall appear in this work, that was not well underſtood by eight young ladies of that age. Their objections ſhall be repeated as they made them; if they are found too much above their years, the blame muſt not fall upon me, but the young ladies, who have too much wit for their age. But as I write chiefly for their benefit, I cannot be diſpenſed from writing what I know is agreeable to them, and no ways above their reach.

NAMES

NAMES of the LADIES introduced in the following Dialogues.

Lady SENSIBLE,
Lady WITTY,
Lady TEMPEST,
Lady CHARLOTTE,
Lady MARY,
Miſs MOLLY,

were Characters of the Miſſes Magazine, to which the Reader is referred.

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THE YOUNG LADIES MAGAZINE.

DIALOGUE I.

Lady MARY.

AH! Mrs. *Affable!* what a long time has paſſed, ſince we had the pleaſure of ſeeing you! You promiſed you would ſtay but half a year, and you have almoſt made it two. I have had a ſad tedious time on't, and I am really grown quite naughty; but, thank God, you are now come back for good and all; and I hope you will help me to correct my faults.

Mrs. Affable. Very willingly, my dear lady; let me embrace you. Lord! how you are grown! and Lady *Witty!* you are actually as tall as I am. I could not have known you again, ladies. To be ſure you have improved in mind in proportion to your growth.

Lady Witty. But ſo, ſo, Mrs. *Affable*; ſometimes well, ſometimes ill. I ſhall give you an account of all that has happened in your abſence; you will perceive, that I have not always been good, but I have not always been out of the way neither.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Still this is ſomething, my dear lady; you have ſtrove againſt your paſſions; go on, you muſt get the better at laſt. And you, Lady *Charlotte*, how have you behaved?

Lady Charlotte. Mama will tell you, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. I am ſure you have been a good girl, but you are loth to praiſe yourſelf. And here is Miſs *Molly*, that ſays not a word, and keeps up cloſe in a corner, and quite aſhamed. What can be the meaning?

Miſs Molly. It means that you will turn me out of doors, when you know the ugly cuſtom I have got ſince you went to *France.* I am grown ſuch a liar, that now I can't tell when I lie.

Mrs. Affable. Reaſon enough to be aſhamed, my dear, but not to loſe courage. I hope the laſt lie is told. You have given an account, ladies, of yourſelves; and now I muſt tell you of Lady *Senſible* and Lady *Tempeſt*, whom I never left the whole time of our long journey. They have been ſo good, ſo tractable, that I can only be proud of their behaviour.

Lady Witty. That was no very hard taſk. Were I conſtantly in company that would be ſo kind as to mind me of my failings, I think I ſhould very ſoon commit no fault.

Mrs. Affable. One would think Lady *Witty* is jealous.

Lady Witty. I really am, Mrs. *Affable*; but you muſt excuſe me. I don't envy the ladies their happineſs, I only wiſh to be as happy, and that all the world was ſo. If I begged a favour, Mrs. *Affable*, would you grant it?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, madam, if it lay in my power.

Lady Witty. What I am about to aſk certainly does. I have made an acquaintance with three

young ladies: they are the beſt girls in the world, and abſolutely long to be your ſcholars. Two of them are big girls, and older than I am; the other is about my age. I have ſo often repeated the leſſons you have been pleaſed to give me and theſe ladies, that they know them by heart. May I be allowed to introduce them the next time I come?

Mrs. Affable. It will pleaſe me much, particularly, as you aſſure me, that they are very deſirous of being inſtructed. How do you call the ladies?

Lady Witty. Lady *Louiſa*, Lady *Lucy*, and Miſs *Rural*. The laſt is not in town, cannot bear it, and lives altogether in the country; but ſhe aſſures me, that ſhe will leave it with pleaſure, if you will admit her as a ſcholar.

Mrs. Affable. I ſhall be glad to ſee that little *town-hater*. And I muſt now give you notice of three other ladies, whoſe company we are to have; two I have been long acquainted with; I know very little of the third; her name is Lady *Violent*. But the lady her mother begs ſhe may come to our leſſons; I gave her a few before I left England; the poor child did not underſtand a word of French; and I fear her time here will be very tedious.

Lady Mary. It ſhall be my buſineſs to teach her French; her mother is an intimate of mama's. She has a great ſhare of wit, they ſay, and that ſhe is very naughty, and extremely paſſionate.

Mrs. Affable. As for you, I muſt needs ſay you have a very ill tongue, and that is far worſe than being paſſionate.

Lady Mary. You are much in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; this is another ugly trick I have got whilſt you was at Paris. You will find out a great many more. For example, I am grown quite whimſical, as they tell me; and it makes mama and my governeſs very uneaſy.

Mrs. Affable. This is frightful, dear Lady *Mary*; pray tell me what kind of things theſe freaks and whims are. I would gladly ſee one of them.

Lady Mary. That can't be, Mrs. *Affable*; my whims dread you as much as they do the fire; and I know they dare not appear before you. But they ſeize me in this manner; at firſt I ſhall be very hearty without knowing why or wherefore. I ſing, I ſkip, till I am much tired, and when I am quite ſpent, I am out of all temper, and if any thing happen to diſpleaſe me, I am juſt like a little fiend; I cry out and ſtrike every body. Then, ſuppoſe I am for one thing, I immediately change, and am againſt it, and as ſoon again for it. After all this I am very angry, that I have behaved ſo ill; the next thing is to cry, out of vexation for having offended God, *mama* and *mademoiſelle*. And this is the life I have led ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Mrs. Affable. This gives me very great concern, my dear; and my only comfort is the hopes I have of your uſing the utmoſt efforts to correct this fault.

Lady Mary. In good truth, Mrs. *Affable*, were it left to my choice, I would rather faſt a week on bread and water, than do the like again. But when the freak takes me, I take no other thought of that, and only think of bawling and making a noiſe. I am ſure to be in the right, whilſt the fit of paſſion laſts; and never yield myſelf to be in the wrong, till all is over.

Mrs. Affable. I know it to be ſo, my dear, and I love you for being ſo ſincere; and will take an advantage from your openneſs and candour to find proper remedies to remove a diſorder of the mind, which is alſo owing to a weakneſs of the body. The firſt remedy is prayer. Every morning and evening beg of God to give you the grace of amendment as

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to this particular; the ſecond is to deſire your governeſs not to fail reminding you, when ſhe obſerves that immoderate flow of ſpirits, that it exhauſts you, and leaves you quite dejected, and without ſtrength to bear up againſt your paſſion. You muſt promiſe me in the next place to leave all that you are about, and to retire to your room, when your governeſs gives you this warning. There you ſhall pray upon both knees, and reflect, that you are in the preſence of God. How comes it my dear? You ſay, that your whims dare not appear before me, and yet they dare appear in the preſence of God, which you cannot avoid, and whoſe power is able to puniſh you any inſtant. You offend to his face ſo good and tender a parent, who loves you, and ſhowers down ſo many bleſſings upon you. Go, my dear! think of this ſeriouſly, and, my word for it, you will not hear any farther complaints of your whims.

Lady Witty. Surely theſe ladies have ſeen many fine things in France. Won't they favour us with an account of what they have found moſt remarkable?

Mrs. Affable. You muſt make your court to Lady *Tempeſt*; ſhe has wrote ſome remarks by way of a journal.

Miſs Molly. What is a journal?

Mrs. Affable. That is, ſhe has ſet down in the evening the remarks ſhe made in the day.

Lady Charlotte. Pray, Mrs. *Affable*, give her leave to read her journal to the company.

Mrs. Affable. Some time or other it ſhall be read, ladies, but it muſt be written out fair, it is ſo ill done, that ſhe could hardly make it out. When Lady *Tempeſt* was but a little one, ſhe minded nothing, ſhe laughed at a writing-maſter; but now ſhe repents; with all the pains ſhe takes to mend her

hand, ſhe writes like a cat, and finds how difficult it is to leave off bad habits, contracted in one's infancy.

Miſs Molly. Why has not Lady *Senſible* made a journal?

Mrs. Affable. That was needleſs after her couſin had undertaken it; and beſides ſhe was taken up in a different way. She has made very pretty fairy-tales, fables, and ſome other little pieces, which ſhall alſo be read here.

Lady Mary. She is happy to be bleſſed with ſo much wit. When I was in Ireland we had no books, and time went on very heavily. I thought to myſelf, as I have no novel to read, I will make one. This ran in my head all night; and with much ado I made up a little, and a very ſhort tale. My governeſs fancied I was much out of order, as I would not breakfaſt, before I had wrote out my tale.

Lady Charlotte. I aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable,* that it is a very pretty one. Lady *Mary* read it to me, and I was prodigiouſly diverted.

Mrs. Affable. I hope ſhe will favour us with it.

Lady Mary. Oh no! Mrs. *Affable,* it is ſo ill done; and theſe ladies could only laugh at me.

Mrs. Affable. You are but eight years of age, and have already all the ſelf-love of an author. Well, my dear! Will you tell me the truth, if I aſk a queſtion?

Lady Mary. You know, Mrs. *Affable,* I never deceived you. How can you aſk, whether I ſhall tell the truth?

Mrs. Affable. I own myſelf in the wrong. Liars only are to be miſtruſted. That is not your character; you will give me a true anſwer. Have you not really a mind to read your tale to the ladies; don't you find it pretty as it is; don't you

wrong

wrong your own thoughts, when you ſay it is but ill done; and would you not be ſorry to be believed?

Lady Mary. 'Tis very odd, that you ſhould gueſs ſo readily at my private thoughts. I was not aware of it, till you made me obſerve it; and now I find that I ſpoke leſs favourably of the tale, that I might engage the ladies to commend it.

Mrs. Affable. This is the caſe with many, who have not your ſincerity to own it. Learn this maxim, ladies, never to ſpeak well, or ill of yourſelves, or any thing that is yours. Such, as ſpeak to their own diſadvantage, deſire to be contradicted. We call this *humility with a hook*, for they only ſtoop or affect appearing humble to hook in praiſe. Never let yourſelf be aſked a ſecond time, when the company is to be entertained with your talents; nothing is more diſagreeable. I have known ladies with charming voices, and the niceſt hands for ſeveral muſical inſtruments. I never begged a ſong, tho' I dote on muſic. An hour muſt be ſpent in entreaties, before they ſhew their talents, and the pleaſure of performance is far from a compenſation for the trouble the company is at for the purchaſe of a ſong. Now, Lady *Mary*, let us have your tale.

Lady Witty. After it is ended I ſhall beg leave to aſk Mrs. *Affable* a queſtion.

Lady Mary. Once upon a time . . . . . .

Mrs. Affable. If Lady *Mary* had deſired to ſhew her good breeding, ſhe would have ſaid to Lady *Witty*, madam, I beg that I may not put off your queſtion; the ſtory may be told afterwards. Endeavour, my dear, another time to obſerve theſe niceties. This is being civil and polite. We muſt never, in good manners, pretend to be above others,

but on the contrary give them the preference. Now, my dear, go on.

Lady Mary (*a*). There was once upon a time a farmer; he had been very rich, and was grown very poor. He had two daughters, *Betſy* and *Laura*. *Betſy* was the elder, a very great beauty, but conſcious and proud of being a *Belle*. She only loved her own dear ſelf, was hardhearted to the poor, and had no complaiſance for any one. She loved no kind of work; indeed, ſhe feared ſpoiling her hands; and would not go into the fields, till her father had repeated his commands twenty times at leaſt; ſhe ſaid it would hurt her complexion. *Laura*, the younger ſiſter, had been very beautiful before the ſmall pox; but this diſorder had ruined her for a beauty, without giving her any great concern, as ſhe laid no great ſtreſs on this fading flower. She was loved by all the neighbours; in reality, ſhe endeavoured to oblige all the world, and frequently deprived herſelf of the bread ſhe gave to the poor. Though *Betſy*, the elder ſiſter, did not love her, ſhe laid hold of all opportunities to pleaſe her, and took upon her all the work of the houſe, to ſave her the trouble. One day, as the two ſiſters milked the cows, a wealthy gentleman, that paſſed by, was ſtruck with the beauty of the elder ſiſter. He aſked her ſome queſtions; he found ſhe had a great deal of wit, and was quite enamoured. *Betſy* was charmed with the adventure; ſhe concluded, that by marrying this gentleman, ſhe ſhould come up and live in town, where ſhe could find plenty of diverſions. The gentleman aſked her, who that ugly creature was, that retired almoſt as ſoon as he came in ſight (for *Laura* did not think it handſome

(*a*) This little novel is the compoſition of a child, and given here as ſhe made it. Lady *Sophia Carteret*, who is the author, was not ten years old at that time.

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in a young woman to ſtand talking with your fine gentlemen of the town, who are only upon the catch to deceive country girls), 'Tis my ſiſter, ſaid *Betſy*, a poor, ſoft creature, and only fit for the buſtle of a country-life. I am tired to death with it, amongſt ſuch coarſe neighbours; and I daily ſhed many a tear, and lament my not being born at court. You are too beautiful, ſaid the gentleman, to ſtay in the country. I muſt firſt ſettle ſome affairs; and then, if you like me, I will propoſe a match to your father. *Betſy*, who was ready to die with joy, aſſured the gentleman ſhe loved him extremely, even to folly. Mean while the farmer was quite out of temper at his eldeſt daughter's not coming back, and ſwore he would lay his hands on her, when ſhe did. *Laura* ſlips out of the houſe to go and tell her ſiſter, that her father was very angry. That moment a poor woman came up with three ſmall children to the two ſiſters, and proteſted, that the poor babes had not had a bit to eat for 24 hours, and ſhe begged they would beſtow ſome charity for their relief. *Go, good woman,* ſaid the eldeſt, *one meets with nothing but beggars, that will not let people be quiet. Fair and ſoftly,* ſaid Laura, *if you will give her nothing, don't abuſe her.* And taking a ſhilling out of her pocket (it was her all) ſhe gave it the poor woman. *Betſy* made a jeſt of her ſiſter, and ſaid, *you muſt be very ſilly; here, you have been three months getting up this ſhilling to go to the puppet-ſhew, and now part with it to this wretch. I can be without the ſhew, Laura* replied, *but this poor woman muſt have bread for her children. You are the more fool for believing her,* Betſy took her up; *perhaps ſhe has more money than you, and will ſpend your ſhilling in ſome diverſion. That may be, ſays* Laura, *but as ſhe may alſo have told a true ſtory, I had rather run the hazard of being deceived, than be hard-hearted.*

The gentleman heard all their diſcourſe with the greateſt attention, and ſaid to the two ſiſters, *My pretty girls, let there be no more words*; here is each of you four pieces, and you may go to the ſhew, when you pleaſe. *I am greatly obliged to you, Sir,* *Laura* ſaid, and made a very low courteſy, *but as I am in no want of money, give me leave not to accept yours. A prudent young woman, muſt never accept any thing from men; but yet, if you are ſo deſirous to make me a preſent, becauſe you are ſo generous, beſtow this gold on that poor woman; and I ſhall eſteem it as great an obligation, as if I had received it myſelf.* With that ſhe went off. *Never do it,* ſays *Betſey* to the gentleman. *Did not I tell you, that my ſiſter was a poor ſilly creature? Who ever heard of giving four guineas to ſuch an object, when we have ſo many things to buy. Now, Sir, give me the money my ſiſter refuſed, and I will give this woman the ſhilling I have.*

The gentleman anſwered, *You ſhall have the eight guineas; but this muſt not hinder me giving the four; they are your ſiſter's, ſince I made her a preſent of them; and ſhe was at liberty to diſpoſe of them as ſhe pleaſed.*

When *Betſey* left this gentleman, his head was full of very ſerious reflections. *Good God!* thought he, *Why is the younger ſiſter leſs beautiful than the elder,* or *why does the elder want the ſenſe of the younger? After all, it is a madneſs to marry a pretty face, and not a perſon of character and worth. If I marry* Betſey, *and ſhe be taken the next day with the ſmall pox, there would be nothing left.*

Mean while, away ſets *Betſey* and tells her father, what a great lady ſhe was to be; and that a noble lord had promiſed her marriage. At firſt her father laughed at her, but upon her ſhewing the guineas, and her acquainting him, that my lord was to come again the next day, he was at a non-plus,

Betſey

Betſey made all the haſte ſhe could to buy up all the ribbands and lace in the village, and ſet all the ſeamſtreſſes and work-women to work. At night ſhe dreſſed herſelf out, and away to the puppet-ſhow. His lordſhip was not expected till the day following, and *Betſey* was loth to miſs this opportunity of appearing. All this time her lover was in great agitations, and knew not how to reſolve. *Betſey*'s behaviour was very forward; he obſerved that ſhe was hard-hearted, intereſted and ſelfiſh; but then ſhe was ſo beautiful, that he could not forbear excuſing her. *If ſhe was eager for a little money, ſhe only wanted it*, he thought, *to dreſs more agreeably and to pleaſe me. She loves me*, he ſaid, *I could diſcover it in her looks.* This gentleman had a *valet de chambre*, a lad of wit, and who in pity ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, whilſt he heard his maſter talk at this wild rate. *What doſt thou laugh at*, ſays his lord? *Laugh!* ſays he, *I am much more diſpoſed to cry. You believe, my Lord, that little animal loves you; but let me tell you, ſhe only loves your money. Give me leave to put on your beſt ſuit; I will give myſelf out for a duke; and though I am heartily ugly, I know ſhe will ſooner marry me, than your lordſhip.* Do ſo, ſays my Lord; it is but three miles to my ſeat of Ch——nt: *take my laſt birth-day ſuit; that embroidered in gold; and come back to me, you will find me at this tavern.*

Whilſt this maſquerade was getting ready, poor *Laura* was in great trouble. She thought this gentleman very amiable, and ſhe found an inclination coming on for him againſt her will; when her ſiſter accoſted her, and not without ſcolding her very roundly acquainted her with the ſucceſs of her generoſity. *Truely*, ſays ſhe, *it becomes you mightily to be generous with other peoples money. I ſhall never forgive the four guineas.* This account of his noble charity

entirely gained him *Laura*'s heart. As ſhe feared diſcovering her inclination, ſhe reſolved not to be at home, when he came. But ſhe was fairly catched; ſhe ſaw him come that evening and endeavoured to retire. He came alone; his man underſtanding that *Betſey* was gone to the ſhew, went thither in his maſter's coach. This gentleman deſired of the farmer to let *Laura* keep him company till her ſiſter returned; ſhe complied, in duty to her father's orders. The converſation began with a requeſt to *Laura*, that ſhe would acquaint him with her ſiſter's imperfections. But *Laura*, far from taking any ſuch advantage to leſſen his good opinion of *Betſey*, ſaid all the handſome things ſhe could of her ſiſter without prejudice to truth, and endeavoured to excuſe her failings. Mean time the counterfeit duke was vowing and proteſting to the proud country-laſs, that ſhe was the greateſt beauty in the world, and that he ſhould eſteem himſelf more than happy, if ſhe would condeſcend to be a dutcheſs by marrying her humble ſervant. *Betſey*, who had only pretended to love her firſt ſpark out of mere ambition and intereſt, thought it more advantageous to be a dutcheſs than barely a lady, and adviſed the new-fangled duke to make haſte and obtain her father's conſent before a certain gentleman in the country came to make propoſals. The *valet de chambre* coached her home; but though it was exceſſive cold, all the glaſſes muſt be let down that ſhe might be ſeen by her neighbours in the village. Gueſs how ſhe was ſurpriſed to find her firſt lover at her father's; but however, when he reproached her with inconſtancy, ſhe recovered her ſpirits ſo far as to tell him, that ſhe was only in jeſt, and had never loved him. *Take my ſiſter to comfort you*, ſaid ſhe, and laughed at him to his face in a moſt inſulting and ſcornful manner. *That is*

not

not ſo ill adviſed, he replied, *and if* Laura *will but conſent, I ſhall think myſelf extremely happy in receiving her from her father's hands.* *Laura* caſt her eyes down, but this did not hinder the gentleman perceiving, that ſhe had no averſion to the match; and ſhe aſſured him very modeſtly, that ſhe eſteemed his perſon for his virtue, more than for his riches. The marriage contract was drawn up and ſigned; the valet de chambre having laid down the duke, came in his uſual cloaths to wait upon his maſter, and informed *Betſey* he had only jeſted with her. *Betſey*'s deſpair laſted as long as her life; no one would be troubled with a woman of her character; ſhe lived to be old and ugly, and never had any offer made her; whereas *Laura* lived quite happy with her huſband.

Mrs. Affable. Indeed, Lady *Mary*, this little novel is perfectly well contrived. Virtue is rewarded, and vice puniſhed. Something though ſeems to be wanting; ſhould not *Laura* after her marriage have been very kind to her parents, and even to her ill-tempered ſiſter.

Lady Mary. Very right, Mrs. *Affable*, that ſhould have been. Lady *Witty* was about aſking you a queſtion?

Lady Witty. You ſaid, Mrs. *Affable*, that we muſt never talk of ourſelves, or any thing that belongs to us. What can we talk of? why, really, nothing elſe pleaſes us.

Mrs. Affable. I am very glad, Lady *Witty*, that you have aſked this queſtion; it gives me an opportunity to ſpeak of ſeveral important matters, which I beg you will hear with attention. I have read in a pretty ſort of a fairy-tale the deſcription of the *Temple* of *Self-love*. It is extremely well ſuited to explain what I am about to ſay.

A prince was led by *Love* to this temple, and was accoſted by an officer, a military man, who pluck't him by the ſleeve and ſaid, *This temple was raiſed to preſerve the memory of all the great actions I have performed in my life. Do you ſee that figure upon the altar? It repreſents me; the ſtatue is univerſally admired and reſpected by all. The paintings that adorn the temple are all the battles and ſieges that I have been engaged in. Never mind that dotard,* ſays a beautiful woman, that took the prince by the other arm; *is it not as clear as noon-day, that I am the perſon repreſented upon the altar; and that the incenſe, which ſmokes there, is offered to me? The pictures are drawn for a crowd of lovers that wore my chains. Really, madam,* ſays a poet, *I can't but admire you and your fine fancies. I am the only perſon adored in the temple; to be convinced, read that writing in the firſt picture. 'Tis an ode I made when I was a mere youth. That other picture repreſents one of my comedies. Take notice of that throng of ſpectators ſeized with admiration; they are wholly taken up with me and the performance. You are all mad,* ſays the prince; *who has placed my ſtatue upon the altar I cannot ſay, but there I am; and the pictures deſcribe the famous chaces that I have ſeen when I hunted. Love,* who had guided the prince to the temple, explained the riddle, and ſtruck him with a paſſion for a charming princeſs; upon which all other objects diſappeared; and he could only ſee the object he loved. Henceforward, ſays *Love* to him, be convinced, that *ſelf-love* perſuades mortals, that the whole world is only taken up with them, their talents, their wit, and intereſt; and that they continually ſtrive to keep up this idea of themſelves, without once thinking, that *all* are too full of *ſelf-love* to think of any thing elſe.

Remember theſe laſt words, ladies; that ſame *ſelf-love* which engages you to ſpeak of yourſelves, poſ-

poſſeſſes the perſons that hear you; they think they are wronged by your pretenſions to be the figure upon the altar, and will leave no means untried to be placed there even at your expence. Would you be loved and be in requeſt with all, caſt *ſelf-love* aſide, and find room in your heart for the love and eſteem of others. Inſtead of breaking their heads with what concerns you, and is nothing to them, ſpeak of their affairs, hear their long and tedious narratives with complaiſance; let them think, that you ſee them with pleaſure upon the altar, and that you are ſincerely pleaſed with the eſteem which they think to have deſerved.

Lady Witty. And whilſt I applaud the *ſelf-love* of others, what will become of mine? It muſt make a very mean figure. I am willing, that others ſhould have their ſhare of eſteem and reſpect; it would be unjuſt to claim it all. But why may not every one have their turn?

Mrs. Affable. Nothing, my dear, is more natural than your apprehenſion in this regard; and I am charmed with your ſincerity. You are concerned for the figure your own *ſelf-love* would make. If it was well appriſed of it's own intereſt, it would ſoon be ſatisfied, that it appears with the greateſt advantage; for nothing can pleaſe more than to leave your company charmed with your behaviour, to ſee that they are ſorry to part, and glad to meet again, with you. Commonly ſpeaking our *ſelf-love* is too coarſe to reliſh this exquiſite and refined pleaſure; and the paſſion thinks itſelf wronged; when it is not at liberty to trample all the world under foot. If this be the caſe, ladies, let *ſelf-love* fret and complain, 'tis an ungracious gueſt, and it were to be wiſhed, that it found ſo poor a welcome amongſt us, as to ſeek other quarters.

Lady Senſible. But, Mrs. *Affable,* you often ſay *our ſelf-love*; why ſhould you be brought in? Have you any *ſelf-love?* I could never perceive it.

Lady Mary. I am ſharper ſighted, than you are, madam; I have obſerved that defect in Mrs. *Affable.* You wont be angry, Mrs. *Affable*; for you have often ſaid that you loved ſuch as told you of your failings.

Mrs. Affable. I am ſtill in the ſame mind, my dear; and to ſhew how thankful I am for the good office, I promiſe you a very pretty book. And now, dear Lady *Mary,* tell me in what particular I have betrayed *ſelf-love.*

Lady Mary. Why, you ſpeak too often in commendation of theſe ladies and me. We are in a manner your children, Mrs. *Affable*; and in as much as you love us and are taken up with us, you imagine all the world muſt be ſo too. There is a lady, a friend of yours; ſhe ſays ſhe is juſt wearied with that ſort of talk.

Mrs. Affable. That lady, my dear, is no friend. Don't tell who ſhe is; I ſhould be ſo angry at her.

Lady Mary. How ſo! would you be angry becauſe ſhe has diſcovered a fault of yours?

Mrs. Affable. Not for finding out a fault, but for that ſhe has not been ſo kind as to give me a friendly warning. You are my good friend, Lady *Mary,* and I can never forget the kind ſervice you have done me. I muſt confeſs, children, I ſpeak too often of you, but 'tis becauſe I love you, and I cannot ſay but it is with ſome return on myſelf for the pleaſure of having my talents admired in the progreſs of yours. I am not unlike ſuperannuated grandmothers, who take pride in the beauty of their grand-daughters, becauſe it may be thought, from the beauty of their poſterity, that they

they have formerly been beautiful themſelves. Well, ladies, I promiſe to mend; and this may encourage others that ſee my defects, to let me know the ſame. It is time to part, dear children. This ſhall go for a viſit, and no leſſon; tho' I think it has been very long.

Lady Witty. And I think it has been very ſhort. Viſits, converſations, leſſons, 'tis all one to me, and I look upon them as paſtimes.

Mrs. Affable. It pleaſes me much, my dear, to find you in theſe ſentiments. You will bring your ladies to our next meeting. Let them come early, that we may make ſome little aequaintance before the leſſon. Now I muſt tell you we ſhall have another lady, Lady *Sincere*. I hope you will all love her, as much as I do, for, indeed, ſhe is very amiable.

DIALOGUE II.

Mrs. AFFABLE, *Lady* WITTY, *Miſs* RURAL.

Lady Witty.

GIVE me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to introduce Miſs *Rural*; ſhe longed ſo for the honour of your acquaintance, that ſhe would not wait for the other young ladies, our friends.

Mrs. Affable. I am greatly pleaſed with what you ſay, and much obliged to you. As I am a ſtranger to the young lady, her impatience muſt be the effect of the good character you have given me. I muſt endeavour to keep up to the favourable idea ſhe has formed of me, from what you have ſaid to my advantage. She looks very baſhful. You muſt be under no fear, Miſs; you don't come

come to ſchool here, but a meeting of young ladies. We have no flattery, no reſtraint or diſſembling amongſt us. Lady *Witty* tells me you have lived altogether in the country; the ſimplicity of our converſation will be the more agreeable,

Miſs Rural. Yes, Madam!

Mrs. Affable. Do you like the French language; can you ſpeak it a little.

Miſs Rural. I like the language very well; but I ſpeak it ill.

Mrs. Affable. You tremble, child, and ſcarce dare open your mouth. You muſt not be afraid of me; if you are, you will never love me.

Miſs Rural. Oh no! I am not afraid of you.

Lady Witty. I am really out of all patience. I am ſure Mrs. *Affable* takes you for a *noddy*. Well! I have been caught once. Your *Mama* might ſay what ſhe would to mine, of your wit and capacity; I laughed and did not believe a word of it.

Mrs. Affable. You are much too haſty in judging. Miſs is baſhful, and under ſome confuſion; that may not prevent us ſo much in her favour; but it would be extremely cruel to judge from mere appearances. An ancient uſed to ſay, *ſpeak, that I may know thee.* We muſt wait for this proof; otherwiſe we may eaſily miſtake. *Miſs* has only ſpoke four words, but they were all much to the purpoſe. Beſides, my dear, it requires a great deal of wit to ſhew a very moderate capacity in a language, which one does not poſſeſs. The difficulty of finding readily proper terms clogs the imagination. Pray tell me, dear Miſs, why you prefer the country to the town.

Miſs Rural. I know the advantages of the country, and am not ſure the town will afford the like; ſo that I rather fear, than hate the town.

Mrs. Affable. Upon my word a moſt ſenſible

anſwer! prudent perſons cannot forbear being under ſome apprehenſion, when they change their ſituation. How do you ſpend your time in the country, Miſs?

Miſs Rural. Walking about, reading, viſiting, and being viſited by young ladies of our acquaintance.

Mrs. Affable. And pray, Miſs, what books have you read?

Miſs Rural. Herodotus, ſome part of the *Roman* hiſtory, a great number of Sermons, the *Spectator,* and Mr. *Locke*'s works.

Mrs. Affable. What! believe me, theſe books are for almoſt grown up young women. What is your opinion of Mr. *Locke!*

Miſs Rural. My opinion is .... but here come a great many ladies. Give me leave to hear and to ſay no more. I have no difficulty to ſpeak before you; but before theſe ladies I cannot.

Lady Louiſa. I come, Mrs. *Affable,* in hopes that you will confirm by word of mouth the leave you gave us by Lady *Witty,* to wait upon you, and to be admitted in quality of your ſcholars. I ſpeak for myſelf and company; Lady *Lucy* is ſo baſhful, that one would take her to be in an ague-fit by her trembling, and I dare ſay ſhe will not venture to open her mouth this week.

Mrs. Affable. She ſhall be with Miſs *Rural*; they will, I hope, recover this baſhfulneſs one as ſoon as the other. But, ladies, there is one thing gives me ſome concern. We have ſeveral younger ladies in our ſociety; and I muſt make uſe of the plaineſt terms and cleareſt expreſſions to place their inſtructions more within their reach. This, ladies, will be tedious, I fear.

Lady Lucy. For my part I ſhould be very ſorry to be the leaſt hindrance to thoſe ladies. Pray, Mrs. *Affable,* forget our age; we ſhall be very happy,

happy, I ſpeak of myſelf at leaſt, to know as much as they do.

Lady Louiſa. Upon my word, Mrs. *Affable,* you have ſet out here with a miracle. For I can ſafely ſay, that more than half of Lady *Lucy*'s acquaintance have never heard her ſay ſo much at once.

Mrs. Affable. This bears cruelly hard on your friend, Madam; you muſt give me leave to take her part a little. To be too baſhful is certainly a defect; but becomes a young lady much more than the oppoſite extreme, ſo common at preſent. Aſk Lady *Senſible,* what ſhe thinks.

Lady Senſible. If I muſt give my opinion, Mrs. *Affable,* I muſt own to theſe ladies, that I took great offence at the ſtrange freedom I obſerved among the young ladies in *France,* and chiefly the married women. I was partly in the wrong, for Mrs. *Affable* convinced me, that this did not hinder their being very diſcreet withal; but, in reality, that free, bold, thoughtleſs air made me put a quite contrary conſtruction on their behaviour; and I have found ſeveral foreign gentlemen in the ſame way of thinking.

Mrs. Affable. Exceſſes are always to be avoided; and a modeſt aſſurance is very commendable. Ah! here are two young ladies that I have the honour of introducing to this company. Good-morrow to you, ladies. Well! you are very deſirous to be perfect in your *French,* and to learn all that I teach theſe ladies; are you not?

Miſs Sophia. Yes indeed, dear Mrs. *Affable.* I aſſure you I have not ſlept all night, I longed ſo to ſee you.

Miſs Bella. The deſire of learning is the diſtemper of the whole family; my poor little ſiſter *Fanny* cried ſadly, when we came away. It was to no purpoſe to tell her that ſhe did not talk *French,*

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and could not come with us; ſhe begun to underſtand it, ſhe ſaid; and I was fain to promiſe I would aſk your leave to bring her to you the next time.

Mrs. Affable. How old is ſhe?

Miſs Sophia. Five and a half; but then ſhe is extremely ſenſible of her age. She has learn't to read *French*, and to write in forty eight leſſons; and laſt ſummer ſhe taught her little ſiſter, who can alſo read *French*.

Mrs. Affable. She deſerves the favour you aſk for her; pray bring her to the next leſſon; I am very willing ſhe ſhould come. Now we only want Lady *Violent*; but here ſhe is. Good-morrow to you, Madam.

Lady Violent. Good-morrow!

Mrs. Affable. Now we muſt take up again the hiſtory of the Holy Scripture, where we broke off. Who was to begin, children? I have really forgot. ..... Lady *Violent*, you look mightily out of ſorts.

Lady Violent. I look as I really am. I hate *French*, and Mrs. *Affable* I don't like you at all. 'Tis much againſt my will I come hither, but *Mama* will have it ſo. I muſt obey, and am ſure to have a tedious time on't.

Mrs. Affable. And I am ſure that it will prove otherwiſe, and that you will dote on me before three months are over. You ſhake your head, and don't believe a word I ſay; but I know Lady *Violent* better than ſhe does herſelf. You have a great ſhare of wit; and it is impoſſible for you not to be pleaſed at laſt with our exerciſes. As to myſelf, Madam, my pride is not a little concerned. You ſay you don't love me. I muſt battle it out with you to gain that heart; we ſhall ſee, in the end, who gets the better.

Lady

Lady Violent. I cannot but ſmile at your battling; what if you don't get the better? If I go on, and neither like you nor your leſſons; will you promiſe me your intereſt with mama to prevail upon her, never to ſend me hither again?

Mrs. Affable. That I will, and I engage my word of honour. Fix your own time for the trial. I could venture a wager, that three months hence you would be extremely mortified not to frequent our leſſons any longer.

Lady Violent. I have ſeen you often enough theſe two years, and the miracle you promiſed is ſtill to come. And all this time I have been heartily tired of you and your leſſons.

Mrs. Affable. Had I been in your room, my dear, I ſhould have been ſtill more weary than you. Then I only put words into your little noddle, which is made for *things*, and not mere *words*. Now that you know French, you will underſtand what is ſaid, and, I repeat it once more, it will be impoſſible for you to diſlike our exerciſes. For my part I ſhall be ſo fond of you, that I defy you to be ungrateful. I can work miracles; do you hear, my dear. Aſk Lady *Charlotte* and Lady *Tempeſt*. They were two little lions, and I made them lambs. Don't you remember, ladies, that juſt before I went for France, Lady *Charlotte* gave her maid a box on the ear; and that I deſired her, by way of repairing this fault, to wait upon her maid at table, which Lady *Tempeſt* ſaid, would make the maid very ſaucy. Aſk whether it turned out ſo.

Lady Charlotte. Quite contrary, ladies; the poor creature would not ſit down; ſhe was all in tears, and would by no means comply, till I prevailed with repeated intreaties. Ever ſince that, ſhe has been much better tempered, and has begged my pardon a hundred times; indeed ſhe has not yet forgiven

forgiven Mrs. *Affable*, for being, ſhe ſays, the cauſe of all this ado.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Charlotte* has not told all, ladies; it is but juſt, that as I have put her upon declaring her miſdeeds, I ſhould make known her good actions. Some days after ſhe had done this penance, as ſhe was coming home from airing, ſhe bought a handkerchief, and two yards of ribband, to make a preſent to her maid. Pray, my dear, what did you mean by this preſent?

Lady Charlotte. I feared ſhe might think I had complied with the penance in ſpite, and againſt my will. And to ſhew that I obeyed willingly and freely, and that I was not at all ſorry, that ſhe had ſat down at my requeſt to be waited on; I thought it would look well, if I made her a preſent of that trifle.

Mrs. Affable. You thought and acted like a young lady of great ſenſe. Have not I told you, ladies, that the *dragoons*, as I call them, or the ſturdy and high-ſpirited ones, always turned out the beſt. Aſk dear Lady *Charlotte*, whether ſhe did not feel a ſenſible pleaſure in obeying, and ſubmitting to that humiliation. After all, ſhe had behaved like a ſervant, when ſhe ſtruck her maid; nay, ſhe had debaſed herſelf, ſhe came down far below the degree of her maid, by yielding to her paſſion; nor could ſhe recover her rank, but by a reparation of her fault.

Lady Charlotte. After I had done it, I aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I was as light as a feather. I remembered the princeſs you mentioned, who repaired the fault ſhe had committed, by chiding, without reaſon, a woman of her wardrobe; this took off the dread I had of the penance; for, thought I, ſhe was a much greater lady, than I can pretend to be.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. A ſilly girl aſked me the other day, what purpoſe all this reading ſerved. Now, you ſee it, ladies. We meet in books with many examples, that encourage virtue. Lady *Charlotte* made her advantage of that of Mademoiſelle de *Beaujollois* to repair her fault.

Miſs Molly. You promiſed us ſome farther particulars about that princeſs and her ſiſter.

Mrs. Affable. Her ſiſter married the prince of *Conti*, and led the life of an angel in the midſt of a court. As ſhe gave herſelf wholly to devotion, ſhe left off putting on any paint, and was very loth to loſe time in dreſſing. It was obſerved to her, that this alteration was diſagreeable to the prince, upon which ſhe took care to dreſs, and ſet herſelf out as uſual. She was perſuaded, that great devotion was not inconſiſtent with ſubmiſſion, and her beſt endeavours to pleaſe her huſband. I ſaw her about a fortnight before her death; ſhe was ſurpriſingly beautiful. The princeſs was about twenty three years of age, and did not ſhew the leaſt regret and repugnance to leave the world. She was moſt perfectly reſigned to the diſpenſations of providence; ſhe never made the leaſt complaint of her phyſicians, though it was generally thought they had occaſioned her death by letting her blood too often.

Lady Witty. Oh! what pity, that ſo beautiful and ſo virtuous a princeſs ſhould be taken off in the flower of her youth! Pray, what became of her ſiſter?

Mrs. Affable. She died of the ſmall-pox, when ſhe was but eighteen. Her paſſions were more violent than her ſiſter's; but, with all her fire and ſprightlineſs, ſhe gave many proofs of good ſenſe, ar you have ſeen; and did many good actions. Her heart was as noble as her birth. She would play

and

and game for her women and the poor, that is, ſhe gave all that ſhe won. I had this account from one ſo entirely devoted to her, that though the princeſs left her a yearly penſion, ſhe could never get over her death, and in a ſhort time died herſelf of a broken heart.

Lady Witty. It would be a pleaſure to be kind to ſervants, if they would be grateful; but the moſt part have no affection for their maſters, and only ſerve for their own ends.

Mrs. Affable. I might anſwer that good muſt not be done, merely to be recompenſed by the gratitude of the perſons we have benefited, but out of Chriſtian and humane motives; but let theſe be dropt. You ſay that you are ſerved by your domeſtics from intereſted views. Pray, what other motive can they have, when they are treated with harſhneſs and pride, which diſpoſe their ſelf-love to revolt; for they have their ſhare of ſelf-love as well as we? Do you deſire that they ſhould be well affected to you? ſhew your affection to them, look upon them as your children; they will love you as their mother. Commiſerate their wants, don't offer to cruſh them under the weight of authority; they will reſpect your rank, love your perſon, and, you may depend upon it, will come down, and very freely, lower than you would venture to require of them. But you muſt obſerve, ladies, that I only inſiſt upon being kind to, not meanly familiar with them; that would bring you into contempt; never let your maid be your confident. Avoid, with care, all occaſions for ſuch ſervices from them as you would not willingly own. This would make you dependent, and take away the liberty of checking them, when they are in fault.

Lady

Lady Senſible. May I have leave to entertain the ladies with the account of two ſlaves, who ſacrificed their lives for their maſters?

Mrs. Affable. You are very welcome, my dear. We have read it in a romance; there may be ſome daſh of the fable in the circumſtances. The ſubſtance is certainly true; and the fact has happened more than once among the Romans; they treated their ſlaves with great humanity; theſe in return were very affectionate to their maſters.

Lady Senſible. Nero the Roman emperor was very wicked and cruel. Two ſtrangers, who had prevented his carrying off a woman he fell in love with, were deſtined to fall victims to his rage. As no action lay againſt them, who had committed no crime, he choſe to have them privately murthered. They had each a faithful ſlave, who diſcovered the Emperor's deſign againſt their maſters, and took the generous reſolution to venture their lives to ſave theirs. The maſters were then in the country, and one of the ſlaves ſent them a letter to this purpoſe.

Upon the receipt of this leave Italy; *your lives are in danger; but as you cannot retire to any place out of the Tyrant's dominions, change your names. We will return to you, when it ſhall pleaſe the Gods.*

The two ſtrangers knowing the fidelity of their ſervants, followed the advice given them, though they were not acquainted with their reaſons. Mean while the ſlaves, who were appriſed, that the houſe was to be broke open at night, put on each a ſuit of their maſter's; but upon reflection that their impoſing upon the Tyrant would be diſcovered after their death, they took knives and cut their faces in ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible to know them again. They executed their deſign with courage; the murtherers came in,

in, and ſoon laid the generous ſlaves on the floor, who wallowed in their blood running from the wounds they received from theſe aſſaſſins and from themſelves. There happened to be a woman in the houſe, who at firſt was under the greateſt fright; but when the inſtruments of *Nero*'s cruelty left the houſe, ſhe went up to the room, and found that one of the ſlaves was not mortally wounded; as ſhe was making all poſſible diligence to aſſiſt him, he would not ſuffer any dreſſing, 'till he had ſworn her to ſecrecy. The care ſhe took of the ſlave was attended with ſucceſs; and he ſet out to find his maſter. The gentleman could not refuſe his tears to the melancholy ſituation he ſaw his faithful ſervant in, all disfigured with the gaſhes he had cut in his face for his ſake. He would have divided his fortune with him, but the heroic ſlave would never forſake his maſter, and ended in his ſervice that life, which he had ſo generouſly ventured to ſave his maſter's.

Lady Tempeſt. What need was there of ſuffering themſelves to be murthered? Might not they, as well, and much better, have gone to their maſters in the country, and eſcaped with them, as they had time enough to do?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; Lady *Senſible* obſerved to you, that *Nero* commanded almoſt the whole world. To whatever place they might have retired, he would have found means to diſcover and to deſtroy them. This was the ſlaves reaſon for adviſing the change of names. The only means to ſave them was to perſuade the tyrant, that they were no more.

Lady Witty. They had noble ſouls, and deſerved to be born in a better condition.

Mrs. Affable. Why, my dear? All conditions are equal in the ſight of God, and even in the

thoughts of a wiſe man. There is no ſuch thing as a mean and diſhonourable condition. Men indeed diſgrace their reſpective ſtations, when they do not diſcharge the duties of their ſtate. All the perfection God requires of them is a faithful compliance with the obligations each have in their rank. Whoever does this deſerves reſpect, and is arrived at the pitch of glory for which he was deſtined. Virtue is to be honoured in every rank, even that of a ſervant. If they chance to fail in their duty, for they are but men, we muſt take them up with mildneſs and charity, and bear with defects we cannot correct, provided they are but faults of weakneſs, inadvertency, and which do not proceed from the malice of a corrupted heart. That mutual forbearance is only what we owe in juſtice to one another; and it is neceſſary that thoſe whom we ſerve ſhould bear with us, as we bear with our ſervants,

Lady Witty. Mrs. *Affable,* we are no one's ſervants.

Mrs. Affable. You are in the right, Madam; the rich are not ſervants, ſuch as wear liveries; but you and all mankind ſerve each other, though in a different manner; and this maintains that true order, which is ſo neceſſary in the world. The workman ſerves the merchant that employs him; the merchant thoſe who take off his merchandize. The gentleman ſerves a great man to enjoy his protection; a great man ſerves the king and his miniſters, in hopes of preferment, places, employs, and of being conſidered. This mutual ſervice and mutual dependance makes men happy or miſerable. If they were virtuous, it muſt make them happy; it would make them polite, meek, reſpectful, complaiſant and affectionate to one another; it would unite men by the reciprocal want they ſtand in want of each

each other, and baniſh all coarſe behaviour, impertinence, pride, harſhneſs, and in a word, all the inconveniences that are cauſed by independance. We are willing to be under ſome conſtraint on account of thoſe we want. We endeavour to gain their eſteem by a virtuous deportment, their gratitude by faithful ſervices, their friendſhip by our attachment to them and their intereſt; we ſacrifice our whims and fancies with hopes of being indemnified by their giving up theirs in the ſame manner. Thus a mutual dependance gives birth to all ſocial virtues. But it happens that this ſame dependance, inſtead of contributing to our happineſs, becomes our puniſhment, when we cruſh with inſolent authority thoſe that want us, and make them pay for the conſtraint we have been under with regard to perſons, by whom we hoped to be benefited. But, ladies, we have ſpent a good deal of time; and no leſſon has yet been repeated. Lady *Senſible*, pleaſe to give us ſome account of the province of *Britany*.

Lady Senſible. We have already obſerved, that the inhabitants of *Great Britain*, to avoid being ſlaves to the *Saxons*, croſſed the ſea and took refuge in the *Gauls*, and in a province called *Armorica*. They were commanded by a prince, whoſe name was *Conan*, and who in all appearance came to terms with the *Romans*, at that time ſtill in poſſeſſion of the *Gauls*. The new inhabitants of *Armorica* gave it their own name; and when the *Franks* conquered the *Gauls*, *Clovis* choſe to treat with them rather than attempt ſubduing them by force of arms. Their princes had the title of *Dukes*; and promiſed to pay homage to the kings of *France*. In proceſs of time ſome of their *dukes* took the ſtile of *kings*; but *France* obliged them to reſume that of *dukes*. A great war broke out in the thirteenth century, and was occaſioned by two competitors for the duchy

France ſupported one and *England* the other. This was not the only war which *Britany* engaged the *French* in; it was beſides a retreat to all the male content nobles in *France*. At laſt *Britany* came by right of inheritance to the princeſs *Anne*, who married king *Charles* VIII, and after his demiſe *Lewis* XII, by whom ſhe had a daughter called *Jane*, and who was married afterwards to *Francis* I. About that time *Britany*, as I take it, was re-united to *France* never to be diſmembered again.

Britany is divided into the *upper* and *lower*. The capital of the *upper* is *Rennes* on the river *la Vilaine*. This city has a parliament and is inhabited by many of the *nobleſs*. *Vannes* is the capital of the *lower*. And here you find St. *Malo*'s, a very rich trading down. *Nantes*, a famed place for its univerſity and commerce; the port of *Breſt*, where the royal navy and the grand arſenal of the marine lies, and Port l'*Orient*, where the *Eaſt-India* company have their warehouſes.

This province has bred very great men both for ſea and land ſervice, and among others the renowned *Bertrand du Gueſclin*; who, from a private gentleman by birth, roſe to the degree of *Conſtable* to the kings of *France* and *Caſtille*. He was loved and eſteemed by all that knew him, even by the *Engliſh*, though he was their *ſcourge*.

The *Britons* are brave, open and faithful, but violent and rough, and rather too much addicted to drink.

Mrs. Affable. Nothing can be better repeated, my dear; but your exact account of *Britany* reminds me, that we were not quite ſo with reſpect to *Normandy*, which is alſo divided into the *higher* and *lower*. The capital of the laſt is *Caen*, and an univerſity like *Oxford* or *Cambridge*. We alſo forgot the parliament at *Rouen*, and the two ports *Dieppe* and

Havre de Grace in the higher *Normandy*. The laſt port lies at the mouth of the river *Seine*. The ſea or rather the great ocean, which leaves the coaſt of *Normandy*, is called the *Britiſh Channel*, or the *narrow Seas*.

Lady Louiſa. I am really ſurprized at Lady *Senſible's* prodigious memory.

Lady Lucy. And I am quite aſhamed, and now begin to loſe courage. I have had maſters of geography many years, and 'tis all I can do, to find a town in the map.

Mrs. Affable. There is a method to be obſerved in placing theſe things properly in one's head; on the other hand, there needs not ſo much memory as you ſeem to imagine; all that is neceſſary is a regular proceſs. Now, Lady *Charlotte*, pleaſe to repeat to us a part of the ſcripture hiſtory, and we will cloſe the day; it really begins to be late.

Lady Charlotte. When *Ahab* reigned in *Iſrael*, God ſent a great prophet; his name was *Elijah*. He went to the king and ſpoke in theſe words. *As the Lord God of Iſrael liveth, there ſhall not be dew nor rain theſe years, but according to my word*. After this *Elijah* by God's ſpecial direction retired to a brook, where he was ſupplied with water, and ravens brought him bread and fleſh twice a day. After a while the brook dried up, and God ſaid to *Elijah*, *Get thee to Zarephath. . . . . I have commanded a woman to ſuſtain thee*, whilſt the famine laſts. As *Elijah* came into the town he ſaw a poor woman gathering of ſticks. *He called to her and ſaid, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water. . . . that I may drink. And as ſhe was going to fetch it, he called to her and ſaid, bring me a morſel of bread. . . . And ſhe ſaid, as the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruſe: And behold I am gathering two ſticks, that I*

may go and dreſs it for me and my ſon, that we may eat it and die. And Elijah *ſaid, . . . make me thereof a little cake firſt. . . . and after make for thee and thy ſon. For thus ſaith the Lord. . . . . The barrel ſhall not waſte, nor the cruſe of oil fail, until the day that the Lord ſendeth rain upon the earth.* She firmly believed the divine promiſe, and was not deceived; for the little ſtores ſhe had never waſted during that time.

But it happened that her ſon fell ſick and died. Upon this ſhe went to the prophet and ſaid, *O thou man of God! Art thou come to ſlay my ſon. Elijah* took the child, *and carried him up into a loft. . . . . and laid him upon his own bed, and ſtretched himſelf three times upon the child, and cried unto the Lord,* Lord comfort this deſolate widow, *and let this child's ſoul come into him again.* God heard his prayer, the child was raiſed to life, and the prophet delivered him to his mother.

Elijah ſtaid three years with the widow, during which time there was no rain, and then received orders from the Lord to go to *Ahab.* This wicked prince had a governor of his houſe named *Obadiah,* who feared the Lord; and whilſt *Jeſebel* was deſtroying the prophets he took a hundred and *hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water.* As good *Obadiah* went out to find graſs for the cattle, he met with *Elijah,* who ſaid to him, *Go tell thy Lord, Behold* Elijah *is here. Obadiah* fell on his face and ſaid, *Why doſt thou ſeek to ruin me?* If I tell the king, who is every where in queſt of thee, he will ſend perſons to ſeize thee. And the ſpirit of the Lord will carry thee off; thou wilt not be found, and the king, who will conclude, that I have impoſed upon him, will deſtroy me. *Elijah* encouraged him, and ſaid he would *ſurely ſhew* himſelf *unto him that day.*

Lady

Lady Witty. It appears that miracles were not difficult for God to work; he certainly was not ſparing of wonders to ſave the *Iſraelites.*

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear, miracles coſt him nothing; his will is not reſiſted by nature; he ſpeaks and it immediately obeys. He bids heaven be locked and it rains no more. Men only reſiſt God; and, if they could, they would withdraw out of the reach of his power, and ceaſe to be dependant of his will.

Lady Senſible. Is it poſſible men ſhould be ſo wicked as to wiſh themſelves not ſubject to his power?

Mrs. Affable. Alas! my dear, we are guilty of this offence, whenever we murmur at providence on account of croſs accidents. Aſk that once pretty young lady, now disfigured by the ſmall-pox, whether ſhe has not murmured againſt that providence which has ſtript her of her beauty; whether ſhe would not willingly have declined ſubmitting to that particular order of providence, had it been in her power. If ſhe is ſincere, ſhe will own it. Put the ſame queſtion to the covetous man that has loſt his fortune; to the ambitious aſpiring man, who is in diſgrace with his benefactor; to that fond mother, whom death has deprived of a ſon ſhe adored. They are rebels to God, and would, if it was poſſible, depend no longer on his power; this is what they wiſh in their hearts. Whereas a reſigned Chriſtian, even a rational perſon, would avoid chuſing for himſelf, were it left to his option.

Lady Charlotte. And why might not one chuſe, if God was pleaſed to allow that liberty?

Mrs. Affable. For fear of making an ill choice. Suppoſe, ladies, that God ſhould ſay to me, *you are poor and ſickly, you may, if you deſire it, enjoy both health and riches; you may have them for wiſhing.*

Miſs Sophia. To be ſure, you would wiſh for health and riches; would not you, Mrs. *Affable?* they are better than poverty and ſickneſs.

Mrs. Affable. I hope I ſhould not be ſo weak. Methinks I ſhould anſwer, *Lord, you know that I am a poor and blind creature, and that I don't underſtand what is moſt to my advantage. Perhaps health and riches might diſpoſe me to be more wicked than I am. Pleaſe to chuſe for me, becauſe you are ſovereignly wiſe, and know beſt what will conduce moſt to the ſaving of my ſoul.* Call to mind, ladies, what happened about the diamonds of Lady ——. But here comes Lady *Sincere.* Diſpenſe with all ceremony, ladies; pray ſit down, my dear; let us not interrupt the leſſon. When that is over you ſhall be introduced to theſe ladies.

Lady Lucy. What was the ſtory of that lady's diamonds?

Mrs. Affable. Pray, Lady *Mary,* tell the ladies how it was; but not, how the little trick I put upon them turned out.

Lady Mary. Mrs. *Affable* fetched the lady's diamonds, but told us there were ſome true and ſome falſe ſtones; and then gave us leave to pick out each of us one. Mrs. *Affable,* may I aſk theſe ladies, what they would have done?

Miſs Sophia. I would have carefully examined them all, to diſtinguiſh the true from the falſe; and then would have choſen the very beſt.

Miſs Rural. I am told, that ſome falſe ſtones appear much brighter than true ones. As we don't underſtand them, would it not have been more prudent, ladies, to deſire Mrs. *Affable* to chuſe for us.

Mrs. Affable. The very thing that Lady *Senſible* did! ſhe begged I would chuſe for her.

Lady

Lady Witty. I was fairly caught, a ſilly creature that I was, and choſe quite wrong. Miſs *Rural* has a thouſand times more ſenſe than I, though ſhe don't ſet herſelf off ſo much.

Mrs. Affable. Yes, indeed! my little philoſopher has ſpoke very judiciouſly. Pray, my dear, have you always acted up to this way of thinking? I muſt anatomize your heart. Are you a great fortune, dear child?

Miſs Rural. I think ſo, Mrs. *Affable*; I ſhall have five thouſand pounds; and it may happen I ſhall be better by ſix thouſand more.

Miſs Sophia. In that caſe you would not be very poor, nor could you be thought very rich. Do you know, Miſs, that five thouſand pounds is but two hundred by the year? What is that for a woman of quality?

Miſs Rural. She may find lodgings, food, and raiment. What need of more?

Lady Sincere. She muſt have a coach, money to pay ſervants wages, to beſtow in charities, and to gratify fancy and whims.

Miſs Rural. What need of a coach, when I am able to walk? Can't I do with one maid? And, if I have not money to give away in charities, may not I be in ſome condition or other to do for the poor? And as to whims and fancies, if I have none, there is none to gratify; if I have, I muſt make it my buſineſs to get rid of ſuch gueſts.

Lady Sincere. How is it poſſible to live without ſome whim or fancy? I think without ſome whim or other I ſhould be tired of my life. I muſt confeſs, that till this preſent time I have not been in a way to gratify or humour fancy; but now, to recover loſt time, I amuſe myſelf with ten thouſand, thirty thouſand and more vagaries.

Mrs. Affable. What pity it is that time will not allow us to let this agreeable converſation be carried on longer? Lady *Sincere* and Miſs *Rural* are extreme oppoſites, abſolute *antipodes* to each other. Their arguments would be very amuſing; and we will put them off to another time.

Miſs Bella. Before we break up, I beg you would explain ſome words that I don't underſtand. What is meant by *anatomizing* the heart, and thoſe ladies being abſolute *antipodes* to each other?

Mrs. Affable. To *anatomize* ſignifies to examine with care all the parts of a ſubject. Surgeons, for example, take a dead body, they examine every thing minutely, even the moſt inward and hidden parts by cutting, which is called diſſection, and by other means which their art teaches. This is called anatomizing the body. I pretend in ſome proportion to their method the anatomizing my ſcholars hearts in order to diſcover ſecret diſorders that lurk out of ſight, and to apply proper remedies. The term *antipodes* ſignifies, and is as much as you need to know for the preſent, two things extremely diſtant and oppoſite.

Lady Mary. Mrs. *Affable,* why did you call Miſs *Rural,* your little philoſopher? I always thought the men only had been philoſophers.

Mrs. Affable. Becauſe you did not underſtand that word, my dear. There are two ſorts of philoſophy, which are not to be miſtaken one for the other. Formerly thoſe were called philoſophers, who obſerved the courſe of the ſtars, and made inquiries into the ſecrets of nature. This ſtudy ſeems to be fitter for men than ladies. An acquaintance of ours ſaid, that philoſophy had ſtaid too long in heaven; and that it was high time to bring it down. This was *Socrates,* who had ſo ſad a wife. He therefore taught a new phi-

loſophy, which was the knowledge of the means to be happy. He proved ſolidly, that thoſe means were the overcoming of our paſſions and being rational. This ſcience taught by *Socrates* is called *moral philoſophy*; and this, you ſee, becomes ladies as well as men. To think and make ſeveral reflections is a previous and neceſſary diſpoſition to learn philoſophy. 'Tis only for want of reflection that we prefer health and riches to ſickneſs and want. I had very good reaſons to call Miſs *Rural*, my little philoſopher, for obſerving the danger there was of making a wrong choice, where one does not underſtand the things which are offered to our choice.

Lady Violent. We don't at all agree in opinion. You ſay the old philoſophy is not proper for ladies. I am very fond of it. I have read a little book of one Mr. *Fontenelle*, who has greatly raiſed my curioſity and deſire of ſtudying aſtronomy.

Mrs. Affable. Well, my dear, we will ſtudy it together and make almanacks. That will be nice and curious.

Lady Violent. Now I am perſuaded you make a jeſt of me.

Mrs. Affable. No, indeed, my dear! I reſpect the deſire of knowledge, whatever it be. Nay I am perſuaded that you have wit enough to ſucceed in that ſtudy; but——

Lady Violent. One may eaſily perceive, you are a French woman, by your flattering.

Mrs Affable. I don't deſign you any compliment, madam; can you imagine I intend to praiſe you by ſaying you have a great deal of wit? That is not at all my way of thinking. I value wit ſo very little, that if I had all the wit in the world laid in a heap at my feet, I would not ſtoop to take it up; whereas I would go thouſands of miles to pick up a little good ſenſe. I never meant to praiſe

you for your capacity. But now I will commend you in a manner, which I muſt have you pleaſed with. I am perſuaded you will make very good uſe of your talents; and that after you have applied your mind diligently to the ſtudy and practice of *Socrates's* philoſophy, you will be in a condition to ſtudy the philoſophy of the ancients his predeceſſors. Yes, my dear, you are capable of any thing, if you will but overcome yourſelf; and ſomething within me ſeems to promiſe that you will. I could almoſt venture a wager, that you will be the beſt and the moſt learned of your ſex; but firſt you muſt be very good; and then you and I will lay our heads together, and contrive to be very knowing and learned.

Lady Louiſa. I muſt here declare a very fooliſh thing I did t'other day. Hearing that a lady of my acquaintance was gone to a lecture of philoſophy, I made the ſaddeſt jeſt of her, and ridiculed her moſt unmercifully. I deſerved that much more myſelf for judging about matters that I only knew by name. I am quite aſhamed of this, and I am now ſo far from looking on the love of philoſophy as a wrong turn of the mind, that I deſire to commence philoſopher, if Mrs. *Affable* will but be ſo kind as to give me a helping hand.

Mrs. Affable. You have paſſed ſentence againſt yourſelf like a lady of great good ſenſe; and I ſhall tell you my thoughts upon the matter; but as this may be tedious to our younger ladies; and as they have been a long time here, it is proper to put it off to our next meeting. Pray let me ſee you in the morning; the children will not be here; and it will be better.

Lady Mary. So, you forbid me coming, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I do not forbid you, my dear; but would adviſe you to ſtay at home; I am ſure you will be all tired. Theſe ſubjects are too ſerious for little people of your age.

Lady Mary. Mrs. *Affable* always forgets, that I am near eight years old; and that I am as impatient to learn as any of the ladies.

Mrs. Affable. Well! children, you have my conſent to do as you pleaſe, but on condition that when you are tired, you ſhall be at liberty to go and play. That will be ſome diverſion at leaſt.

DIALOGUE III.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

HOW now, ladies! you are all here, not even excepting Lady *Violent*. Tell me, my dear; did not mama lay her commands upon you to come?

Lady Violent. No, Mrs. *Affable*; curioſity brought me to hear what you would ſay of philoſophy, in hopes, that there might be ſome few words about the ſtars.

Mrs. *Affable.* You are ſtrangely carried away by an inclination for the ſtars. I cannot promiſe to ſpeak about them; and a very good reaſon why: I really know nothing of the matter; but you remember our agreement; we are to join in the ſtudy of that part of philoſophy, after we have practiſed the other.

Lady Violent. This is very ſly, Mrs. *Affable,* and a mere ſuppoſition. That condition, I well remember, was propoſed, but not accepted by me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Did I ſtand in need of your conſent to the agreement I propoſed? Don't I know, that a young Lady of your good ſenſe cannot refuſe ſuch terms? Go, my dear; I look upon this as a point agreed to. Remember, children, that I inſiſt upon your going to play, as ſoon as the leſſon grows the leaſt uneaſy to you. We ſhall have done in very good time; and Lady *Senſible* ſhall read you a little fable ſhe wrote in her travels. Lady *Louiſa*, I promiſed my opinion with regard to your deſire of ſtudying philoſophy; and this is my judgment upon the matter. The ſtudy of moral philoſophy is beyond all queſtion neceſſary; that part of philoſophy is the art of living happily by leading a virtuous life; your intereſt therefore requires your application to this ſtudy. The lady you mentioned was not, in all probability, going to a lecture of moral philoſophy; but however ſhe did not deſerve to be rallied on that account. There are points of knowledge, though ſeemingly very diſtant, that diſpoſe and prepare for the doctrine I am to teach; as for example, geometry, which is the ſcience of numbers and meaſures.

Lady Lucy. I muſt own I cannot ſee the connexion between the ſcience of numbers and a virtuous life.

Mrs. Affable. With a very little reflection you will ſoon diſcover how they are connected. I beg an anſwer to all the queſtions I ſhall propoſe. Do all men deſire to be happy?

Lady Lucy. To be ſure, madam; and in my opinion, this deſire ſets all other paſſions at work.

Mrs. Affable. You ſay very well. Covetouſneſs is a deſire of being happy by means of riches; ambition ſeeks to be happy by dignities and poſts; voluptuouſneſs places happineſs in the enjoyment of ſenſual

ſenſual pleaſures. Now I put this other queſtion; are all men happy, who have this violent thirſt of happineſs?

Lady Lucy. Certainly not.

Mrs. Affable. Then riches, honours, and pleaſures cannot conſtitute the happineſs of man.

Lady Lucy. Perhaps they might, were they poſſeſſed in the degree they are deſired.

Mrs. Affable. But do you think it poſſible for a man to arrive at a pitch that he can wiſh for nothing more?

Lady Lucy. If I may judge of others by myſelf, I don't think it. Many things I have wiſhed for ſince I was born; I thought I ſhould be happy, and deſire nothing more. But alas! madam, no ſooner was I poſſeſſed of what I deſired, but it grew very indifferent to me; and my thoughts ſtrayed to other objects, which very likely I ſhall deſpiſe as ſoon as poſſeſſed.

Lady Mary. I was juſt ſo, Mrs. *Affable*; I longed to be ſeven years old, and then thought I ſhould be perfectly eaſy. Now I want to be as tall as Lady *Senſible*; and then perhaps I ſhall wiſh to be as big as Lady *Lucy*. Shall we never have done with theſe wiſhes? 'Tis a great folly methinks, inſtead of being contented with what I have, to be uneaſy for what I have not.

Mrs. Affable. That is really philoſophical. Tell me, Lady *Lucy*, were men to make the ſame reflection with Lady *Mary*, do not you think that even ſelf-love would determine them to moderate their deſires, and enjoy the preſent, ſuch as it is?

Lady Lucy. I think ſo, Mrs. *Affable*; but all, and I chiefly, ſeldom reflect; and when we do, our reflections reſt upon wrong principles. Many falſe ideas encumber the mind, and the reflection is made ſuitably to the principles that gave it birth.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. You have pointed out the true cauſe of all the misfortunes and errors of mankind. They are actuated by the lights they have, and thoſe often prove falſe. The covetous man, for inſtance, views riches under a deceitful light; he judges them a proper means to ſatisfy his inclination; upon this bottom he ſacrifices all to heap up treaſures. I not only mean thoſe who deſire wealth to lock it up, but even thoſe, who make not only an innocent, but proper uſe of their ſubſtance. To inſtance, a perſon is perſuaded that no figure is made, nor any reſpect gained in the world but in proportion to the wealth he poſſeſſes; as he has a great affection for his off-ſpring he endeavours to treaſure up large ſums, and goes ſo far as to think that he diſcharges a duty of conſcience, tho' the means to arrive at the end he propoſes may, to ſay no worſe, be very queſtionable. Now let him place on one ſide the reſpect paid to wealth, and on the other that regard which is ſhewn to, and is the recompence of virtue and bright talents, it is certain he would find no compariſon between the two, and would chuſe the latter; that is, reflection grounded upon ſolid principles would lead him to the knowledge of their true value; and the underſtanding, which had been miſled by a wrong idea, would be rectified, and recover the miſtake. Do you underſtand me, ladies?

Lady Senſible. Perfectly well, Mrs. *Affable*; that perſon would weigh both in his ſerious thoughts, and chuſe that, which appeared to carry the moſt weight.

Mrs. Affable. Juſt ſo, my dear. Now, Lady *Lucy*, do you conceive of what ſervice geometry is in philoſophy. A geometrician is always with a plummet and rule: he meaſures, he calculates, he draws lines, he gets a habit of doing all things by rule, he looks upon nothing as clear that he has not calculated;

culated; and in ſome meaſure proceeds with the ſame exactneſs in all ſciences.

Lady Louiſa. Oh, Mrs. *Affable!* all my hopes are over. Of all things I hate numbers. Muſt I learn geometry to become a philoſopher?

Mrs. Affable. Take courage, madam; I cannot teach you that geometry, which I do not know; but I will uſe my beſt endeavours to give you a geometrical underſtanding; I miſtake; that cannot be my gift, but I will diſpoſe and engage you to make uſe of that natural geometry, which God has placed in the minds of all men. There are other ſciences, which help to moral philoſophy, and of which ſome notions ſhall be given as occaſion ſerves.

Lady Mary. What is the meaning of *notions?*

Mrs. Affable. Notions are general ideas, and ſuch as they are, adapted to the ladies. But, children, what I can teach is very little, as I am pretty much a ſtranger to thoſe ſciences. I will ſeek the truth in your hearts and my own; there it is only found, and there it certainly is, as I ſhall make it appear to you ſome day or other.

Lady Lucy. The proof will be amuſing; and that is all; for I rely ſo much upon you, that I ſhall always take your word.

Mrs. Affable. You muſt begin, madam, with correcting this diſpoſition; it is the greateſt obſtacle to the ſtudy of philoſophy.

Lady Louiſa. But why ſhould not we believe you, Mrs. *Affable?* Surely, you would not deceive us.

Mrs. Affable. As I am diſpoſed at preſent I undoubtedly would not; but who knows, whether a violent paſſion may not alter my way of thinking and make me deceitful: beſides, may I not be deceived myſelf, though I may have the beſt intention

that

that can be? I am very ignorant, and were I the moſt knowing among created beings ſtill I ſhould not be infallible. God only is ſo.

Miſs Rural. This pleaſes me! now I have carried my point.

Mrs. Affable. What do you mean, my dear?

Miſs Rural. You ſhall hear, Mrs. *Affable*. I have read ſome part of Mr. *Locke* and Mr. *Clarke*'s writings; ſome things I took to be true, but others I found contrary to my ideas. Mama ſaid I was very proud to prefer my way of thinking to that of ſuch great men. Now, in my opinion, I have the ſame right to think as they; and if God intended I ſhould make uſe of thoſe gentlemen's reaſon, he would never have given me my own private reaſon.

Mrs. Affable. That was juſt what I would have ſaid to theſe ladies. You muſt not believe becauſe you have heard or read, but becauſe it is agreeable to reaſon to believe, or to be perſuaded that things are ſo or otherwiſe. I intend, ladies, that you ſhall diſcuſs and examine every thing I ſay, and contradict me when you think you have reaſon to do it. You ſhall propoſe your reaſons; I ſhall be at liberty to give mine; and let thoſe be judged beſt that bear the moſt weight.

Lady Tempeſt. I have often in a diſpute been afraid of ſeeing the truth, in as much as I muſt have owned, that I was in the wrong; and that is death to me.

Mrs. Affable. That diſpoſition is one of the greateſt enemies to true philoſophy. Our inquiries after truth muſt be ſincere; thoſe muſt be eſteemed our beſt friends, who diſcover the truth to us, though at the expence of our pride. Were you and I, my dear, to travel in a road quite unknown to you, and that you ſtood on the brink of a precipice in danger of falling

falling either down that, or at leaſt into the dirt another way, could you take it amiſs if I put a light into your hand to ſee the way out of ſuch a dangerous ſpot?

Lady Tempeſt. On the contrary, I ſhould be extremely obligated to Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. And you muſt have the like obligations to thoſe, who ſhew you the truth. If you are deceived in matters of moment, there is a precipice; if in trifles, that is a miry road. 'Tis not indeed ſo dangerous as a precipice; but I muſt forewarn you, that it leads to one. When we get a cuſtom of forming a wrong judgment, though in trifles, there is a hazard of contracting a bad habit in things that are of importance. Well! dear Lady *Mary*, are not you very ſorry that you came this morning; is not all this mighty tedious?

Lady Mary. Mrs. *Affable* is not infallible; here ſhe is miſtaken, and may perceive that I have been attentive to the leſſon, by the liberty I take to contradict her.

Mrs. Affable. As you ſhew clearly, that you have minded the leſſon, and repeat it ſo well, I muſt yield, and own candidly that I am miſtaken. I will now repeat in ſhort, what has been ſaid; or, rather try whether Lady *Senſible* has taken my meaning right. Come, my dear, give us the ſubſtance of our converſation.

Lady Senſible. Moral philoſophy is the art of living happily by leading a virtuous life. Our faults come from the falſe ideas we conceive of the good or bad things of this life; and, as our actions are influenced by our judgments, a wrong judgment is an obſtacle to a virtuous life.

Geometry accuſtoms the mind to a regular proceſs, to an exact calculation; and geometrical truths are always evident, as there is no rule without

out a clear proof. And hence we muſt take care to form a geometrical underſtanding, that is, upon certain rules and undoubted principles.

As God has given each one his reaſon, we muſt make uſe of our own without depending implicitly upon that of others. And thus a fundamental diſpoſition for philoſophy is not to believe any thing, but what our underſtanding after a rational inquiry judges proper to be believed.

But as our reaſon may be darkened by pride and other paſſions, the love of truth muſt overcome pride and thoſe paſſions.

Mrs. Affable. Extremely well repeated, my dear. Now, ladies, is any thing that has been ſaid contrary to the light of nature?

Lady Lucy. I aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable,* that I have always been in that way of thinking.

Lady Louiſa. It looks to me, as if I had always known this; it is ſo agreeable to what I have always thought, though my knowledge was but confuſed.

Mrs. Affable. This is one of the firſt proofs, that we have hit upon the truth. It ſtrikes the mind immediately, and chimes with our own ſentiments, provided we are without prejudice.

Lady Charlotte. Pray, Mrs. *Affable,* what is prejudice?

Mrs. Affable. A judgment we form without a good reaſon.

Lady Lucy. Then I have gone upon nothing but prejudice; for I really never troubled my head about a reaſon for any thing.

Mrs. Affable. You are not the only one, my dear; we are ſo ſlothful, ſo giddy, that we chuſe to truſt others, rather than have the trouble of uſing our own underſtanding. The prejudices contracted in our infancy ſtick cloſe to us, and are a great hindrance

hindrance to our diſcovering the truth. Before we take leave of this article, ladies, I muſt recommend one thing to you very particularly. One of the ſocial virtues is to humour others prejudices, when they are only ridiculous; among theſe, one of the moſt eſtabliſhed and current prejudices is, that women muſt be ignorant. As to yourſelves, be ſure never to fall in with the common in this reſpect; that is, take care to avoid ignorance, but don't argue the point with thoſe, who have adopted this poor wretched maxim. Hence we muſt conceal theſe little ſtudies that are the ſubject of our meetings, and behave with the ignorant, as if we were ſo. There is a ſpice of cruelty in pretending to carry it high with perſons unacquainted with trifles that we underſtand. Never affect to make a ſhew of wit and knowledge; it is ſo much out of rule, that even ignorance is a treaſure in compariſon with that fulſome parade.

I promiſed you a fable of Lady *Senſible*'s compoſition; but firſt you ſhould know what gave occaſion to this performance. We were lodged at *Paris*, in a houſe ready furniſhed, and ſadly plagued with mice. A *German* lady came into the houſe upon our going to *Verſailles*. She chaſed the mice with ſo much ſucceſs, that when we came back, there was not one left. This gave Lady *Senſible* the hint for making the little fable ſhe is going to repeat to the ladies.

The MOUSE, *a Fable.*

The account which parents give of their paſt follies, is but thrown away on their off-ſpring.

An aged mouſe, very far advanced in years, and arrived at the laſt period of life, got her numerous family together, and addreſſed them in the following words.

"My dear children, if any thing could make me regret leaving this world, the idea of dangers to which I foreſee you will be expoſed after my departure would certainly have that effect. But in theſe laſt moments I am willing to entertain the flattering hope that you will receive and practiſe the good and ſalutary advice I am about to give you. If you will follow thoſe rules, you may, as I have done, reach an extreme old age. To encourage your obedience to the dying words of a parent, I will give you an account of my paſt life.

"I was born in this houſe, where you now live, but have been witneſs to many changes and revolutions in this place. About the time of my birth, the houſe was tenanted by a young Engliſh lady; ſhe was very rich. Oh, dear children! this houſe was then the ſeat of plenty, and might with juſtice be called the *Peru* of poor mice. She kept an open table and forty ſervants. You may eaſily gueſs, that with ſo many ſervants, ſhe took very little thought or care to look after her houſe. A houſe-keeper, a ſteward, and a fat cook, were to bring in, and to manage their proviſions; and the Lord knows how they did it. Theſe three raiſed great contributions on the tradeſmen they employed; it was their intereſt to increaſe the expence. A great

great deal was eat, more was waſted; this was a means whereby we not only enjoyed plenty, but lived in ſafety. We ſcorned the leavings of a ſecond table, ſince we could feed on the niceſt bits; for nothing was laid up. Two overgrown cats, whoſe proper office, one would have thought, was to guard the kitchen, left us at full liberty, and ſpent the time that paſſed between their delicious meals, in the ſofteſt ſlumbers. I could tell a thouſand curious anecdotes, to which I was a witneſs, from the time of my infancy. The houſe-keeper's apartment was the place of my birth; here, in this ſubterraneous palace, ſhe received the homages of her inferiors; and for the moſt part with a proud haughty air, that diſcouraged them much. Sometimes, indeed, ſhe vouchſafed to be more civil and humane, and would return a gracious look for thoſe adorations, which however, generally ſpeaking, did not go unrewarded; and ſetting her great impertinence aſide, ſhe was really one of the beſt-tempered women. She would have the looks of the ſervants ſpeak the wealth of their miſtreſs; and with great humanity, ſhe conſidered them in what they wanted. The maids in the kitchen were allowed but very ſorry water-gruel, and no *tea*, but Mrs. houſe-keeper made her's ſo ſtrong, and put in more freſh *tea* ſo often, that the poor girls had a very tolerable decoction to their ſhare. The place where the ſugar was kept, was not altogether inacceſſible; and when ſhe found it had been fingered, ſhe would ſay with a ſmile, *We muſt live, and let live.* She carried her condeſcenſion ſo far, that all had cream to their *tea*; but this was to be kept out of the bill, for fear her ladyſhip, one day or other, ſhould take a fancy to look it over; the method was to charge eight quarts of milk, inſtead of four; thus things were made

made even, and no harm done. It would be endleſs to particularize all the waſte made either to gratify herſelf, or out of complaiſance to others; but I will not enlarge more than I have done, to give an example of moderation not to be paralleled by any old woman that has ſtept into the recital of old done deeds. The firſt years of my life were ſpent whilſt this good woman preſided over our domeſtic affairs; but, by the greateſt misfortune that ever happened, this happy ſtate diſappeared on a ſudden like a golden dream, whereof nothing remains but a melancholy remembrance. The lady, who had not proportioned her expences to her income, was ruined, and reduced to go and live in the country; in ſhort, we had new lodgers in our houſe. I had but little experience, as I was ſo young; and the change did not coſt me a tear; I looked upon the alteration as a thing of no concern, but came too ſoon acquainted with my misfortune. Our new miſtreſs had as grand a retinue as the firſt; but then, the houſe was in as great order and as regular, as if ſhe had but a couple of ſervants, and, quite contrary to the polite cuſtoms and uſes in modern management, ſhe looked after her own affairs, and truſted only herſelf with the inſpection into all the particulars of houſe-keeping. Sugar, conſerves, ſweetmeats, and all articles of that nature were locked up in a proper place; and madam kept the key. She could tell to the greateſt nicety what proviſions would ſerve the family; and it was not poſſible to impoſe upon her, even in trifles. She was for an eaſy, free, and withal a magnificent appearance without waſte. I was ſoon reduced to feed on the crumbs that fell from the ſervant's table; not a ſorry bit of cheeſe, not a ſtump of candle was to be found; all

was

was picked up, and laid out to the greateſt advantage. *Curſed woman!* I cried out in an exceſs of grief; who, that ſaw the number of diſhes that crowded her table, who could ever imagine that a poor mouſe, who requires ſo little food, ſhould be in danger of ſtarving in her houſe? I hoped this would not continue long; but I ſoon gave up a fruitleſs hope and void of comfort. The two harmleſs and peaceable cats I mentioned before, had not yet quitted the houſe, and made a moſt melancholy figure. I was curious to know their thoughts on the matter, and one night that they had a ſerious converſation upon the point, I very cautiouſly ſlipt to the hole that opened into my apartment to liſten to the two ſages, and hear what they ſaid."

"You are then reſolved to quit the houſe, the place of your birth, ſaid the younger cat to his elder; and pray, ſays the other with an angry look, what poſſibility is there of ſtaying longer? Has not the faſt, which I have been forced to keep, reduced me to ſkin and bones? But, replied the younger, have not we ſtill a good reſource left? Let Mr. Cook be as watchful as he pleaſes; I have both ſlight and courage enough to live by induſtry; beſides, our miſtreſs is old and crazy, her death cannot be far off, and muſt cauſe ſome change in our circumſtances. Vain hopes! cried out the old cat; I muſt tell you, that our ill ſtars have brought a *German* lady to the houſe; and farther, that our misfortune is paſt all remedy. The *German* ladies have a notion, that it is their duty to look after their houſes; they chuſe and watch their domeſtics ſo cloſe, that it is not an eaſy matter to deceive them. They teach them to be regular and methodical; and the cook, who has been inſtructed by this lady theſe ten years,

is not to be jeſted with, if any thing is miſſing, the leaſt theft is as much as the life of the moſt valuable cat is worth. Beſides, it is idle to think that our miſtreſs's age can make any change in our circumſtances. Thoſe curſed *Germans* are mad enough to bring up their daughters in the ſame ſpirit of œconomy, as they were bred themſelves. The young ladies, let them be never ſo rich, think it no diſhonour to enter into a minute account of all that relates to houſe-keeping; they are always told, that, to ſatisfy the expences ſuitable to their rank, and at the ſame time not to prejudice any perſon, all ſuperfluous outgoings muſt be retrenched; that ſervants muſt be kept in a way to want and to waſte nothing, with a thouſand other *Gothic* maxims, of which they never get the better."

A footman came into the kitchen and broke off the converſation; the cats diſappeared the next day. I was but young, and did not ſo much mind the ſerious and ſenſible diſcourſe of the elder, as I did the airy flights of the younger cat; and as I could no longer bear my preſent ſituation and circumſtances, I determined to ſet all my induſtry at work, to alleviate the wretched plight I was in; after a thouſand attempts I found a way into the room where the lady locked up her ſtores, and made myſelf amends with moſt delicious fare for the long abſtinence I had kept; the pleaſure of faring ſo well was ſometimes interrupted with ſerious reflections, that my all was at ſtake; and I trembled for fear the theft ſhould come to be diſcovered; but however, I plucked up a good heart. The former ſeemed to inſure future good ſucceſs. I had robbed the old houſe-keeper a hundred times, who never took any precaution to guard againſt my inroads. How ſenſeleſs

was

was I? I was a ſtranger to the difference between the ſervant's and the miſtreſs's eye, but ſoon learned it at my own coſt. Emboldened with this early ſucceſs, I returned the next day to the fatal place. The firſt thing I obſerved was, a kind of engine grated up at one end, and in it a bit of bacon freſh broiled. The ſmell was quite inviting; I walked in (an entrance was left open), I ſeized the prey; but oh! ill-fated hour; whereof many years have not yet obliterated the memory. I had ſcarce touched the diſaſtrous morſel, when the door of that infernal machine fell with a dreadful noiſe, and confined me without any hopes of ever eſcaping. How often did I then curſe my gluttony! What purpoſes did I not make for my future conduct, if I could be ſo happy as to eſcape this danger! The fall of the trap ſoon brought in my miſtreſs; and I heard her paſs the dreadful ſentence againſt the priſoner; I was condemned to be drowned, and a chamber-maid was ordered to execute the ſentence. You tremble children; and nothing in all appearance could poſſibly ſave me. The awkwardneſs of the executioner pitched upon to be the the inſtrument of her miſtreſs's vengeance proved my ſafety. I eſcaped upon the very point of being executed, and having bought wit by dreadful experience, I endeavoured to correct a vice that had like to have proved the ruin of me. I never came out without the greateſt precaution, and all my excurſions were confined to the kitchen. This frugal way of life, to which I was now reduced, appeared at firſt more terrible than the danger that brought me ſo near to my end: but cuſtom made my condition eaſier; nay, I found that abſtinence mended my conſtitution; and at laſt I thanked my ſtars that brought me under a

happy neceſſity of moderating my appetite and the deſire of gratifying my palate. I have ſurvived three generations of mice, that I was acquainted with in this houſe; few have reached the term they might naturally have expected. Diſeaſes, moſtly bred by intemperance, have carried off ſuch as eſcaped the vigilance of cats, and ſnares laid by men. But I find my ſtrength fails me; farewell, ſweet children, dread the unhappy cloſet, where death lurks under pernicious ſweets. I die contented, becauſe I die with hopes you will follow my advice. Farewell."

Scarce had this wiſe mouſe breathed her laſt, but her young and ſprightly family fell into mutual congratulations on their being rid at laſt of the reſtraint they ſuffered from the preſence of this old dotard; ſo they ſtiled her very diſreſpectfully; her advice was laughed at; her temperance was conſtrued covetouſneſs, and her circumſpection want of courage. They made their way to the fatal cloſet; a triple fence of ſtrong paper to ſecure a pot of ſweet-meats was ſoon demoliſhed; they began to wiſh one another joy on their eſcaping the dangers they were warned againſt by the old mouſe. But their mirth was very ſhort-lived; a cat and two traps took their poſt in the cloſet; and in leſs than a week not a mouſe was left of thoſe who deſpiſed the experience and wiſe documents of their great-grand-mother. From hence we may conclude that,

The account which parents give of their paſt follies, is but thrown away upon their offspring.

Lady Witty. I aſſure you, dear friend, this is the prettieſt little fable I ever heard; and I would freely give all the world that I could make ſuch another.

Lady

Lady Lucy. It is extremely fine in my opinion, but I think the moral ſomething too ſevere. I have an averſion to that œconomical exactneſs; and I ſhould be downright miſerable if I was obliged to ſubmit to ſuch trifles.

Lady Louiſa. Indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, I think ſo too; that ſcrupulous nicety about ſuch trifles ill becomes a perſon of quality that is rich. What a ſad thing to be always upon the watch for ſuch bagatelles, and to ſtoop ſo low as to aſk a milk-woman, whether ſhe brought cream inſtead of milk! Suppoſe the whole amounted to twenty pieces a year (I am ſure it could not be more) is it worth while to ſubmit to that drudgery, and to be looked upon by ſervants as a buſy body and a pinch-penny?

Mrs. Affable. I am very ſure, madam, that not a year paſſes, but that ſingle article comes to a hundred guineas. However, let it be twenty; and if you pleaſe, but ten. Are the ten guineas yours to be ſquandered away at pleaſure? Is the fault committed by your ſervants who cheat their miſtreſs, and which they would have avoided, if you had been more careful, is this fault nothing? Conſider this well, ladies; you are drawing near the age that you are likely to be married. Oeconomy is a capital duty in a wife; ſhe is anſwerable to her huſband, her children, and the poor, for all that belongs to the family, and is accountable beſides for all the ill that is done, could ſhe have prevented it by her vigilance.

Miſs Sophia. Then a young lady marries to be a ſervant and a ſlave.

Mrs. Affable. Not ſo, my dear, but to be a companion to her huſband, a miſtreſs of her houſe, and a mother of a family. Are not theſe ſpecious titles? But they are attended with particular obligations. For inſtance, when one admits a partner

in trade, the trouble and the advantage of commerce is to be ſhared in proportion between the two partners. What would you ſay to a merchant that would inſiſt on half the advantage, though he walked about from morning till night, and left his partner the whole trouble of buying, ſelling, packing, &c. You would think him very unjuſt; becauſe, in theſe aſſociations, the trouble and the profit muſt be common.

Lady Lucy. 'Tis certainly juſt it ſhould be ſo; but then I don't underſtand, how a young lady who may be ſo happy in her condition, can have the courage to marry. How can ſhe reſolve to exchange her quiet and eaſe, for the cares, ſolicitude, and perplexities that attend a married ſtate, where perſons are reſolved to do their duty? How can ſhe venture upon a perſon that ſhe knows very little, if at all, who conceals for a while ſome very great defect, whoſe intereſt it is to conceal it, and who muſt have ſome little faults that ſhe muſt bear with? Throw into the account the trouble ſhe muſt have with her children, from their diſtempers, miſbehaviour, the pains to be taken of courſe to provide for them. How can a young lady be ſo gay and eaſy at the very moment that ſhe expoſes herſelf to all theſe dangers? I ſay once more, it is what I cannot underſtand.

Lady Louiſa. But I do perfectly well, Mrs. *Affable*; I have ſeen ſeveral of my friends married. Well! they were taken up with their cloths, diamonds, and equipage. They never once thought that marriage was attended with duties or dangers of this conſequence. I knew one that was put in mind of all this; ſhe ſaid very calmly, *I do not know what it is to fear; if my huſband is ill-tempered, let him thank himſelf; I will be out from morning till night; and he may growl by himſelf. If*

he

he ſpend his eſtate, keep miſtreſſes, or uſe me ill in other reſpects, I will make him ſo uneaſy, that he ſhall be forced to a divorce. If I have a large family, I muſt have a good expert houſe-keeper? When children come, they ſhall have a governeſs.

Mrs. Affable. Hark ye, ladies, theſe are charming diſpoſitions. Was the lady as good as her word?

Lady Louiſa. That ſhe was, Mrs. *Affable.* She went beyond what ſhe threatened. They are now parted, as ſhe ſaw they would be. She lives without reputation, friends, or tolerable means of ſubſiſting. You muſt know ſhe became a gameſter; now ſhe loſes her ſeparate maintenance before it comes due; and the creditors receive her allowance.

Mrs. Affable. I could have ventured a wager it would end ſo. We will take ſome other occaſion to talk this matter over; and in effect, ladies, there is a great deal to be ſaid on this important article. It is now too late; we ſhall meet again by and by; pray come early; we have a great deal to do this afternoon.

DIALOGUE IV.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

COME, dear Lady *Mary*, let us have your ſtory.

Lady Mary. When *Ahab* heard, that *Elijah* was coming, he went to meet him, and ſaid, *art thou he that troubleth Iſrael* and hindereth us from rain? *Elijah* anſwered, *I have not troubled Iſrael, but thou and thy father's houſe,* in that you adore *Baal*; now

order the four hundred prophets to be aſſembled that eat at *Jeſebel*'s table. The falſe prophets repaired to *Elijah* at mount *Carmel*; and *Elijah* ſpeaking to the Iſraelites, ſaid, *How long halt ye between two opinions*; that is, how long will ye ſerve two Gods? If *Baal* is the true God, you muſt ſerve him only; but if the Lord be the true God, whom I preach to you, you muſt forſake *Baal* But a trial muſt be made to diſcover which is the true God. I remain the only prophet of the Lord, but *Baal*'s prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Give a victim for ſacrifice to each ſide; we will lay both on an altar, and put no fire under; the God whoſe victim ſhall be conſumed by fire from heaven, ſhall be the true God. A victim was given to the prophets of *Baal*; they called upon him *from morning even till noon*, to ſend down fire from heaven upon the victim; they *cut themſelves after their manner with knives to move Baal. Elijah* ſeeing all this, *mocked them, and ſaid, cry aloud*; perhaps your God ſleepeth, or is taken up with other thoughts that hinder his hearing your prayers. At noon, *Elijah* raiſed an altar with twelve ſtones, according to the number of the tribes; and he made a trench about the altar where he placed the victim; he ordered it to be plentifully ſprinkled with water three times, ſo that the victim was ſoaked through, and the water filled the trench about the altar. Then *Elijah* raiſed his voice in prayer to the Lord; and inſtantly a great fire from heaven conſumed the victim, and *licked up the water that was in the trench*. The people of Iſrael, aſtoniſhed with the prodigy, fell on their faces to the ground, ſaying, *the Lord is the only God*. If ſo, ſaid *Elijah*, take theſe prieſts of *Baal* that deceive you, and let not one of them eſcape. The people obeyed *Elijah*,

Elijah, and all the Prophets of *Baal* were deſtroyed that day.

Mean while *Elijah* ſtooping to the ground, reſted his head on his knees, and prayed to the Lord for rain; he ſent out his ſervant ſeveral times to obſerve whether any thing appeared. And the ſeventh time his ſervant brought word, that a little cloud was riſing out of the ſea. Upon this he ſent his ſervant with the following meſſage to *Ahab*, *Prepare thy chariot, and get back to thy city*; for we ſhall ſoon have a very great rain. It happened as the prophet had foretold.

Jeſebel being informed of the ſlaughter of her prophets, ſent notice to *Elijah*, that, before twenty-four hours were over, he ſhould be treated in the ſame manner he had treated thoſe, whom ſhe protected. *Elijah* hearing this, made his eſcape into the deſart, where he walked a whole day, and at laſt ſat down under a tree, and overcome with grief, begged of God to take him out of the world. Upon this he fell aſleep; an angel touched him, and ſaid, *ariſe and eat*. He looked about and ſaw ſome victuals near him; and after he had taken ſome nouriſhment, he laid him down to ſleep again. The angel waked him a ſecond time and ſaid, *ariſe, for the journey is too great for thee*. *Elijah* obeyed the Angel, and was ſo ſtrengthened with this meat, that he walked forty days and forty nights, till he came unto *Horeb* the mount of God.

Lady Senſible. Lord! Mrs. *Affable*, how beautiful is the hiſtory of the holy writ! though you made me learn it by heart, the repetition is as agreeable to me, as if I had never heard it before; it inſpires us with awe, and a great reſpect for the power and majeſty of God.

Lady Mary. For my part, I prefer it to all your fairy-tales. Would you believe it, Mrs. *Affable*;

I am pretty much out of conceit with them, I begin to think they are not altogether true.

Mrs. Affable. You are growing up towards a young woman. Tales are proper to amuſe children; but, as one comes to riper years and more reaſon, we grow aſhamed of being taken up with what is falſe. I ſhall not entertain you with many more; becauſe, beſides thoſe paſſages and events related in the ſcriptures, I have many more that are very agreeable and alſo very true.

Lady Louiſa. I confeſs, Mrs. *Affable,* there are ſome tales, which I read with pleaſure. For example, the fable we had from Lady *Senſible* is as good as a true ſtory, and very inſtructive withal.

Lady Charlotte. But, ladies, Mrs. *Affable* contrives tales on purpoſe for us. You did not come to our leſſons two years ago. Mrs. *Affable* made a tale about one *Eliſa.* It was exactly my character. Perhaps no hiſtory could have furniſhed ſuch another. I do aſſure you, that it has contributed much to my amendment.

Mrs. Affable. Well, my dear! ſince they are ſo uſeful to you, we muſt have ſome now and then. It is time to make ſome reflections upon the paſſage we have juſt heard from the ſcripture.

If a prophet ſhould come to London, might not he ſay as *Elijah* did to the Iſraelites, *how long will ye halt between two opinions? If the Lord is the true God, you muſt forſake all other gods for him.*

Miſs Molly. Pray, Mrs. *Affable,* do we adore any idols?

Mrs. Affable. Alas! it is but too true, my dear! Money is the idol of the covetous, and of many who diſclaim that imputation; ambition is their idol, who deſire to command; pride is theirs, who affect to ſhine either by beauty or wit; plays, operas, aſſemblies, balls, are the idols of

of thoſe, who only purſue diverſions. There would be no end, if all the falſe divinities we adore were to be named; that is, the divinities to whom we pay the ſacrifice due to God.

Lady Charlotte. Are balls, aſſemblies, and thoſe other diverſions ſinful?

Mrs. Affable. How muſt I anſwer this queſtion, my dear friend? If I give a true anſwer, I ſhall be thought a fool, a madwoman, a methodiſt; if I diſſemble, I ſhall fail in a point of duty; reputation, credit, and the fear of being ridiculed, will become an idol, to which I ſhall baſely ſacrifice the regard that is due to truth and to you. But, before I give my anſwer, let us ſee a little; *are you a chriſtian?*

Lady Charlotte. Surely, we are all ſo, I ſuppoſe.

Mrs. Affable. But can you tell me, what it is to be a chriſtian. What do you think, Lady *Lucy?* you are the eldeſt, and of courſe ſhould be the beſt inſtructed.

Lady Lucy. No doubt but theſe ladies are better ſo than I am. However, I fancy, I know enough to anſwer your queſtion. A chriſtian is one that believes in *Jeſus Chriſt.*

Mrs. Affable. That is ſomething, but not all. To be a chriſtian, you muſt not only believe in *Jeſus Chriſt,* but you muſt over and above be animated by his ſpirit, give credit to his maxims, adopt them in practice; love what he hath loved, hate what he hath hated and proſcribed. When we come to repeat his life out of the goſpel, we will examine the ſpirit that actuated this God-man, who is not only our Saviour, but our model; and the anſwer I give ſhall be taken from his example. Mean while what I can ſay is, that many of the diverſions lately named are contrary to the ſpirit of chriſtianity. For example, plays,

ſuch as are repreſented upon your ſtage, and ſeveral that are acted upon ours. As to balls, aſſemblies, and other paſtimes, though it may be ſaid that of themſelves they are not ſinful, yet they undoubtedly become ſo by many circumſtances that attend them; and becauſe the world gives itſelf up to theſe amuſements not only without moderation, but at the expence of their duty to God, their families, and themſelves. This will be thought exceeding ſevere, ladies; but, as I ſaid before, and ſhall prove it ſoon, it is not my doctrine. Go on with the ſtory of *Elijah*, Miſs *Molly*.

Miſs Molly. *Elijah* came to a cave to lodge there in the night; and the Lord bid him go forth and ſtand on the mount where the Lord intended to appear in a particular manner. And there came an impetuous wind that rent the mountains and brake the rocks in pieces, but *Elijah* knew that the Lord was not in that dreadful wind. Then followed an earthquake, and the Lord was not in the earthquake. This was ſucceeded by a great fire, and *Elijah* perceived that the Lord was not in the fire. After this there was a ſmall whiſper of a thin air; whereupon *Elijah* wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out and ſtood in the entering in of the cave; he knew that this ſoft breeze was a forerunner of the preſence of the Lord; and he heard a voice ſaying, *What doeſt thou here, Elijah?* Lord, ſaid he, the zeal of thine houſe hath eaten me up, jealouſy has ſeized my heart and ſoul, for that the Iſraelites have abandoned thee for idols. And the Lord ſaid to him, *go, return on thy way to the wilderneſs of Damaſcus, and . . . . anoint* Hazael *to be king over Syria. And* Jehu . . . . *ſhalt thou anoint king over Iſrael: And Eliſha . . . . ſhalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room.* The two kings thou ſhalt anoint are to be the inſtruments that I ſhall

I ſhall employ to be revenged of the Iſraelites for their perfidiouſneſs and ingratitude. And *him that eſcapes the ſword of Iſrael ſhall* Jehu *ſlay:* and I will keep me ſeven thouſand men that have not bowed their knees to *Baal*. *Elijah* came down from the mountain, and finding *Eliſha*, who was plowing, he threw his mantle over him. *Eliſha* took a yoke of oxen, which he ſacrificed to the Lord, after taking leave of his father and mother; and with *Elijah*'s conſent he followed him ever after.

Mean while the king of *Syria*, that reigned at that time, came and made war againſt the *Iſraelites*, and God granted them a ſignal victory over their enemies, as he had foretold by his prophets; but this favour did not prevail upon *Ahab* to obey the orders, which were ſignified to him from the Lord; on the contrary, he made a league with the king of *Syria*, and ſpared him, though God had expreſly forbid it. He committed another enormous crime in the caſe of *Naboth*. This man had a vineyard near *Ahab*'s palace in the country; the king ſaid to him, *give me thy vineyard to make a garden . . . . and I will give thee a better, or . . . . the worth of it in money*. And *Naboth* ſaid, *the Lord forbid it me, that I ſhould give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee*. *Ahab* returned home in great wrath, and refuſed to take any nouriſhment; *Jezebel* his wife having heard the cauſe of his heavineſs and grief, laughed at him, and ſaid, *doeſt thou now govern the kingdom of Iſrael? Ariſe and eat bread . . . . I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth*. To this end *Jezebel* ſuborned witneſſes to ſwear that *Naboth* had blaſphemed againſt God and the king; and he was ſtoned to death according to the law provided in that caſe. When *Ahab heard that Naboth was dead, he roſe up to go down . . . . . to take poſſeſſion* of the vineyard. But God ſent *Elijah* to *Ahab*,

Ahab, and directed him to ſpeak in his name to that unfortunate king in the following manner, *thou ſhalt ſpeak to him ſaying, thus ſaith the Lord, in the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth, ſhall dogs lick thy blood, even thine.* Thou haſt abandoned thyſelf to all manner of crimes, and art become the ſlave of ſin and of *Jezebel*, for which God will take off thy poſterity from the face of the earth, and puniſh thy wicked wife, whom *the dogs ſhall eat by the walls of Jezreel. Ahab*, upon hearing this terrible denunciation, humbled himſelf in the preſence of God, who ſaid to *Elijah, becauſe he humbleth himſelf before me, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his ſon's days I will bring the evil upon his houſe.*

Mrs. Affable. This paſſage of ſcripture-hiſtory offers a very important reflection concerning the juſtice and providence of God. A dreadful deſtruction is denounced to the *Iſraelites*; they are permitted to the ſword of *Jehu* and of *Hazaël*; but he adds, I will ſpare ſeven thouſand men, for that they have not bowed down their knees to *Ball.* As if he would have us underſtand that he would not ſuffer the innocent to be deſtroyed with the guilty. No, he ſeems to ſay, I will watch over thoſe, who have continued faithful to me. Men will eſteem it an effect of chance, that ſome are ſlain and others ſaved; but they will find themſelves deceived. There is no chance; I diſpoſe of all events; I will not ſuffer the ſwords of thoſe princes to touch my ſervants. *Jehu* and *Hazaël* know them not; I do; and they ſhall be ſafe under my protection.

Obſerve beſides, dear children, that God does not communicate himſelf in a ſtorm or an earthquake, or a violent fire, but in a ſoft, eaſy breeze. This implies, ladies, that God does not communicate

nicate himſelf in the hurry and tumult of the great world. There you will not find him; that is not the proper place for him to diſpenſe holy thoughts, and to give pious motions to our hearts; he ſpeaks to the virtuous in the ſtilneſs of a retreat from the world. If you lead a quiet life at home, and diſcharge the duties of your reſpective ſtations, there and then God will ſpeak to your ſouls, and direct you by his holy and affecting inſpirations.

Lady Charlotte. What need of divine inſpiration? We are not like *Elijah* deſigned for prophets.

Mrs. Affable. What a queſtion is that of yours! You muſt know, my dear, that we are all by the corruption of nature prone to evil, and of ourſelves, without the ſuccour of divine grace, incapable of a meritorious thought or action, ſuch as is of any weight towards obtaining everlaſting ſalvation. We can ſin, we can do evil, but God muſt co-operate by his holy grace that we may perform actions that are conducive to eternal happineſs. We may indeed from natural motives, and with the natural power that remains in us, do ſome good actions, like heathens, for example, honour our parents, give relief to the poor; but ſuch actions muſt be influenced by grace, in order to their being meritorious in the ſupernatural order, without which they are no more than moral, not ſupernatural. By the infirmity of nature, we hang as it were by a thread over a precipice, and by the weight of corrupted nature ready to fall under the diſpleaſure of God; but what muſt quiet all our apprehenſions is the powerful aſſiſtance of God, who will not let us fall unleſs we will ourſelves. He is at hand always with his graces to ſupport us. He conſtantly offers his help, his inſpirations, and frequently ſtirs up good thoughts in us We

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can do nothing in the natural or ſupernatural order without him; with him all things; and we may depend upon his aſſiſtance. I wiſh I could inculcate theſe great truths, and convey them in a thouſand different lights. This is a fundamental point of Chriſtian religion; and the ſolid baſis of every virtue reſts upon a miſtruſt of our weakneſs, and an unbounded confidence in God.

Lady Mary. How, Mrs. *Affable?* Did all the good actions of my life require the particular aſſiſtance of God?

Mrs. Affable. They did, my dear; and all your bad deeds you might have avoided with the ſuccour of his grace. He offered it that moment you was going to offend him; he ſpoke aloud to your ſoul; *take care,* he ſaid, *thou art going to ſin, thou wilt be wicked.*

Lady Mary. Now I proteſt, that, very often, I did not hear him.

Mrs. Affable. It was not for want of his ſpeaking, my dear; but you were ſo diſtracted; your paſſions were ſo tumultuous, that you could not hear. And for that reaſon, I ſaid juſt now that we muſt love ſilence and retreat, which are not to be found in the hurry of the world.

Lady Tempeſt. This doctrine is very ſevere, Mrs. *Affable.* At this rate we muſt never go from home, nor have any diverſions.

Mrs. Affable. Leſs gadding would be no hinderance to diverſion. Do you think, ladies, that there is no diverſion out of what you call the *grand monde.* Can you imagine that the ſmall number of ladies, who are wholly taken up with minding their duty, have no ſhare of pleaſure and content? If ſo, you are much miſtaken. I have known thoſe, who, to attend the education of a numerous family of children, have

given over plays, ſhews, aſſemblies and balls, with all ſuch amuſements. I can aſſure you, that they never would have changed their condition for that of giddy women, ſtraggling from one party of pleaſure to another without the leaſt ſatisfaction: beſides I muſt repeat what I have ſaid before, that it is not I, that am ſevere, but the Holy Ghoſt. At our next meeting, Lady *Senſible* is to give you the character of a *virtuous* woman drawn by that divine ſpirit; you will find me rather mild than ſevere in compariſon. But you ſeem to be frightened, ladies.

Lady Lucy. I am indeed, Mrs. *Affable.* But I muſt deal candidly with you, and tell you what I think. I am ſatisfied that all you ſay is true; I am a Chriſtian; I would not go to hell; but if it be neceſſary to lead the life you have deſcribed, it ſhall be done; yet I cannot but think it a great conſtraint for ladies of our age to renounce all pleaſure.

Mrs. Affable. Pray, my dear, who ſays you muſt renounce all pleaſure to be a Chriſtian and to go to Heaven? Did not you hear me ſay, that ladies who renounce ſuch pleaſures are infinitely happier than others? I only adviſe you to renounce falſe for real and ſolid pleaſures. The pleaſures I declaim againſt are real troubles, diſguiſed under the appearance of pleaſure. My deſign is to ſtrip them of the diſguiſe, and to ſhew them to you ſuch as they are. You remember my ſaying that philoſophy was the art of being happy by living virtuouſly. You deſire to be happy, Madam; don't you? Well! if I find ſpeedy and eaſy means to lead you to happineſs, will you be content?

Lady Lucy. That I will, Mrs. *Affable*; alas! 'tis all I want.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Truſt me then; I will make you happy. I will do more; I do not deſire to be believed without I prove what I advance. And I take upon me to make it appear that there is no other way to happineſs, but that which I ſhall teach you.

Lady Louiſa. I am quite curious to hear the proof; I have, I confeſs, a prodigious deſire of being happy.

Mrs. Affable. That deſire is common to all. We are made to be happy; we ſeek happineſs throughout the courſe of our lives; and never once think of enquiring where it is to be found. The firſt meeting we have concerning this true philoſophy, we will ſpend ſome time in this important ſearch after happineſs. And now for a little geography to make an end.

Lady Senſible. We are now upon the Weſtern provinces of *France.* We have ſpoke of *Britany,* on the South of which lies *Poitou.* The capital is *Poictiers* upon the river *Clain,* a very large, but very ill built city. Here is alſo *Chatelleraud,* a town famed for knives and falſe ſtones made there. Beſides the *Clain,* three other rivers, the *Vienne,* the *Sevre,* and the *Charante,* have their courſe in this province. It had formerly the title of a county, and came to Henry II. of England by his marriage with *Eleanor* of *Aquitain.*

DIALOGUE V.

The Morning Leſſon.

Lady LOUISA.

I Aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable*, I have not had a wink of ſleep this night, I thought of every thing you ſaid at our laſt meeting, but was moſt ſtruck with theſe words, *all ſeek happineſs*; our days are ſpent in this ſearch; and death comes on without any proper inquiry, where happineſs is to be found. I am now ſeventeen years of age; I have been in queſt of happineſs from the beginning; I have gone ſeveral ways to be happy; nay I have fancied that I was happy; and a few days ago I have diſcovered that I was not.

Mrs. Affable. Take courage, my dear; when once we begin to make ſerious reflections we are not far from the term we propoſe to reach. I told you when we met laſt, that we are made to be happy; but I ſaid ſo without any proof. You know our agreement was, not to believe me or any perſon upon a bare aſſertion. Can any of you, ladies, give the proof that is deſired?

Lady Witty. As God is infinitely good, he cannot create us but to be happy. God, no doubt, made us to be happy. The light of nature only points out a *natural* happineſs; we only know the *ſupernatural* by revelation. And he was at liberty to create us for a *natural* or *ſupernatural* ſtate of beatitude.

Mrs. Affable. An excellent proof, my dear; do you take it, Lady *Mary?*

Lady

Lady Mary. Yes, Mrs. *Affable.* For example, I know you to be the beſt woman in the world, and that you love me dearly; upon which I am perſuaded that you will do nothing but for my advantage; and if you did, I ſhould ſay, that you ceaſed being good to me. But God, who is a great deal better, could not have the intention of creating me to be unhappy; with that intention he would ceaſe to be good.

Mrs. Affable. Prodigiouſly well! But I am ignorant, my dear; and I might, with the beſt intention to do you good, do you a great deal of harm.

Miſs Molly. That cannot happen to God, Mrs. *Affable*; you are ſure, that he knows all things, and that he cannot be miſtaken; and that as he is both wiſe and good, he muſt undoubtedly have made us to be happy.

Mrs. Affable. This is beyond reply, my dear; but ſuppoſe that I knew all that is neceſſary to make you happy, and wanted power to beſtow it.

Lady Charlotte. Neither can that be the caſe with God; he is all-powerful, and can give us all that is good.

Mrs. Affable. Well ſaid, children. This is really talking like great ſcholars. Let us now take up the whole argument. We know that God is infinitely good, infinitely wiſe and infinitely powerful. We may from thence be ſure, that it is in his power to provide us all the neceſſary means for arriving at the happineſs, for which he created us; becauſe he is all wiſe and good. But there is another argument to ſhew, that he has made us to be happy; and this is taken from the deſire we have to be happy. God is too wiſe to give us ſuch a deſire to no purpoſe; he has power enough to procure for us all the means to ſatisfy

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our wants, and too good to let us be tormented with a deſire, which we have not means to content.

Lady Louiſa. I admire the connexion between this truth, *man is made to be happy*, and the exiſtence of a God. It is ſo eſſential, that the former cannot ſubſiſt without the latter.

Mrs. Affable. The reaſon is, that the former is a conſequence of the latter. Hence when a truth, a principle is abſolutely true, the conſequence is ſo likewiſe, and one cannot be deſtroyed without overturning the other.

Lady Witty. I don't underſtand the meaning of thoſe words *principle* and *conſequence*.

Mrs. Affable. They muſt be explained. 'Tis certain, that naturally ſpeaking you cannot live without air: Don't you think ſo?

Lady Witty. Undoubtedly, I cannot live without air. That is out of all queſtion.

Mrs. Affable. That is a truth, a *principle*. If I was to ſay, *I will ſtop your mouth and noſtrils till to-morrow morning*, what would you object to it?

Lady Witty. That, if it was only done for a quarter of an hour, it would be the death of me.

Mrs. Affable. Why?

Lady Witty. That *why?* comes in without any manner of reaſon, Mrs. *Affable*. We were agreed this very moment, that air was neceſſary to live, and that one muſt die without it.

Mrs. Affable. But if, after your mouth and noſtrils had been ſtopt a whole day, you ſhould live ſtill, what would you think?

Lady Witty. That air was not neceſſary to live; and that I was quite miſtaken in believing the contrary.

Mrs. Affable. Air is abſolutely neceſſary to live, this is a *principle*; *therefore we cannot live without air*, is

is the conſequence. You ſee plainly, that the *conſequence* cannot be deſtroyed without ruining the *principle*. I ſaid very lately, as you may remember, ladies, that I would make you all *geometricians*, that is, I would bring you to a *geometrical* way of thinking. By this method of reaſoning, the mind grows what I call *geometrical*, by deducing one truth from another. This, my dear children, is of the laſt importance. I am now acquainted with perſons in town that have no ſmall ſhare of wit, who for want of being uſed to this method, talk moſt wretchedly out of the way. They will admit a principle, maintain it ſtoutly, and as ſtoutly deny the conſequence.

Lady Lucy. Why was you not ſo charitable as to ſhew, that it was both impoſſible and ridiculous, as you have done to us?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; they were perſons that I muſt reſpect; that I had no obligation to teach; and who moreover would not be pleaſed if I had convinced them of a miſtake.

Lady Charlotte. Can any perſon be ſo far void of ſenſe as to be offended at their being let into the knowledge of truth?

Miſs Bella. Yes, madam, I am one of thoſe fools. When I have got a thing in my head, I cannot bear being convinced that I am miſtaken.

Mrs. Affable. Well! I muſt confeſs, my dear, that in a thouſand years thinking, I ſhould never have had ſuch a thought of you. Why, my dear, you have a great deal of wit; what purpoſe could your wit ſerve but to be more out of the way and all reaſon than others, to forfeit all the advantages of a good capacity, and to be deſervedly eſteemed a very ſilly perſon?

Miſs Bella. I will correct this fault, not that I fear being taken for a fool; for I really give

ſelf no trouble about what any one thinks of me, except ſuch as I love. I deſpiſe all the reſt.

Mrs. Affable. Hark'ee my dear; this is a diſpoſition that may have the worſt effects. We will talk upon this ſubject another time, not to interrupt our leſſon too much.

We have advanced, we have even proved, that man was made to be happy. It remains to ſhew in what this happineſs conſiſts, and where it may certainly be found.

Lady Senſible. If I might have leave to repeat to theſe ladies, the letter we had t'other day in the *Petites Lettres*, I think it would be extremely pat to the preſent purpoſe.

Mrs. Affable. With all my heart, my dear; but may be the ladies have read the *Petites Lettres*. The book is very common in town.

Lady Senſible. I have mentioned them to ſeveral, who had never heard of them; but if the ladies have, they will tell me, and I will give over.

The Hiſtory of the Marchioneſs D . . . . .

There was a lady of quality, and very great fortune; ſhe had many good qualities, but they all ſuffered from a great defect ſhe was remarkable for. She was extremely ſcrupulous, and the moſt innocent actions, in her way of thinking, were ſinful. With this turn of mind, ſhe turned the brains of her ſervants, and made them go diſtracted. Common diverſions were crimes; to laugh or ſing a great offence. She had an only daughter, *Marianna* by name, whom ſhe loved entirely, and teized as much. The poor child was under the greateſt conſtraint, and forced to keep her mind to herſelf, and to conceal her inclination to any thing whatever; for the mother thought herſelf in conſcience bound

bound to thwart her daughter from morning till night. The young lady was allowed no ſort of diverſion; but, to indemnify herſelf in ſome kind, ſhe amuſed her mind with longing earneſtly for the faſhionable paſtimes. When ſhe came to the age of fifteen, her mother declared her intention of marrying her to a very rich man; *indeed,* ſays ſhe, *he is not very young, but an extremely religious man; at your age, child, you want a guide more than a huſband; and the marquiſs I intend for yours, as he lives very retired, will have all the leiſure neceſſary to inſtruct and guard you againſt the dangers of the grand world.* Miſs, accuſtomed to obey without reply, made a very low courteſy, and withdrew; the next morning ſhe was preſented with this precious huſband; not to wrong the gentleman, he was barely ſixty, but had more diſtempers, colds, defluxions, and ill conditions than any perſon of a hundred. No ſooner were they married, but this jewel of a lord and maſter took the bride down to a great diſtance in the country, and locked her up with himſelf in a melancholy forlorn ſeat, built no doubt in the days of *Clovis,* if a judgment was to be formed from its antique appearance. All the amuſement the happy marchioneſs had in this charming retreat, was nurſing her old huſband, and long and tedious harangues againſt the corruption of the age, which were never interrupted but by fits of coughing, that would laſt three hours. *Marianna* loſt her mother the firſt year of her marriage; by her death ſhe came to a conſiderable fortune; and the old gentleman's eſtate devolved to her by the marriage ſettlement. She had a proſpect of being extremely rich; and the day came when ſhe was but eighteen. Our marchioneſs ſpent the whole year of her widowhood in muſing with herſelf

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on the ways and means to recover loſt time. In the melancholy ſtage of life ſhe had gone through, ſhe was a good deal more ſenſible than others of her want of happineſs under the ſcruples of her mother, and the tedious morality of her huſband and tutor. She ſet out for *Paris* with a reſolution to go in queſt of this happineſs ſhe juſt longed to meet with; but ſhe committed a great fault for want of a Mrs. *Affable*, to adviſe her; and never thought of putting the queſtion to herſelf, *in what this happineſs chiefly conſiſted, and where it was to be found.* She ſaw, that all her acquaintance deſired to be happy, and, to that end, gave themſelves up to plays, gaming, great company and entertainments. She thought very candidly that happineſs conſiſted in ſuch things, in as much, as ſhe obſerved that perſons of great accompliſhments ſought it in theſe amuſements; and ſhe very heartily followed their example. In the beginning ſhe was ſo pleaſed, that ſhe ſcarce knew where ſhe was; ſhe rather devoured in a kind of rapture, than enjoyed the pleaſures. After ſome time, theſe paſtimes loſt their novelty, by cuſtom, and grew tedious. A ball ſeemed to be a childiſh amuſement, and very prejudicial to health, as well as grand entertainments. The converſation was trifling, or not modeſt, or, by detraction, very injurious to the reputation of many; gaming ſhe thought was a kind of rage, and contrary to a humane diſpoſition, ſince the pleaſure aroſe from another's loſs. *Is this*, ſaid ſhe, *the pleaſure I have ſo long and ſo eagerly deſired? Am I content at laſt? Not at all; I am tired outright, and ſhall ſoon be quite diſguſted.* The marchioneſs judged well; pleaſures became intolerable, becauſe they did not afford the happineſs ſhe expected. She happened one day to be at an aſſembly, where time hung

very heavy on her hands, when ſhe ſaw a lovely young gentleman come in. Her heart began to beat, ſhe knew not why, at the ſight of this ſtranger; ſhe immediately inquired of the lady of the houſe, who he was. She was informed by the lady, that he was a younger brother of a noble family, who for want of a ſuitable fortune had entered amongſt the knights of *Malta*, and was ſhortly to make his vows and profeſſion in that order. *What a pity*, ſaid the marchioneſs to herſelf! *Fortune muſt be blind to be ſo regardleſs of ſuch an amiable perſon.* The lady never once thought of love, and was perſuaded that her ſentiments in favour of the young ſtranger, were but the effects of a generous compaſſion. The knight on his ſide was ſtruck, when he ſaw the marchioneſs. The company went to play, and he contrived ſo well as to be of the ſame party at cards; he was too much taken up with her charms to mind his game; he committed the greateſt blunders, and loſt all he played for. He bore his loſſes ſo genteelly, and with ſo good a grace, that the marchioneſs conceived a very favourable opinion of his temper. It is generally ſaid, that you may know men by their behaviour at play; and beſides ſhe plainly ſaw that ſhe had been the cauſe of all his miſtakes, and found a pleaſure in her mind, ſhe could not account for. When ſhe got home and examined her heart, ſhe found the greateſt alteration; the idea of the young knight had baniſhed all uneaſineſs, and all ſhe deſired was to ſee him again. *Am not I in love*, ſaid ſhe? *I think, I am, and very much miſtaken, if I have not inſpired him with the ſame paſſion for me.*

It was not long before the marchioneſs's doubts were removed; the knight begged leave to wait

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on her; he came as ſoon as it was proper, and though he did not venture to ſpeak of his paſſion, he left her no room to doubt of it. This diſcovery put the marchioneſs into high raptures; the knight was a perſon of noble birth and great diſtinction; and as ſhe had a ſufficient eſtate for him and herſelf, ſhe found an exquiſite pleaſure in the thought of making his fortune. But though ſhe was very ſenſible, that her inclination was very great, and ſtrongly in favour of the knight, ſhe was determined not to be in haſte. *Marriage*, ſaid ſhe, *is for life; it is neceſſary we ſhould know the perſon with whom we are to ſpend our days; The knight is very amiable, that is not enough; his character and temper may not be without their defects; I muſt take time for an inquiry of this importance.* She kept her reſolution, and could not in the ſpace of half a year diſcover the leaſt defect in her lover. She concluded that ſhe had now found the way to happineſs; ſhe had made him a declaration of her being reſolved to marry him; the tranſports of joy, wherewith he received this aſſurance of being ſo happy, convinced her ſtill more of the exceſs of his paſſion, and the marchioneſs was fully perſuaded, that ſhe ſhould be perfectly happy, when ſhe married ſo accompliſhed a perſon. Nine months were now paſſed, when ſhe thought, that ſhe diſcovered ſome coolneſs in her lover; yet he repeated the ſame things he had ſaid from the beginning; but his addreſſes were no more animated with the ſame life and fire. Here the poor marchioneſs began to feel the torments of jealouſy, and the exquiſite pains, which a tender and refined paſſion is ſure to cauſe upon a ſuſpicion of being ſlighted. *Is this*, ſhe put the queſtion to herſelf, *is this happineſs? What muſt become of me, and what happineſs can I have, whilſt I am under*

this apprehenſion? She diſcloſed her inquietude to a lady, a friend of hers, and communicated a ſcheme ſhe had formed to clear up her doubts.

She pretended that buſineſs, not to be diſpenſed with, called her to *Lyons,* and promiſed the knight their marriage ſhould take place at her return. He ſeemed ſo inconſolable, when he took his leave, that ſhe began to blame her ſuſpicions, and was on the point of declaring them to her lover. But her friend diſſuaded her, and her advice determined the marchioneſs to proſecute her ſcheme. The marchioneſs's woman had a great deal of wit, and moreover a great love for her lady; ſhe ſent her woman to *Lyons,* with inſtructions to anſwer the knight's letters, who might eaſily have this artifice paſſed upon him, as he had never ſeen the marchioneſs's hand-writing. In the next place, ſhe went to her friend's, and confined herſelf at her houſe. This lady had given orders to one of her ſervants, to watch very narrowly the knight's motions. This was about the beginning of *Carnaval*; and the ladies imagined he would go from the *Opera* to the *Ball,* a diverſion he was extremely fond of. They were not miſtaken; they maſked themſelves, and were diſguiſed like *Griſeites,* that is, ordinary women. A maſk naturally alters the voice; beſides, the knight had received that day a letter from the marchioneſs dated at *Lyons*; gueſs how he could find her out. She entered upon a gay and lively converſation; the knight was charmed with her wit. He begged ſhe would meet him at the next *Ball* in the ſame diſguiſe; ſhe not only promiſed that, but that ſhe would be there as long as the *Carnaval* laſted. At the third *Ball* he made her a declaration, and begged of her to unmaſk. She refuſed to take off her maſk for fear, ſhe ſaid, her want of beauty ſhould overthrow

throw the favourable opinion he had of her; *but*, ſhe added, *I am reſolved never to ſee you again; you proteſt you adore me, and you are engaged to marry another perſon. Madam*, ſays the knight, *I will not deceive you; this match makes a fortune for me, which I am without, and conſequently cannot offer you. Let this marriage go on, and be aſſured that I ſhall only value my fortune, in as much as I can ſhare it with you. Hark'ee*, ſays the marchioneſs, *I am more tender-hearted, than intereſted; who knows but at laſt you may be enamoured with your lady? They ſay, ſhe is a charming woman . . .* That is all over, ſays the knight; *I muſt own I was paſſionately in love with the perſon I am to marry; but there has been an end of that long ſince; and now I can only be grateful. I never will be wanting in the reſpect due from a man of honour to a wife; and in my opinion 'tis all ſhe can expect:* The marchioneſs with great difficulty kept in her reſentment; ſhe had that very day received a letter from the falſe wretch, with promiſes of unalterable love. This perfidy cured her of the paſſion he had inſpired to the lady, and now ſhe only wanted to be revenged, and to put him to the greateſt confuſion. To compaſs what ſhe intended, ſhe yielded in appearance to his intreaties, and promiſed to unmaſk, if he would ſee her home; he conſented chearfully, and ſtept into the coach with the lady and her friend. The knight was ſurpriſed with the magnificence of the apartments, through which he was conducted; he had taken theſe two women for adventurers, who were upon the catch, to make a fortune; and now (as men are quite fond of their dear ſelves) imagining he had the good fortune to be agreeable to a perſon of great diſtinction, he made repeated inſtances to her, that ſhe would be

pleaſed to take off her maſk. The loudeſt clap of thunder could not have affected him more than the ſight of the marchioneſs; he ſtood motionleſs; ſhe broke out into a loud fit of laughter; he was then convinced that love was withdrawn, where no other mark of reſentment appeared; he had not the courage to ſay a ſingle word, but made a low bow, and retired with confuſion in his countenance, and rage in his heart.

Here the marchioneſs came again to herſelf, and was convinced, that happineſs was no where to be found, ſince all her endeavours and inquiries to that purpoſe had been without effect. Several months paſſed under the greateſt uneaſineſs; and nothing had yet taken place in her heart to ſucceed that bluſtering paſſion, which had ſeized her, allowed her no reſt, and kept her under the greateſt trouble of mind. One day as ſhe went to church, at the entrance, ſhe obſerved an old woman with two children that begged an alms. The marchioneſs was ſtruck with the beauty of the children, ſhe aſked the old woman, whether they were her's. *No, Madam,* ſhe anſwered; *they were born to be my maſters.* This anſwer raiſed the marchioneſs's curioſity; ſhe acquainted the old woman where ſhe lived, and deſired her to come that afternoon, and bring theſe pretty children with her. She came at the time appointed, and the marchioneſs deſired a fuller account of what ſhe had heard in the morning, which the good old woman gave to this effect.

Thirty years are now paſt, ſince I came ſervant to a worthy honeſt man; he died, and I continued a ſervant to his ſon. My maſter was not rich, but in a way to live eaſily; an unfortunate law-ſuit, which he loſt, has been his ruin; 'tis now about half a year ſince; he owed me all my wages, and beſides

beſides was now unable to pay them; he begged pardon with tears in his eyes for the injuſtice he had done me, though he could not help it; he adviſed me to look out for another ſervice, promiſing withal to ſatisfy my juſt demands, whenever it ſhould be in his power. I muſt confeſs, the woman continued, *I could not find in my heart to leave my maſter and miſtreſs, and theſe poor children, in that melancholy ſituation; I forgave what they owed me, and offered to ſtay and help my miſtreſs in waſhing linnen. We lived for ſome time, though not without great difficulty, of our work, for my poor maſter being ſtruck with a palſy, one of us muſt of neceſſity be his nurſe. Within theſe three or four days, my miſtreſs is fallen ſick with ſo much fatigue; and I, not knowing how to prevent their ſtarving, reſolved to beg for their ſubſiſtence. Providence has bleſſed my endeavours; and I have been in a condition to find them neceſſaries. I hope in a few days to ſee them quite recovered. They are, thank God, both much better.*

Whilſt the worthy good woman's tears accompanied this melancholy account, thoſe of the marchioneſs ran down in ſtreams. *I really pity you,* ſaid ſhe, when the other had made an end; *with that noble and great heart, you don't deſerve to be ſo unhappy: Indeed, Madam,* ſhe replied, *I don't think myſelf ſo; and as long as it ſhall pleaſe God that I ſhall be a means to relieve my maſter and miſtreſs, and to rear theſe ſweet babes, I ſhall eſteem myſelf quite happy. Can there be a greater happineſs, than to do good, and to practiſe virtue.*

This was a ray of light darted from heaven on the marchioneſs; the good woman had now taught her, where that happineſs was to be found, which hitherto ſhe had ſo ineffectually ſought, and ſhe was reſolved to make a trial of this new

path, to which ſhe was directed. She took the woman and the children into her coach, and ordered to drive to the houſe where the people were. When ſhe came to the place, ſhe deſired to be ſhewed to the garret where the father and mother were lodged; ſhe was ſtruck, when ſhe came in; a little ſtraw was all the bed they had, and the garret ſo low, that there was no ſtanding upright. The marchioneſs would not ſuffer them to continue there a night longer; ſhe had a litter brought to convey them immediately to her houſe, there ſhe found them beds and all neceſſaries. The gratitude of theſe poor people was greater than their infirmity and diſtreſs; their conſtant prayer to God was, that he would reward this lady's great charity.

It was paſt midnight, when the marchioneſs retired to her apartment, half dead with the fatigue and pains ſhe had gone through, and to which ſhe had till then been a ſtranger. She threw herſelf into an arm-chair, and turning her thoughts to herſelf, found ſo much eaſe, and her mind in ſuch a calm compoſure, that ſhe had never experienced the like before; the relief provided for this afflicted family redounded upon her, and made the marchioneſs happy. Former pleaſures were attended with trouble and fear, diſguſts, and ſometimes with remorſe. What ſhe felt now was of a different nature, her content was without any mixture, or allay; her ſatisfaction was intire, and raiſed to a greater degree, by the ſucceſs which bleſſed her good offices, in behalf of that diſtreſſed family. They recovered their health, by her charity, and their circumſtances were bettered, by a genteel poſt that ſhe procured for their benefit: ſhe was too well pleaſed to ſtop here; ſhe added greatly to the number of her good works,

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and her great fortune appeared very moderate with regard to the benefactions, which her new paſſion dictated. To give herſelf up ſtill more to it, ſhe retrenched all the expences that uſed to be made for pomp and ſtate; ſhe parted with her jewels, laid down her equipage, renounced gaming, plays, operas, public ſhews, and barely allowed herſelf neceſſaries. Hitherto a deſire of content and ſatisfaction was the only motive; her charity wanted a ſuperior motive, and that with reſpect to God; you ſhall hear what turn this took. All were not grateful that ſhe relieved, ſhe was hurt by their ingratitude; and as ſhe reckoned upon their being pleaſed, and making their acknowledgments, ſhe was very diſagreeably fruſtrated of her hopes, and began to miſtruſt her not having found the way to that content and ſatisfaction, ſhe had ſo earneſtly deſired. She had, however, ſacrificed and abandoned all for that purpoſe; and now her heart, void of all other deſires, was diſintangled from all obſtacles to a virtuous and holy life. There remained only one farther ſtep to take, and that was, to do every action with a view of pleaſing God. At laſt ſhe was quite ſenſible of it, and by that means arrived at the poſſeſſion of an unalterable content of mind, which laſted as long as life, and accompanied the marchioneſs beyond the grave.

Lady Lucy. We are mightily obliged to Lady *Senſible*; it is the prettieſt ſtory I ever heard. I am fully reſolved to be happy, now that I know wherein happineſs conſiſts.

Lady Louiſa. Why ſhould you, my dear, after the example of the marchioneſs, be without jewels, keep no equipage, and renounce every thing to do good?

Lady Lucy. Very good, madam; but I deſire to be happy; am I to blame for wiſhing to be ſo, as much as poſſible?

Lady Louiſa. Is there no other way to happineſs, Mrs. *Affable?* Muſt I follow this lady's example, whom, though I really admire, I have not the courage to follow, nor forſake all things, as ſhe did?

Lady Charlotte. If I may ſpeak as I think, the lady was ſomething extravagant. Could not ſhe, if ſhe had a mind, beſtow part of her means on the poor, and reſerve the other to live like a perſon of quality; that would have been better judged. But you ſmile, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. I do my dear; you plead your cauſe with warmth; and I can but ſmile on Lady *Lucy*'s account, whom I muſt beg leave to contradict. She has forgot, that a philoſopher muſt always go upon a ſolid proof, and take nothing upon truſt; and yet ſhe blindly believes this ſtory of Lady *Senſible*'s. Who knows but that it is a made ſtory; or that the lady was miſtaken, when ſhe thought herſelf happy; or in fine, that perhaps ſhe was extravagant, as Lady *Charlotte* ſays?

Lady Charlotte. Oh good! how pleaſed I am! I have Mrs. *Affable* of my ſide.

Mrs. Affable. Hold, hold! I ſaid, perhaps I have not decided the matter; it ſhould be firſt examined. Let us then ſee what a happy and contented mind is.

Lady Mary. That is a happy and contended mind, which is perfectly eaſy.

Mrs. Affable. Very true; but what muſt be done, to be perfectly eaſy? What do you think, Lady *Lucy?*

Lady Lucy. To tell you the truth, Mrs. *Affable,* I ſtick to what I ſaid at firſt; I am perſuaded I

ſhall be perfectly eaſy, when I have done all the good that lies in my power.

Mrs. Affable. And after that you would deſire nothing farther?

Lady Lucy. No indeed, Mrs. *Affable*; at leaſt I think I ſhould not.

Mrs. Affable. But if any one ſhould tell you, whilſt you are in this ſituation of mind, *It is in your power to be a great queen*; could you not wiſh to be ſo?

Lady Lucy. That is a ſtrong temptation, Mrs. *Affable*; for after all, were I a queen, I could do a great deal more good.——But ſtay, had it been neceſſary for me to be a queen, that I might be enabled to do more good, I ſhould have been a queen; the almighty Lord would have given me a crown; for I always think, that he does all things for the beſt; but as ſuch a ſtate is not wanted, or neceſſary to do more good, (for what need of a throne to be more virtuous) cannot I be as good in the ſtation allotted by providence? I am now reſolved, Mrs. *Affable*; I do not deſire to be a queen; perhaps it would not be ſo well; I am content to be as I am, and I only wiſh to do all the good I can, in the ſtation God has aſſigned for me.

Mrs. Affable. That is then a clear point, you do not deſire to be a queen; but if this happened without your being concerned in bringing it about, would you fear being a queen?

Lady Lucy. I am not clear as to that; though I fancy I ſhould not; for if I had no hand in ſuch an event, I ſhould conclude it to be the work of God, and that it was his will; ſo that upon the whole, and every thing conſidered, I neither would deſire nor fear any thing.

Mrs. Affable. And then you would be quite happy and content; for this is the true definition of happineſs, *a ſtate in which one is ſo ſatisfied as to be without any deſire to exchange it for another.*

Miſs Rural. If one is ſo happy, that he would not change his condition for another, he muſt fear loſing that ſtate. Now, Mrs. *Affable,* you told us, that a contented mind fears nothing.

Mrs. Affable. You are in the right, my dear; the definition is really defective. We muſt have another. He is *happy, who neither fears nor deſires any thing.* Another time we will make an inquiry about ſuch things as conduce to this happy ſituation; for now it is time to part.

DIALOGUE VI.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

I Promiſed you lately the character of a virtuous woman. I muſt keep my word. Lady *Senſible* knew it by heart when ſhe was only ſix years of age. She ſhall repeat it.

‡ *Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her huſband doth ſafely truſt in her, ſo that he ſhall have no need of ſpoil. She will do him good, and not evil all the days of her life.*

She ſeeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants ſhips, ſhe bringeth her food from afar.

She riſeth alſo while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her houſhold, and a portion to her maidens.

‡ Prov. xxxi. ver. 10. &c.

dens. She conſidereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands ſhe planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with ſtrength, and ſtrengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandize is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the ſpindle, and her hands hold the diſtaff.

She ſtretcheth her hand to the poor; yea, ſhe reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the ſnow for her houſhold: for all her houſhold are clothed with ſcarlet. She maketh herſelf coverings of tapeſtry, her clothing is ſilk and purple. Her huſband is known in the gates, when he ſitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen and ſelleth it, and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honour are her clothing; and ſhe ſhall rejoice in the time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wiſdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindneſs. She looketh well to the ways of her houſhold, and eateth not the bread of idleneſs.

Her children ariſe up, and call her bleſſed; her huſband alſo, and he praiſeth her. Many daughters have done virtuouſly, but thou excelleſt them all. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, ſhe ſhall be praiſed.

Lady Witty. What a character! now-a-days a lady would be laughed at that worked, and gave her work to tradeſmen for ſale.

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear, ſhe would not be ſo much a jeſt as you fancy. The dauphineſs of *France*, and her ladies of honour, ſpend ſome time together by way of diverſion in ſpinning ſilk. It is ſold, and the price goes to the poor. I have known ſeveral ladies of great quality, that worked all the year round, to purchaſe an alms for the poor.

Among

Among others, I knew one as beautiful as an angel, and of a very delicate, tender conſtitution; her poor ſmall fingers were almoſt raw with working up coarſe linnen. But, ladies, we muſt ſuppoſe, in ſhort, that faſhions are much altered ſince the Holy Ghoſt dictated this character. It is no longer the cuſtom for ladies to be concerned in coarſe work; but this does not entitle them to eat the bread of idleneſs. They muſt now, as they did in former days, take the rule of the houſe into their hands, and not depend altogether upon their ſervants. I am now acquainted with ſome ladies in town, who will not ſcruple going to an aſſembly, when civility requires it, and who at the ſame time greatly reſemble the virtuous woman deſcribed from the ſacred writ, and are quite unconcerned at the weak jeſts of ſilly people.

Lady Senſible. For a wager I could name one. Shall I tell the ladies, Mrs. *Affable*, what I heard from her own mouth in relation to a ball?

Mrs. Affable. With all my heart, my dear, but without naming the lady.

Lady Senſible. She was invited to a ball, that was given for the birth of the hereditary prince of Ruſſia. She refuſed to go; and being aſked, *whether ſhe thought it a ſin*; *No*, the lady anſwered, *there are balls where only creditable perſons meet; and I am perſuaded, that one may be at ſuch aſſemblies without offending God; but all go merely for diverſion; and I am ſure to find very little there. And pray, why ſo, madam*, ſaid they? *If I go to this, I muſt be one at all the other balls I ſhall be invited to; and, inſtead of taking any notice of what paſſed, I could only think of my family affairs, which muſt ſuffer the next day for want of attendance during the time I ſhould allow for my natural reſt. I find, that life is too ſhort, to ſatisfy our reſpective duties; ſhould not I be an extravagant*

travagant woman to ſacrifice real and uſeful pleaſures to frivolous amuſements, which would be diſagreeable, tedious, and perhaps be attended with remorſe?

Lady Witty. I don't underſtand where the pleaſure can lie, in forſaking all things to be buried in your own houſe, and to have nothing to mind but family affairs.

Mrs. Affable. Surely, madam, you will not queſtion, that there is a pleaſure in doing your duty, after the Holy Ghoſt has given ſuch a character of a virtuous woman. But let us ſee what the ſame divine ſpirit dictates concerning giddy women, tho' ſome may be looked upon as reputable perſons.

Wiſdom ſhall *deliver* the juſt and righteous man *from the ſtrange woman*, even *from the ſtranger* which *flattereth with her words: which forſaketh the guide of her youth, and forgetteth the covenant of her God. For her houſe inclineth unto death, and her paths unto the dead; none that go unto her, return again, neither take they hold of the paths of life* *.

A fooliſh woman . . . . ſitteth at the door of the houſe, on a ſeat in the high places of the city (is much at her window) *to call paſſengers, who go right on their ways*, She dreſſeth to entice them, is *clamorous*, loveth noiſe, aſſemblies, and to appear in the moſt public places. *She is ſimple, and knoweth nothing* †.

As a jewel of gold in a ſwine's ſnout, ſo is *a fair woman, which is without diſcretion.* A fooliſh woman is always ready to laugh, amuſes herſelf with men, but thoſe whom ſhe amuſes lack underſtanding ‡.

As the climbing up a ſandy way is to the feet of the aged, ſo is a wife full of words to a quiet man. An evil wife is like a yoke ſhaken to and fro, where the

* Prov. ii. 16. † Ibid. ix. 13, &c. ‡ Prov. xi, 22. and from ſeveral parts of the ſame book.

oxen

oxen draw each to his ſide. *A drunken woman, and a gadder abroad cauſeth great anger; and ſhe will not cover her own ſhame. A ſhameleſs woman ſhall be counted as a dog . . . . a loud crying woman, and a ſcold, ſhall be ſought out to drive away the enemies;* * *ſhe is enough to frighten whole armies.*

Put together all theſe different parts of a fooliſh woman's character; ſhe is affected, has forgot her education, the guide of her youth; ſhe ſhews herſelf at the window, appears at all publick meetings; ſhe is vain in her dreſs to look better, and to pleaſe, always upon the giggle; ſhe is a talkative goſſip, and quarrelſome; ſhe loves wines and ſtrong liquors; ſhe has loſt all ſhame, and ſays, *I am not at all troubled for what the world ſays.* Chuſe, ladies, which you would reſemble, the *virtuous* or the *fooliſh* woman; and carry this with you, that the characters are not of my drawing.

Lady Louiſa. This makes me tremble; I reſemble the *fooliſh* woman in ſome things, the *virtuous* in none.

Mrs. Affable. Get theſe two characters by heart, children; and examine at night which you have imitated. Now, for our ſtories.

Lady Mary. But firſt, Mrs *Affable*, give me leave to aſk a queſtion. Before your journey to *France*, you promiſed to tell us what things metals were; and you have never thought of diſcharging your promiſe. A gentleman dined with us yeſterday; he ſpoke of vegetables, metals, and many other things that I don't underſtand. *Papa* ſaid the gentleman had talked finely of ſeveral things. It was all thrown away upon me.

* *Eccluſ.* ch. xxv, 20. ch. xxvi. ver. 7, 8, 25, 27. N. B. The author does not reckon *Eccluſ.* among the *Apoc.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Senſible*, I beg you will ſave me the trouble, and explain this to the ladies.

Lady Senſible. I take it that all things on earth are reduced to three claſſes, or three kingdoms, as they are called, the *animal*, the *vegetable*, and the *mineral* kingdom.

Lady Witty. Does not mankind come into the account? do we go for nothing?

Mrs. Affable. Mankind is part of the animal kingdom; they are as to the body animals, as a fly, a worm, and all other animals that are either bigger or much leſs. Animals have life and motion.

Lady Violent. I begin not to diſlike your leſſons ſo much, Mrs. *Affable*; I love to diſtraction all that relates to natural philoſophy. Pray, tell me, what is the vegetable kingdom.

Mrs. Affable. Now, madam, have a good heart; I ſhall win the wager; but, in anſwer to your queſtion, *vegetables* are all ſuch things as live and have no motion.

Lady Violent. That is very ſingular. I always thought, that, where there was life, there was motion alſo.

Mrs. Affable. Trees, plants, roots and flowers live, and are without motion. Minerals, which are of the third claſs or kingdom, have neither life nor motion, as gold, ſilver, copper, iron, lead, mercury, tin, &c.

Miſs Sophia. I know them all except mercury.

Mrs. Affable. I have a little vial of it in my pocket. It is a mineral very like you, Lady *Mary*, always in motion, and can never lie ſtill.

Lady Mary. That is the reaſon, I ſuppoſe, why it is called quick-ſilver. Dear, how heavy it feels!

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I'll pour it upon that tea-table with a rim round it; otherwiſe it would run away, and be loſt.

Lady Charlotte. How it ſtirs! What is it good for, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. For an infinity of uſes. The phyſicians put it into ſeveral medecines; it is put at the back of looking-glaſſes; boys at ſchools play tricks with it; it alſo ſerves in barometers, &c.

Lady Mary. I ſee no quick-ſilver or mercury about the looking-glaſs; where is it; what do they do to keep it from running away?

Mrs. Affable. It is behind the glaſs and ſtops the ſight, which otherwiſe would paſs quite through. The quick-ſilver is fixed by a compoſition of tin, with other ingredients laid on the back of the glaſs in a very thin leaf; and this is called *foliating* the glaſs.

Miſs Bella. You ſaid that they played tricks at ſchools with quick-ſilver. How is that done, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. For example, if you threw ſome quick-ſilver into a pot, where peaſe were boiling, the peaſe would come out one after another; but let this ſuffice for the article of quick-ſilver. Let us return to the claſs of animals, whereof there are many ſorts; the animals endowed with reaſon, and thoſe are men; thoſe *of the air*, that is, the fowls of the air; the terreſtrial animals, that live on, or in the earth; the *aquatile*, that live in the water; and laſtly, the *amphibious*, that live in the air on this earth, and in the water, as ducks, ſwans, otters, and many more.

Lady Tempeſt. I have often heard of perſons, whoſe character was doubtful, that they were amphibious, and neither fiſh nor fleſh. I did not take the meaning, which I do now perfectly.

Miſs

Miſs Bella. I am very ſorry, Mrs. *Affable*, that we were not acquainted ſooner; I am ſo ignorant, that it makes me quite aſhamed. I am determined to recover loſt time, and inform myſelf of a thouſand very common things, which I don't underſtand.

Mrs. Affable. Beſides the ſhame of being ignorant, which you juſtly obſerve, there is another great reaſon, why you ſhould deſire to be inſtructed. You are all to be married, ladies; you will be contracted to gentlemen of great ſtudy, who have travelled much, and are perſons who have read a good deal. If you can only talk of dreſs to a gentleman who has made a proper advantage of his education, you will ſoon tire your huſband, who will underſtand nothing in ſuch a converſation, and reduce him to ſeek other company; whereas, if he find your mind improved by knowledge, home will be dear to him; and he will be charmed when he hears you diſcourſe ſo well, and not only on entertaining, but intereſting ſubjects. Now, Lady *Charlotte*, your ſtory, if you pleaſe.

Lady Charlotte. Ahab being about to enter upon a war, conſulted his falſe prophets, who aſſured him, that he ſhould obtain victory over his enemies. Now the king of *Juda* was a prince, who feared God; he had brought his troops to *Ahab*'s aſſiſtance. This prince was called *Jehoſhaphat*; he aſked *Ahab*, whether there was no prophet of the Lord to be found. *Ahab* anſwered, there is one *Micaiah*, but *he doth not propheſy good concerning me*, but evil. *Jehoſhaphat* deſired he ſhould be ſent for. Thoſe who went for *Micaiah*, ſaid to him, *Behold now, the words of the prophets* declare *good unto the king with one mouth; let thy word, I pray thee, be like the word of one of them, and ſpeak that* which *is good.*

Micaiah

Micaiah anſwered, he ſhould not give himſelf any concern about what others ſaid; but that which God prompted him to ſay, he would ſpeak. Then *Micaiah* foretold to the king, that he ſhould fall in the battle. Did not I tell you, ſaid *Ahab*; let him be carried to priſon, and when I come back in peace, he ſhall be treated as he deſerves. I conſent, *Micaiah* anſwered, and *if thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not ſpoken by me.* *Ahab* was ſlain in the battle, and when they waſhed his body, dogs licked his blood. His ſon who ſucceeded him, was no better than the father. He fell ſick, and diſpatched meſſengers to conſult the falſe Gods. *Elijah* ſtopt them; is there no God in *Iſrael*, ſaid he, that you go and conſult idols? Tell him from God, that, in puniſhment of this heinous offence, he ſhall never riſe from his ſick-bed. When the king underſtood, that *Elijah* was the prophet, who foretold his death, he ſent off a captain with fifty men to take him; but fire came down from heaven, and deſtroyed them all. The ſame happened to a ſecond company ordered to bring away the prophet, which yet did not hinder the wicked prince diſpatching a third. But the laſt were good men, and the captain, inſtead of threatening the prophet, fell on his knees at his feet; and he and his men returned without hurt.

Then *Elijah*, by God's ſpecial command, followed the captain, and when he came to the king, he repeated the former menaces, which were alſo fulfilled. After this, the prophet ſaid to *Eliſha*, "I beg of thee ſtay here, and leave me not." *Eliſha* anſwered, *as the Lord liveth, and thy ſoul liveth, I will not leave thee.* For he knew that the Lord would take away his maſter that day. Several ſons of the prophet's followed at a diſtance. The maſter and the diſciples came to the banks of the river

river *Jordan*. The prophet having ſtruck the waters with his mantle, the river divided, and opened a free paſſage for them. *Elijah* ſaid, *aſk what I ſhall do for thee, before I be taken from thee. Eliſha* anſwered, *let a double portion of thy ſpirit be upon me.* It ſhall be, *Elijah* ſaid, as thou deſireſt, *if thou ſee me when I am taken from thee.* They went on, and talked. But on a ſudden God took up *Elijah* in a fiery chariot. *Eliſha* cried out, *my father, my father: the chariot of Iſrael, and the guide* * *thereof.* He ſaw the prophet no more, but his mantle that was fallen to the ground, and taken up by *Eliſha*.

Mrs. Affable. You may obſerve, ladies, in this paſſage of the ſcripture hiſtory, the character of princes and the great ones. They are willing enough to conſult prophets, that is, to take advice; but if the anſwer is contrary to their inclinations, the adviſer is looked upon as an enemy. By this means they are inveſted with flatterers, who keep truth at a diſtance, and out of reach. Conſider this children, attentively; though not born princeſſes, you are ladies of noble birth; that ſuffices to bring in crouds of flatterers; and, if you liſten to their vain diſcourſes, it muſt prove your ruin.

Lady Charlotte. I muſt tell you, Mrs. *Affable*, what has happened to me. Our houſe-keeper, as arrant a coaxer as ever was, has never forgiven your penancing me, and making me wait on my maid at ſupper. When ſhe heard of your being returned to *England*, ſhe talked very oddly, and the reſt of the ſervants followed her example. She ſays, that you are mighty ridiculous; that *Mama* is quite in the wrong to let you uſe me ſo

* *The guide thereof*, as it is read in the vulgate Interpreter.

ill,

ill, and that the children under your care are greatly to be pitied.

Mrs. Affable. And what did you ſay, my dear?

Lady Charlotte. I told her ſhe talked like a *fool*; that you was as meek as a lamb, and never found fault, but for our good.

Mrs. Affable. I am much obliged to you for appearing in my defence; but you might have done ſo, without any harſh language to the poor woman, who knows no better. To ſhew you that I have a true ſenſe of your good-will towards me, I condemn you to make your excuſe to her for calling her a *fool.* You ſhould have reſpected her years, and ſpoke civilly.

Miſs Sophia. This is a ſingular method of thanking Lady *Charlotte.* I dare ſay, Mrs. *Affable,* ſhe would have been very willing to diſpenſe with thanks of that nature.

Lady Charlotte. No, upon my honour, my dear. As I have taken a reſolution to be a good child, how could I be ſuch, if Mrs. *Affable* was not ſo kind as to tell me of my faults.

Mrs. Affable. Dear Lady *Charlotte,* I cannot forbear tears of joy; with theſe ſentiments you will ſoon be an accompliſhed young lady. What would I give to ſee all theſe ladies in the ſame diſpoſition! I hope the time is not far off.

Miſs Sophia. See, Mrs. *Affable!* I am not ſo ſilly, but I can perceive, that you are very well ſatisfied with all theſe ladies; and that your mentioning them is a mere civility; ſo that I conclude you can only mean me.

Lady Violent. Come, come, madam, I believe myſelf entitled to a very good ſhare of the compliment. To ſpeak the plain truth, I am very much of a haſty dragooning temper; and I own, that I half craze my poor governeſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Well ladies! I am content to have you think, that I looked a little that way. You know your foible; that is not a ſmall point gained; it is the beginning of a cure, and pleaſe God it will be ſoon complete. Now, Miſs *Bella*, favour us with your ſtory.

Miſs *Bella.* *Eliſha* returned to the *Jordan*, and with the mantle he had inherited from *Elijah*, ſmote the waters, which divided a ſecond time to let him paſs. He came to another place, where the inhabitants repreſented to him, that their lands were barren, and the water naught. *Eliſha* ordered a cruiſe to be brought, and after he had put ſome ſalt into it, he caſt it into the ſpring, and healed the water.

Then the prophet went up to *Bethel*, and ſome little children coming out of the city, mocked him for his baldneſs, and called him *bald-head*. *Eliſha* curſed them in the name of the Lord; and at the ſame time two bears came out of the wood, and tore in pieces forty-two of theſe wicked children.

The king of *Iſrael*, who was going to war againſt the *Moabites*, called the kings of *Juda* and *Edom* to his aſſiſtance. The three princes came to a place where there was no water; and *Jehoſhaphat* aſked whether there was no prophet of the Lord thereabouts; and as ſoon as they named *Eliſha*, he deſired him to be ſent for, ſaying, *the word of the Lord is with him.* When *Eliſha* came, he ſaid to the king of *Iſrael*, *What have I to do with thee? Get thee to the prophets of thy father and thy mother.* If thou wert alone, *I would not look towards thee, nor ſee thee*, but for the regard I have to *Jehoſhaphat* king of *Juda*. And after this he promiſed him plenty of water and victory over the *Moabites*. He had ordered the valley to be made full of ditches; and he foretold, that they ſhould have

have neither wind nor rain, and that the valley would be filled with water. The Lord performed what the prophet had predicted in his name; the ditches were filled with water; and the next morning when the ſun ſhone upon the water, it appeared to the *Moabites* as red as blood. With this they were perſuaded, that the *kings* were *ſlain*, and *had ſmitten one another*. Then *Moab* haſted *to the ſpoil* of the camp, and as it were, threw themſelves raſhly upon the ſwords of the *Iſraelites*. They were defeated, their cities and their country deſtroyed; which ſo enraged their king, that he brought his eldeſt ſon, that was to ſucceed him, and offered him upon the wall a burnt-offering and ſacrifice to his falſe gods, in the ſight of all *Iſrael*.

Mrs. Affable. It is but a moment ſince I was telling Lady *Charlotte*, that old age was to be reſpected; take notice, ladies, how the wicked children were puniſhed, who mocked the prophet.

Miſs Molly. I muſt own, Mrs. *Affable*, I have that ugly way of laughing at old people. *Mama's* nurſe comes to ſee us now and then; She has never a tooth left in her head; this affects her ſpeech ſo very oddly, that I burſt out a laughing as ſoon as ſhe is gone; and I can mimick her ſo exactly, that I make all the ſervants in the houſe laugh at old nurſe.

Mrs. Affable. A fine thing, indeed, for a young perſon of quality to play the ape before ſervants! How can you think they will ever reſpect you, after they have ſeen you come down to ſuch mean and unworthy actions? No, my dear, there is nothing ſo low as making a jeſt of old people, or of thoſe, who have ſome natural defect. The former muſt be reſpected, the latter pitied. I ſhould be very ſorry, my dear, if I thought you would not get the better of this ſad fault; it betrays a bad

and malicious heart. Lady *Witty*, pray tell the ladies how they behaved to aged perſons at *Sparta*.

Lady Witty. The *Spartan* commonwealth was thought to be governed by the beſt and wiſeſt laws; though in my opinion, ladies, it was far otherwiſe; for I find that the greateſt part of their laws were ridiculous and prejudicial. But I approve greatly of the laws they obſerved in their behaviour to elderly perſons. Young people were not allowed to ſit in their preſence; and when they appeared in publick meetings, they gave them the beſt places. The *Athenians* did not ſhew the ſame reſpect. Some embaſſadors from *Sparta* happened to be at *Athens*; they were much offended to ſee ſome poor old men puſhed about in the crowd, and at a loſs for want of a proper place in the theatre, where the public ſhews were exhibited. The ambaſſadors, who were placed very honourably, could not bear this regardleſs behaviour to perſons advanced in years; they forced the old men to ſit in their places, and gave in their example, a very proper leſſon to the *Athenians*.

Lady Violent. I am never pleaſed to hear any thing, that is miſbecoming, placed to the account of my *Athenians*. I am like Lady *Witty*, and prefer them far before the *Lacedemonians*, whoſe laws, in my opinion, are very barbarous.

Mrs. Affable. You are very bold, ladies, that you dare to blame the *Lacedemonian* laws, which the greateſt men admire. I would willingly aſk, why you like the *Athenians*, and diſlike the others. Love and hatred muſt not go by fancy, but upon good and ſolid grounds.

Lady Violent. Mine is founded upon very good reaſons. I hate the *Lacedemonians* for their cruelty, their obſtinacy to continue ignorant, and their women for want of modeſty. I love the *Athenians*;

they were learned, and enemies to ſloth and ingratitude. They had, I muſt own, very great faults; but ſtill I love their faults better than the virtues of the *Lacedemonians*. Pray let me tell the ladies, how they uſed the children at *Sparta*.

Mrs. Affable. With all my heart, lady; but when you expoſe the faults of the *Lacedemonians*, you ought in juſtice to ſay ſomething of their virtues.

Lady Witty. I find none, I do aſſure you.

Mrs. Affable. How can you ſay ſo, my dear? was not their exact obedience to the laws, a virtue?

Lady Witty. No, indeed, my dear Mrs. *Affable*, I beg pardon for being of a different opinion. You will always have us ſpeak the truth; and really I ſhould not, if I ſaid it was a virtue. Now, Mrs. *Affable*, I am obliged to obey you; ſhould you command me to kill Lady *Mary*, would that be a virtuous action? Is it not then very wicked to obey bad laws.

Lady Violent. That is juſt what I think. For example, one of their laws at *Sparta*, was, that children muſt be brought up to the contempt of pain. Why, that is very well; but that they might get this good habit, there were certain ſolemnities, on which the children were brought to the temples, and, without any fault, whipt till they were all over blood; beſides this, they were not ſuffered to ſhed a tear. To cry, was a certain loſs of reputation; and more than once, children have expired under this exerciſe without dropping a tear; but what is ſtill more horrible, their fathers and mothers aſſiſted at the execution; they were quite eaſy to ſee their poor children torn in this cruel manner, and exhorted them to ſuffer without complaining.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. This reaſon leaves no room for a reply, and fully juſtifies the young ladies averſion to the *Lacedemonian* laws. Obedience to laws, to be a virtue, requires them to be good and juſt; if they are bad, the greater our obedience is, the more guilty we are. That is a geometrical demonſtration, my dear.

Miſs Bella. I am not ſo nice about the matter. What pleaſes me is good; what does not, I ſay, is good for nothing.

Mrs. Affable. That is a ſure way to judge quite wrong. I hope this will be no rule with you for the future. You have a great ſhare of wit, dear Miſs, and even a ſuperior genius. Nothing is wanting but a juſt way of thinking; and if you, Miſs, will join with me, we will ſet to work, and I am ſure of ſucceſs. *Lady Violent*, you ſaid that the *Athenians* puniſhed ingratitude; if I remember right, I gave you a pretty ſtory to that purpoſe about two years ago. Would you favour us with it?

Lady Violent. Very willingly, Mrs. *Affable.* I remember it very well. At *Athens*, there were judges appointed to puniſh ingratitude; but the caſe happened ſo ſeldom, that they had nothing to do. They thonght it very tedious to go to the court of judicature, without any cauſe laid before them; and at laſt, hung up a bell for thoſe to ring, who ſhould have any caſe in their way, to be heard: the bell hung a long time before any body rung; ſo long, that ſome graſs that grew on the ſide of the wall took hold of the bell-rope, and clung about it. About this time, a man, who found his horſe was grown too old to work, turned him out of the ſtable to ſave his keeping. The poor horſe walked very ſad about the ſtreet, as if he had gueſſed he ſhould ſtarve very ſoon. Chance brought him by

the houſe of theſe judges; he ſpied the graſs growing on the ſide of the wall, and reared on his hind feet to nibble it; this was to no purpoſe, for he only caught hold of the rope, and rung the bell ſeveral times. They perceived the horſe muſt have rung the bell; they inquired whoſe he was. Some of the neighbours ſaid he was nobody's, his maſter having turned him off. This is really a caſe, ſaid the judges, that lies before us. It is a great piece of ingratitude, for this man to caſt away a poor animal worn out in his ſervice; it muſt not be ſuffered. Accordingly, they ſent for the maſter of the horſe, and obliged him to pay as much money as would keep the old horſe the reſt of his days.

Lady Witty. It muſt be owned, ladies, that *Athens* was a charming place, where ſo few ungrateful perſons were to be found; and where ingratitude, even to poor animals, was puniſhed. Perſons are puniſhed for bad actions in *London*, and elſewhere; but at *Athens*, thoſe were puniſhed, who miſſed doing good.

Mrs. Affable. We ſhall talk that over another time, my dear; it is late now; and we have ſtill a ſtory from the ſcripture, with ſomething of geography to get over.

Miſs Molly. A prophet's widow came to *Eliſha*; thou knoweſt, ſaid ſhe, that my huſband was a ſervant of God; he died before he could pay his debts; and his *creditor is come to take unto him my two ſons to be bond-men.* *Eliſha* aſked her what ſhe had in the houſe? Nothing but a pot of oil, the widow anſwered. Go, ſays the prophet, borrow of your neighbours a great many empty veſſels. Then thou ſhalt ſhut the door upon thee, and pour thy oil into thoſe veſſels. The widow obeyed; and for all ſhe continued pouring on, the oil came ſtill as if the

veſſel had no bottom. She called to her ſon, Bring another veſſel, ſaid ſhe. They are all full, anſwered the ſon; and the oil ceaſed to flow: the widow, by the direction of the prophet, ſold the oil, and ſatisfied the creditor.

One day, the prophet paſſed to *Shunem*, where a very rich woman invited him preſſingly to eat a bit with her; and ſo ſhe did every time he came that way. At laſt, ſhe ſaid to her huſband, *I perceive, that this is a holy man of God.* Let us make a little chamber for him, when he thinks proper to come hither. *Eliſha* had a grateful ſenſe of all theſe favours, and was deſirous of making ſome acknowledgment to his benefactors. His ſervant ſaid to him, *Verily, ſhe hath no child.* The prophet ſent for her, and foretold, that ſhe ſhould have a ſon at the year's end. The prediction was punctually verified. Some years after, this child going to the field, where his father was looking after the reapers, was taken ſo ill with a ſore head-ach, that his father ordered him to be carried home to his mother, who took him upon her knee; and the child expired very ſoon. Upon this, the woman, full of a lively faith, carried the child, and laid him upon the bed of the man of God; and mounting an aſs, ſhe went to mount *Carmel*, where ſhe threw herſelf at the feet of the prophet. *Eliſha*'s ſervant offered to hinder her. But the man of God ſaid, let her alone; ſhe is under great grief, and the Lord hath concealed it from me. The *Shunamite* gave him an account of what had happened; and *Eliſha* ſaid to his ſervant, go to her houſe, and lay my ſtaff on the child. But the *Shunamite* declared ſhe would not leave him, till he conſented to go with her. The prophet followed her, and put up ſuch fervent prayers

to God, that he obtained the child's return to life, in behalf of the charitable *Shunamite.*

Mrs. Affable. You ſee, children, that a charitable action is never loſt; and moreover, obſerve, that, though charity extends to all that are poor, care muſt be had to relieve chiefly thoſe, who fear the Lord. He has a ſingular regard to the prayers of the poor; and they obtain mercy for their benefactors. Admire the unbounded liberality of God to the virtuous; he ſeems to have bound himſelf to comply with their requeſts. There is an exceeding pleaſure in ſerving ſo good and ſo generous a maſter. Whereabouts do we ſtand in geography, Lady *Senſible?*

Lady Senſible. We ſpoke laſt of the province of *Poitou*; but ſaid nothing of *Aunis,* a little country ſouthweſt of *Poitou. Rochelle* lies here. This city was given as a cautionary town to the Proteſtants of *France,* and was beſieged by *Lewis* XIII. who took it after a year and a month's ſiege; during which, the inhabitants eat, for their ſubſiſtence, things, whereof the very thought ſtrikes us with horror.

Rochefort, is another town in the *Pays d'Aunis,* and is one of the ſtations for the *Royal Navy,* upon the ocean.

Saintonge, is ſouth of *Poitou. Saintes,* upon the river *Charante,* is the capital. The *Garonne,* another river, has its courſe through this province.

Mrs. Affable. We will go no farther to day, ladies, if you pleaſe.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VII.

Lady LOUISA, Lady LUCY, Mrs. AFFABLE.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

YOU are here betimes, ladies; our young ones will not come till noon; it is but juſt nine o'clock. Pray, ladies, what brings you thus early?

Lady Louiſa. We wanted a little private talk with you, and hoped you would allow us an hour of your time

Mrs. Affable. Speak your minds freely, ladies; you may depend upon me as you would upon the ſincereſt friend you have.

Lady Lucy. We relied much upon your kindneſs and friendſhip, which has determined us to take the liberty of conſulting with you. What we have heard, ſince we frequent you, makes us tremble. I muſt own, as to my myſelf, that I have had no reſt ſince. Ah! Mrs. *Affable*, I am ſatisfied, that I neither live nor think like a chriſtian; I perceive, but under the greateſt terrors, that thoſe words of the prophet, *How long will ye halt between two*, are directed to me. This is my ſituation between God and the world; but I fear, I may ſay with more truth, that I am quite taken up with the world and its pleaſures, and that I have ſcarce thought on God, my ſoul, my ſalvation and eternity.

Lady Louiſa. That is my caſe, Mrs. *Affable*; though I hear myſelf commended for piety, and even was within a trifle of making myſelf that

compliment. As I have not been in any occaſion of committing great faults, I really fancied myſelf virtuous; but upon a cloſe examination of my behaviour, I muſt ſay with this lady, that I had not ſo much as an idea of what it is to be a chriſtian. I have gone farther; I have till very lately made jeſt of all that thought better and more judiciouſly on this ſubject. *They are Methodiſts*, has been my conſtant anſwer, whenever the converſation has turned upon perſons wholly taken up with the grand affair of ſalvation.

Mrs. Affable. This readineſs to correſpond with the pious motions which the Holy Ghoſt is pleaſed to excite in your hearts, is very edifying. The beſt muſt work their ſalvation with fear and trembling; but take care that even this fear, though it come from God, do not break in upon the confidence, the tranquility and content, which poſſeſſes the heart of the juſt and righteous.

Lady Louiſa. Very right, Mrs. *Affable*; but are we in the number of thoſe juſt and righteous perſons? Have we not on the contrary much reaſon to fear, that we may be reckoned among the idolaters, you mentioned the other day?

Mrs. Affable. Hark'ee, ladies; I am to obſerve two things with regard to your preſent ſituation of mind, and muſt prevail on you to obſerve the ſame, in relation to yourſelves. You are between two dangerous rocks, equally to be avoided. The firſt is remiſſneſs in your duty, the ſecond is a truly ſcrupulous anxiety. Your courſe muſt be between the two, declining neither to right or left. The knowledge I have lies in a ſmall compaſs; but God is pleaſed to proportion the lights, which we receive, to our reſpective employs; and may enlarge my underſtanding in ſuch a manner, that I may be more clear-ſighted in your caſe, than I ſhould be in my own. In hopes that it will be ſo,

I am

I am ready to hear, and to anſwer you; but, to adviſe as I ought, I muſt firſt know you thoroughly. You muſt be ſincere and free with me. Now, Lady *Lucy*, tell me what is your idol?

Lady Lucy. Myſelf. I will now draw myſelf to the life, and you will find that the terrors which alarm me, are but too well grounded.

Mrs. Affable. Remember, however, that in juſtice to yourſelf and to me, your good as well as bad qualities muſt come into the account.

Lady Lucy. Good qualities! I aſſure you I know of none; I ſhould be very vain, if I thought I had any virtue; there may perhaps be ſomething of a deceitful reſemblance, a kind of likeneſs; but, Mrs. *Affable*, ſuch virtues are but like baſe and counterfeit money.

Mrs. Affable. On this head you owe the ſame juſtice to yourſelf, that you do to others. Were you miſtreſs of every virtue, ſtill there would be no room for vanity. Virtues would be natural, or acquired; if the firſt, you have no reaſon to boaſt of what God has beſtowed upon you, without any concurrence of yours; and the knowledge of your good natural qualities can only excite your gratitude, to be thankful to your benefactor; if you acquired theſe good qualities, it is not by your own ſtrength, but by the ſuccour and aſſiſtance of God, as the author of nature and grace. Such good qualities as are merely natural, cannot produce any *Chriſtian* actions truly ſuch, but require the influence of God's powerful grace, that the virtues and the actions may be truly *Chriſtian*. All that is evil in you, is your own; never forget it, that you may do yourſelf juſtice; that is, treat yourſelf with contempt. All that is good in you comes from God; never loſe the ſight of this great truth, that you may bleſs him, who has beſtowed it, and be encouraged to love

him inceſſantly. There is no need of informing me, concerning what you naturally are, but what you are as a chriſtian, through God's mercy.

Lady Lucy. I am to tell you ſincerely, Mrs. *Affable,* you have now extricated me out of a very perplexed ſituation of mind, and have cured me of an inſupportable racking ſcruple. I have naturally tolerable good diſpoſitions, were they not tainted with ſelf-love; I have been brought up in a very chriſtian family, where I have ſeen nothing but good example; and by that means have, as I may ſay, got good habits mechanically. When theſe come into my mind, I avoid all reflections upon them as bad thoughts, for fear of imitating the proud Phariſee.

Lady Louiſa. For my part, I have got into the other extreme. I am ſatisfied and quite convinced, that I am not ſo good as I ſhould be; but then I think I am much better than others. And I am pleaſed with the thought, as if I was obliged to myſelf for the good qualities I may have.

Mrs. Affable. Both exceſſes are very faulty, and conſequently to be avoided. Let us hear, Lady *Lucy,* the good and bad you have to ſay of yourſelf.

Lady Lucy. To finiſh my picture, and to give you an idea of the ſituation I have been in, I need only deſire you would remember the account of the lady, who was ſo earneſt in her ſearch after true happineſs. I was in hopes of meeting with it in the world, and its pleaſures. I found nothing but diſguſt and trouble. My heart loathes every object, and ſeeks in all places what it finds no where.

Lady Louiſa. Here I muſt differ from Lady *Lucy.* The world promiſes, and really gives me pleaſure. I am diverted at a ball, a play, ſome aſſemblies; not that I would be taken up with ſuch diverſions from morning till night; but I look

look upon them as innocent, and ſuch as may be allowed at my age. I love to dreſs and put on fine cloaths; nor did I ever think it an offence, provided a proper regard to modeſty was obſerved. To be ſhort, Mrs. *Affable*, I am reſolved to work my ſalvation, and go to heaven; but as to this particular, I have ſet bounds to my ambition; I don't aſpire to the firſt place, and would be beforehand with all the pleaſures that can be, without offending God.

Mrs. Affable. Before I anſwer you, madam, let me aſk Lady *Lucy*, what hinders her reliſh of the pleaſures ſhe ſeeks after. Let us know, my dear. Do the pleaſures themſelves diſguſt, or ſomething that ſteps in, and hinders your taking full ſatisfaction in thoſe amuſements?

Lady Lucy. You ſhall know, Mrs. *Affable*, how it is. I am, we will ſuppoſe, invited to a ball; I accept the invitation, in hopes of being diverted; I go with the greateſt eagerneſs, and baniſh all thoughts that can hinder me taking the ſame pleaſure with others. In the height of the diverſion, comes a thought which makes ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I cannot poſſibly remove it out of my mind. It ſeems to me, as if I heard a voice, that ſays: *Is it for this, that God has placed thee in this world?* If every vain and unprofitable word is to be ſeverely accounted for, can I imagine that God will not make me accountable for the moments loſt here? You eaſily conceive, that with ſuch thoughts, I cannot enjoy the ſatisfaction I propoſed to myſelf. I remember the firſt ball I went to, I perfectly longed for the day. Three nights paſſed without a wink of ſleep; ſo impatient was I for the moment I was to ſet out on this party of pleaſure. I was dazzled with the glittering ſhew; all the court was there, and I really wiſhed for more eyes than I had, to enjoy

the proſpect. All on a ſudden, I had this thought, *How many perſons among thoſe I have now before me, will die ere this year is ended? Could they have the heart to divert themſelves, if they knew their term was ſo near? But who can aſſure me, that I ſhall not be one of the number? And yet for this week paſt, I have minded nothing but dreſs and trifles; this has cauſed many diſtractions in my prayers; and I have had neither God nor my ſalvation ſufficiently in my thoughts.*

This, Mrs. *Affable*, took up the whole time of the ball. Some thought of this nature ſtill lurks in the mind, and only waits for the moment I have choſe for diverſion, to break out and engroſs all my attention.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Louiſa*, what do you think of your friend's ſituation?

Lady Louiſa. Think! that ſhe is too ſcrupulous. At this rate, we may as well be buried alive. Does God forbid innocent pleaſures? Tell me ſincerely, Mrs. *Affable*. If you think we muſt give them up to ſecure heaven, in reverſion, I will do it; but that will give me the greateſt uneaſineſs, for I muſt tell you once more, that I love pleaſure and diverſions.

Mrs. Affable. It is natural at your age, madam; I muſt not make a crime of this inclination, neither can I flatter nature. If I diſſembled on this occaſion, I ſhould not deſerve the confidence you are pleaſed to repoſe in me.

It is no offence, I muſt tell you, at your time of life, to deſire ſome diverſion; but this muſt be ſtated in a more proper light. To divert yourſelf without any prejudice to conſcience,

Firſt, The diverſions and pleaſures muſt not be evil of themſelves.

Secondly, Though not evil in themſelves, they muſt not be ſuch as may bring you in particular into any danger. Thirdly,

Thirdly, They must not prejudice any essential duty.

Fourthly, Let your diversions be a relaxation, but not your profession, and only business; let them take up a small part, not the whole of your time; that is, you must not give yourself up as a slave to pleasures. You may, if I may be allowed the expression, for a short while lend, but not abandon yourself to diversions.

Fifthly, The intention of a little amusement must be good. The end you propose, must be only to unbend the mind, to recover the fatigue of your daily duties in your respective callings, that you may resume them with greater alacrity.

Lastly, Take this rule, whereby you may discover whether your pastimes are innocent. Before you take any diversion, consider whether you dare say, O God, I take this diversion for thy sake.

Lady Lucy. May we offer to God our relaxations and amusements? Now I should have thought it a want of respect.

Mrs. Affable. Have you never taken notice of what St. *Paul* says, *whether ye eat or drink*, or *whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God?* He does not say, whether you pray or give alms; he singles out the most animal actions of life, to shew that there is none which ought not to be done for the glory of God. This is the true secret of holiness, I suppose, that the actions are not criminal, let the actions be never so common; such as they are, let them be done freely, without constraint; not out of a motive of vain complacency to ourselves, but to the glory of God.

Lady Louisa. But what is it to God, whether I take diversions or not?

Mrs. Affable. When God put a soul into your body, he charged the first with the care of the latter. Hence, to take a reasonable care of the body,

body, is to obey God, and to give him glory by a reſpectful ſubmiſſion to his commands. To feed the body with moderation, to watch with care for the preſervation of your health, to refreſh and relieve the body by ſuitable recreations, are duties, which it were ſinful to neglect. Where God commands, your compliance muſt be agreeable, and you may offer this act of obedience to his divine will. For example, it would be very unbecoming for a perſon that is very intemperate, to ſay: *My God, I eat thus in obedience to you.* His conſcience muſt immediately reproach him: *How dareſt thou preſume to think, that thou obeyeſt his divine Majeſty, by deſtroying the health which he charged thee to preſerve.*

By obſerving theſe directions, you may divert yourſelves as much as is proper. I ſhall give you them in writing; and you will conſider whether hitherto your diverſions have tallied with theſe rules. Lady *Lucy* will then enjoy, for God's ſake, and without ſcruple, the pleaſures that are ſuitable to this doctrine; and Lady *Louiſa* will generouſly reſign all ſuch as are not conſiſtent with theſe maxims.

Lady Lucy. I have learned more this day, than ever I underſtood before; and if you will favour us with ſuch uſeful converſations, from time to time, I ſhall be the happieſt creature in the world.

Mrs. Affable. I am entirely at your ſervice, ladies; but, be ſure, let our conferences be very ſecret. They would appear very ridiculous to your fine ladies.——But here are our young ladies, for the leſſon of philoſophy. This will give us very great lights for confirming what we have begun to explain, and which we will examine thoroughly the next time we meet.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LADY *Senſible*, pray tell us, where we left off at our laſt meeting.

Lady Senſible. We were upon the definition of happineſs. You ſaid, that he was happy, who deſired nothing, nor had any thing to fear.

Mrs. Affable. Did I give any proof of this definition being exact?

Lady Senſible. I think not, Mrs. *Affable*.

Mrs. Affable. If ſo, ladies, we muſt examine this point, and obſerve the method which we have obliged ourſelves to follow. You know, that we are not to aſſent to any propoſition, that is not an *axiom*.

Lady Louiſa. Give me leave to aſk what is meant by an *axiom*; it is a term that I don't very well underſtand.

Mrs. Affable. I ought indeed to have explained it firſt, as well as ſeveral other terms peculiar to ſciences, which you will meet on many occaſions, and for want of underſtanding them, be at a loſs to comprehend many things that are very entertaining; beſides, I intend to enliven our leſſons with ſome touches of natural philoſophy, but very few, as I underſtand very little of it; the little I know I ſhall communicate, were it only to make my court to Lady *Violent*.

Lady

Lady Violent. I am obliged to you for your complaiſance; and I will in return make my court to you; and I muſt tell you, that you have got above half your *wager.*

Mrs. Affable. So, dear Lady *Violent,* now you neither hate me nor my leſſons.

Lady Violent. Oh! I am advanced much farther; I begin to love you very much; but I muſt not interrupt you: pray tell us what is the meaning of this word *axiom.*

Mrs. Affable. It is a truth ſo clear, that you muſt renounce the light of reaſon to call it in queſtion; a truth, that a child of four years old can underſtand. This is an axiom. *No one can give what he has not.* You ſee it is quite evident. *What is contrary to truth, muſt be falſe.* Do you take it, Lady *Mary?*

Lady Mary. Perfectly well, Mrs. *Affable*; that grand word, *axiom,* frightened me; and now I find it is the eaſieſt matter to be underſtood. If it be true, that you are in the room, it is falſe that you are out of it. That you are preſent is a truth; that you are abſent, which is contrary to that truth, is a falſhood.

Lady Louiſa. Is it not alſo an *axiom,* that if a principle is true, its conſequence cannot be falſe?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, madam; that was explained the other day. This is another *axiom. The whole is bigger than a part.*

Miſs Molly. I don't take it, Mrs. *Affable.*

Lady Charlotte. Lord, how dull you are! don't you ſee, that this bit of wood, which is the foot of the table, and only one part of it, is not ſo big as the whole table? there need not——— Oh! Mrs. *Affable,* how you look at me; I have done wrong, I ſee; I have been very rough to my dear

dear Miſs *Molly*. I beg pardon, dear friend; I ſpoke without reflection.

Miſs Molly. You do ſo very often, and you think you make up all things by aſking pardon.

Mrs. Affable. Indeed, my dear, you ſcandalize me; is it not a ſhame to ſee ſo much reſentment ſhewn to a good friend? I really thought you had more wit.

Miſs Molly. You don't ſee all, Mrs. *Affable*; ſhe is at it ten times a-day, and at laſt I can bear it no longer.

Lady Charlotte. She is really in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; and yet I could take my oath, that I never meant to give any offence; it is a bad cuſtom I have.

Mrs. Affable. You muſt correct this fault, my dear; and I hope that Miſs *Molly* will get the better of this wrong turn of mind. Come, my good girl, embrace your friend: and if you think ſeriouſly on the matter, you will be much aſhamed of what has happened; it is very ugly indeed.

Miſs Molly. I knew you would always take that lady's part, becauſe you love her better than me.

Mrs. Affable. Come hither, poor *Molly*; you ſay that I love Lady *Charlotte* better than you; it is very true. I love her now better; ſhe is more amiable, and this is but natural. Make the caſe your own; you will do the very ſame. She has committed a fault, I own; but it is a blunder, a miſtake, ſhe never intended any offence; as ſoon as ſhe perceived her miſtake by my looking at her, ſhe was very ſenſible that ſhe had done wrong, and immediately begged your pardon. Now conſider the fault you have committed, compare it with her's, and you muſt find yours much greater. She ſaid that you was dull; you might eaſily have convinced her of a miſtaken judgment, and ſhewn

that

that you was miſtreſs of more ſenſe and wit, by not taking any offence at her injurious language; inſtead of this, you would ſhew that you was really dull and ſtupid; one is no better that is angry without cauſe. After that you was very rough with her, you returned worſe language than ſhe had given; whereas Lady *Charlotte*, inſtead of following your example, owned herſelf in the wrong; and now, becauſe I do her juſtice, you fall foul on me; you accuſe me of being partial, you pretend that I act by whim and fancy; in ſhort, you tell me that I am unjuſt. Would it not be right in me to take pet in my turn, to pout as you do, and to continue out of temper like you. But I freely pardon you; why will you not forgive your ſchool-fellow?

Miſs Molly. You are in the right, Mrs. *Affable*, I am a fooliſh girl; I beg your pardon, and Lady *Charlotte's*; and as a farther favour, I beg that neither of you will be angry with me.

Mrs. Affable. Why ſhould I be angry with you? You have done me no harm, but much to yourſelf; I am mortified on your account, dear child; but it is a comfort to me, that you own your fault. Let us ſay no more about it, but go on with our leſſon.

By this time you underſtand what an *axiom* is; and we advanced, that we were not to give our aſſent immediately to any propoſition that is not an *axiom*. Lady *Louiſa* obſerved, that a conſequence drawn from a true principle was alſo an *axiom*; and ſo that we could not doubt of a man's being created to be happy, as this truth is a conſequence of this other, *God is infinitely perfect*. We have alſo defined what it was *to be happy*, and ſaid, that *happineſs* was *a ſtate, in which we feared nothing, and had nothing to deſire*; but this has not yet been

been proved; let us try whether we can do it; and, Lady *Witty*, let us examine whether you have hitherto been happy, and what has hindered your being ſo.

Lady Witty. I am not very unhappy at preſent, Mrs. *Affable*, but was very much ſo before I was acquainted with you; for I was paſſionately deſirous of being praiſed and eſteemed, and I found that I was generally hated and deſpiſed. And now I ſtill find an inclination and ſome deſire of praiſe, but not much; ſo that I feel but ſome little uneaſineſs when I am not praiſed; but there is ſomething elſe that gives me much trouble. I want to be older, that I may go to aſſemblies, balls and plays. I ſhed ſome tears by myſelf, when I hear *mama* talk of a fine tragedy ſhe has ſeen, and ſay to myſelf, when ſhall I be at liberty to ſee plays as I ſhall think proper?

Mrs. Affable. Well! you was quite ſatisfied laſt week, when you was at the playhouſe.

Lady Witty. Not I, Mrs. *Affable*; to ſpeak the truth, I was pleaſed with being there; but the play, in my mind, did not laſt long enough; I was concerned, that I could not come the next day; and then I was ſo heavy, and under ſo much diſquiet, that I could not be pleaſed with any thing I did.

Mrs. Affable. But if the lady, your *mama*, took you every day to the playhouſe, do you think that would content you?

Lady Witty. I wiſh for many more things, Mrs. *Affable*; I would willingly go to Vauxhall; in a word, I entertain ſo many different wiſhes, that as ſoon as I have obtained one, another wiſh begins to teize me.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Louiſa*, were you like Lady *Witty* at her age?

Lady

Lady Louiſa. Exactly, Mrs. *Affable*; I made no doubt of being happy as ſoon as I ſhould go with my lady to every place.

Mrs. Affable. And now, very likely, you are quite happy, that you have compaſſed what you deſired ſo much.

Lady Louiſa. Far from it, Mrs. *Affable*; I am often tired with thoſe things I have ſo long wiſhed for; and there are others, which I cannot reach, that I deſire to be in my power.

Mrs. Affable. Pray, madam, would you tell me, whether you don't think yourſelf unhappy in not being queen of *England?*

Lady Louiſa. No, Mrs. *Affable,* for I never deſired it.

Mrs. Affable. Are not you ſorry that you have not a gown all ſet with diamonds?

Lady Louiſa. No, I never was for ſuch a quantity of them; but I own that my ſiſter-in-law has an *aigrette* which quite pleaſes me. This unlucky *aigrette* runs conſtantly in my head, and I am ſeriouſly concerned that I cannot have ſuch another.

Mrs. Affable. Be pleaſed to obſerve, ladies, that it is not the things of the world, but the deſire, which occaſions all your trouble. You no more want the lady your ſiſter-in-law's *aigrette,* than you want all the diamonds in *London.* Why does this trouble you, and why are you perfectly eaſy at the others? becauſe you have taken it into your head to wiſh for the firſt, and thought no more of the ſecond, than you did of the crown of *England.* To be ſatisfied you don't want that particular ſprig of diamonds, you would, if you had it, ſoon look upon it with great indifference; the main point is to ſhake off that deſire; it is that, and that only, which torments you.

Lady

Lady Louiſa. Allow me, Mrs. *Affable,* to make a ſuppoſition. If our deſires torment us, when we cannot content them, he would be happy, that could obtain every thing as he deſired it. This makes him maſter of all that he wiſhes; he cannot deſire more.

Mrs. Affable. Alexander, an ambitious prince, propoſed to conquer the whole world, and made himſelf ſure of the conqueſt. You may, perhaps, imagine, that the proſpect ſatisfied his deſires. Not at all, ladies! he took up his thoughts with grieving that the world was of ſo ſmall a compaſs, and wiſhed he had more worlds to ſubdue. I will ſuppoſe, however, that he could not wiſh for more; ſtill that ſtate of inaction would be tedious, and the danger of loſing what he had gained would be a cauſe of extreme trouble.

Lady Louiſa. This is a flat contradiction, Mrs. *Affable*; our deſires, you ſay, are the occaſion of our misfortunes. You ſay farther, that a man, who deſired nothing, would be uneaſy, becauſe he had nothing to deſire. Putting theſe two together, a perſon with, and without any deſire, is equally unhappy. And hence may be concluded, that it is falſe, that man was created to be happy; and that it is even impoſſible he ſhould be happy.

Mrs. Affable. This we call proper and cloſe reaſoning, Madam; but let me ſee, whether I cannot get out of the briars.

To begin, we have no buſineſs to doubt of an *axiom*; that would be ridiculous. It is an inconteſtible truth, that man was made to be happy; it is a conſequence of this principle: *There is a God infinitely perfect.* We muſt then examine my other propoſitions.

I ſaid that our deſires hinder us from being happy,

happy, and I repeat it, becauſe it is impoſſible for us to obtain all we deſire.

I go farther, and ſay, that though we could ſatisfy all our deſires, we could not be happy, ſince the heart would be wearied out with having no more to wiſh in this world.

Lady Lucy. This is very clear; were man content with what he poſſeſſes, he would deſire nothing farther. I begin to think that I can gueſs at the reaſon, Mrs. *Affable.* It is not becauſe the heart is of that capacity and extent, that, although all the good things of the world were put together, it could never be filled or ſatisfied. I fancy my heart to be like a child, that cries and wants to have every thing it ſees. If any thing is put into it's hands, it lays faſt hold with great eagerneſs, looks at it, turns it of all ſides, then caſts it away with a kind of ſcorn, begins afreſh to cry for the next thing, and when it has got it, treats it with the ſame ceremony as the other.

Mrs. Affable. The compariſon is really excellent, my dear, and a true repreſentation of the heart.

Lady Louiſa. I grant that the heart is like that child, but you muſt alſo grant that we are not made to be happy, ſince nothing can make us ſo.

Mrs. Affable. No, madam; we can never be happy till we find an object of greater extent than the heart of man, an object, which we may poſſeſs if we pleaſe, and in which, during this life, we may every moment find ſomething new to raiſe new deſires, and ſuch as it is in our power to gratify, in ſo much that we cannot form a wiſh, but what ſhall be fulfilled inſtantly, and ſucceeded by others with the ſame facility and ſucceſs.

Lady Louiſa. I find nothing but God, that is greater than the heart, ſince the heart is ſo much above the whole world.

Mrs. Affable. Truly, God only can make us happy in another life; and to poſſeſs him here, is, even in this life, a commencement of that future happineſs.

Lady Tempeſt. But how can we poſſeſs and enjoy him now?

Mrs. Affable. That God may fill your heart, you muſt make room for his divine preſence, by caſting out every thing that poſſeſſes it. Drive out ambition, pride, covetouſneſs, and all the other paſſions that incumber the ſoul, and hinder God from fixing his reſidence there. To baniſh all irregular paſſions that give birth to irregular deſires, is to remove all obſtacles to happineſs. And hence we muſt conclude that our definition of happineſs was not complete, and that we muſt reform it once more, by ſaying, that happineſs is a ſtate, wherein the heart forms no deſire but what it can ſatisfy, without any danger or apprehenſion of being cloyed.

Lady Lucy. I could have taken my oath that the other was a perfect definition, but I find it was not. Now I ſee how neceſſary it is to examine what appears to be moſt certain; and nothing pleaſes me more than the thought of being ſure it is in my power to diſcover the truth.

Mrs. Affable. Truth is the food of the underſtanding, and the pleaſures which flow from the diſcovery of it, go infinitely beyond thoſe which are ſo eagerly ſought in the childiſh amuſements of the world; you will find it ſome day by experience, my dear; and you will be greatly ſurpriſed that you could ever loſe ſo much time in trifles, when a paſtime ſo becoming a rational crea-

creature was in your power. But our leſſon has been vaſtly ſerious: let us ſpirit up a little. Lady *Tempeſt*, I beg you will tell us the ſtory you took out of the *Adventurer*.

Lady Tempeſt. Ladies, it is a gentleman that gives an account of himſelf: I will introduce him telling his own adventures.

I was born in a certain county of *England*, about 150 miles diſtant from the metropolis. At twenty years of age, I came to an eaſy fortune, and thought immediately of ſettling in the world. I found a lady of my rank, and of my temper, with a fortune equal to mine. I have been bleſſed with three children by her; I am extremely fond of my little offſpring, and with my ſmall family I found myſelf happier than a king. I had a good library; and, when I was not with my wife and children, my time was ſpent in reading. Though I had a general taſte for all ſorts of books, my inclination was chiefly to the poets, and particularly thoſe who were concerned in dramatic poetry. I had a ſtrong paſſion for *Shakeſpear*'s tragedies: I read them over and over again without ceaſing; and ſometimes I thought, how happy they muſt be at *London*, who had opportunities to go to the playhouſes, where thoſe excellent pieces were exhibited. This thought, which came frequently to my mind, grew up to a deſire, and that a violent one. Now, when one earneſtly deſires what he cannot compaſs, all diverſions grow inſipid; what is in your power, is diſtaſteful; in ſhort, I was quite miſerable. I was at liberty to go to town when I pleaſed: no one would have hindered me; but in reality, when I conſidered the matter ſeriouſly, reaſon oppoſed this excurſion; and it would have been quite a ſhame to ride a hundred and fifty miles

miles merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing a play acted. I continued two whole years in this diſtreſſed condition; my friends found me ſo altered, that they could not have known me again, ſo melancholy and penſive was I grown. At two years end, I received a letter from town, with an account that an aunt of mine was dead there, had left me her heir, and that I muſt, of neceſſity, come up to ſettle matters with regard to this ſucceſſion. I was overjoyed with the news, which ſurpriſed all my acquaintance. Till that time, I was eſteemed a diſintereſted perſon; they could not conceive how an increaſe of fortune could occaſion ſuch raptures. I was really uneaſy, that I was thought a covetous perſon, but I could not bring myſelf to declare the true cauſe of the ſatisfaction I had. A *French* author obſerves very judiciouſly, that we are more jealous of the opinion which others form of our underſtanding, than we are with reſpect to what they think of our morals, and we chuſe rather to be thought immoral than ridiculous, and perſons of weak capacities. At leaſt I acted at that time upon this principle. I left all the world at liberty to determine as they pleaſed, and my whole care was in haſtening every thing for my departure. I ſcarce allowed my wife time to put up a few ſhirts in a cloakbag; and though I had the tendereſt love for my family, the tears they ſhed, when I took horſe, were not minded by me. I rode night and day; I cannot ſay that I ſaw any thing upon the road; I was wholly taken up with the ſhew I was to ſee: when I alighted, the firſt queſtion I aſked of my landlord was, at what o'clock they opened the playhouſe. He anſwered, *about five, 'tis but eleven; you have ſix hours good to reſt.* Tormenting vil-

lain, thought I to myſelf! This brute talks of ſix hours as he would of ſix minutes, and cannot think one has any thing to do, but to reſt. I think I could have fallen foul upon mine hoſt, and I was not without ſome ſuſpicion that he was acceſſary to the opening of the houſe ſo late. However I found it neceſſary to follow his advice; but I dined in as great haſte as if they of the playhouſe had only waited for me to draw up the curtain. As the time drew nearer, my impatience increaſed; I quarrelled with the barber I ſent for to be ſhaved; I told him he would be the cauſe of my not being at the opening of the playhouſe; I took my watch out every moment, nor could I be perſuaded that the ſlowneſs of its motion was natural. In fine, I behaved in all reſpects like a madman; and left the people of the inn quite perſuaded that I had had a knock in the cradle. It was exactly four, when I came to the playhouſe door; as it was only to be opened at five, I had full leiſure to champ the bit, whilſt I walked about every way. I was heartily enraged at the porter; I was ſure that he was at the bottom of this miſchief, and delayed on purpoſe coming to open the door. However, it was ſet open at laſt. I went in; no, I ruſhed in; but was forced very ſoon to abate of my mettle; there was no light, and I was in danger of breaking my neck; for coming out of the day-light into a dark place, I could not abſolutely ſee before me. In a ſhort time I recovered my ſight; and I ſurveyed with eagerneſs the place I had ſo long and earneſtly wiſhed to ſee. My next buſineſs was to pitch upon a place where I might moſt conveniently ſee the play. I was at laſt determined, not becauſe I was pleaſed, but becauſe I was tired with ſtrolling

from

from one ſide to the other in queſt of a place. Mean while the company crouded in, and ſeemed to ſhare with me in impatience; ſome by bawling, others drumming upon the benches with their ſticks, others with their feet, and ſome ſhewed their uneaſineſs by whiſtling. In fine, the noiſe was enough to ſtun any common mortal, and was over and above ſo diſagreeable, that if an uncommon deſire of ſeeing a play had not brought me thither, I would certainly have made my eſcape. At laſt the long wiſhed-for moment comes, the curtain is drawn up, and, what do you think, but a man of enormous ſize comes in and claps down juſt before me; as he was taller by the head than myſelf, I had nothing left for it but to lean all on one ſide; it was really worth my while to come ſo early, and to try ſo many places as I had done. However, this inconvenience was not very ſenſible; one of the actors had opened the ſcene, and my ſoul was only in my eyes and ears; the reſt of my faculties were almoſt gone.

I only came again to myſelf at the cloſe of the firſt act. And then I called myſelf to an account for the pleaſure I had found in this novelty. It was really great, but far from anſwering my expectation. This diſappointment occaſioned a diſlike; however, the diſlike left me a ſufficient preſence of mind to examine the play, and to remark its defects; ſo that at laſt I found fault with the author, the players, the decorations; I even obſerved upon the taylors, and found every particular ſhort of that perfection, to which they might have been carried to make the whole complete.

The farce was much more diſagreeable. This was a pantomime, and very pretty, but the ſubject, as far as the geſtures of the actors gave

us to underſtand, was extremely indecent. I could willingly have given more attention to the ſhew; a thouſand ill thoughts crouded into my mind; I did not chuſe to be damned with harbouring theſe dangerous gueſts; I was wholly taken up in reſiſting and denying them admittance; I could not ſee half of this pantomime, where conſcience obliged me almoſt every moment to cloſe my eyes. At laſt the performance was at an end, and I got back to my inn in a very dull and penſive mood. Many a thouſand times I had been alone without the leaſt diſcontent; but after I left that tumultuous croud, my lodging appeared to me an inſupportable deſart. Whilſt I was fretting, I made the following reflection.

My caſe is very common. A young lady at fourteen, or fifteen, hears of what I may call the grand play or comedy of the world; ſhe longs to be ſeen at this public ſpectacle, and endeavours to haſten the long deſired hour; at length ſhe appears at aſſemblies. What forecaſt! what care is had to be in a proper place to ſee and be ſeen in a manner the moſt likely to ſooth and flatter her vanity! But when ſhe fancies ſhe has ſucceeded, and that ſhe is fixed to her content, in comes a *taller* perſon, that is, a lady of greater beauty, a finer ſhape, more wit, and poſſeſſed of talents which ſhe wants; ſhe ſeizes and fixes every eye in the company, and eclipſes the young perſon, that thought herſelf ſo happy, and who, in order to catch a ſide glance, and ſome ſhare in the admiration of the ſpectators, is forced to be upon the rack, and in the moſt uneaſy poſture, where this dangerous rival ſhines with ſuperior endowments. Though the conſtraint is greatly troubleſome, ſhe keeps up her heart, and bears her preſent ſituation with the proſpect of the pleaſure ſhe hopes to find

in

in this meeting. How great is her ſurprize, and how affecting her concern, to ſee that the pleaſure does not anſwer her expectation; ſhe is fruſtrated, ſhe does not meet with half, no, not a quarter of the ſatisfaction ſhe propoſed to herſelf; ſhe grieves, ſhe begins to loathe the world, that requires ſo much, and returns ſo little; but this diſguſt fails too often of bringing a love of retreat, and ends in being out of temper with the faults of the play, and the performers; that is, the incidents of life, the perfidiouſneſs of indifferent perſons, and the ingratitude of thoſe who were thought friends. One is deceived on all ſides, obliged to take a ſhare in the trouble of this perſon, and to ſuffer the unjuſt proceedings of that other; this is not all. This comedy, or univerſal pantomime, which is not very entertaining, is very ſcandalous; what is heard, and what is ſeen, diſpoſes generally to evil. Who has the holy fear of the Lord dreads being ſullied with this filth; he muſt be ever on his guard, always reſiſting, and engaged in an endleſs ſtruggle. Here the eyes muſt be conſtantly ſhut, and the ears; the tongue muſt be almoſt under a perpetual reſtraint. What a pity! In fine, the play draws to an end, night, that is, old age, comes on. What remains but very little pleaſure, great uneaſineſs, unprofitable deſires, and tormenting remorſes? happy thoſe, who, like myſelf, diſguſted with the firſt repreſentation, take a handſome reſolution, and follow my example. I had not the leaſt temptation to ſee another play. I left my affairs to the care of a friend, and, the next day, I made the beſt of my way homeward, with as much ſpeed, and came back to my family with as much joy, as I felt at my ſetting out.

Lady Lucy. You know that is exactly my caſe, Mrs. *Affable*; I am very much inclined to follow this gentleman's example, and give up this pageantry at the firſt repreſentation.

Mrs. Affable. Fair and ſoftly, lady. Sloth is often diſguiſed under a pretext of deſpiſing the world; this muſt be conſidered; we will do it the firſt private meeting we have.

Miſs Sophy. Pray, Mrs. *Affable,* do you ever admit theſe ladies to private viſits?

Mrs. Affable. What makes you aſk, my dear?

Miſs Sophy. I have earneſtly longed for ſome time to have a little private talk with you, and I durſt not propoſe it.

Mrs. Affable. I could really be angry at you, my dear. Have you forgot that I am your friend, and that you muſt be free with me? You *durſt not,* they are words not to be uſed, more particularly among friends. Let me know, without ceremony, what you deſire of me; when I cannot comply, I will lay my reaſons before you very candidly. Once for all, ladies, I deſire you will be perſuaded, that I can have no greater pleaſure than that of condeſcending to all that you deſire, when you are good. Remember this well, Miſs *Sophy*; let it be very early when you come, and I will hear what you have to ſay with all my heart.

DIA-

DIALOGUE IX.

Mrs. AFFABLE, *Miſs* BELLA, *Miſs* SOPHY.

Miſs SOPHY.

YOU will be pleaſed, Mrs. *Affable*, to let my ſiſter be one of the company; ſhe is acquainted with what I have to ſay.

Mrs. Affable. As you pleaſe, my dear little ladies.

Miſs Sophy. The matter in queſtion is concerning two friends of ours, young ladies, who have not the happineſs of being acquainted with Mrs. *Affable*, and have deſired to have her opinion about them by our means. The eldeſt is the moſt unhappy perſon in the world; the ſervants in the family have taken it into their heads, that her mother loves her preferably to her other children; upon this account they hate her, and do her all the miſchief they can. This gives her the greateſt uneaſineſs, and, were it not that her ſiſter is a great comfort to her, ſhe muſt die of grief.

Miſs Bella. You muſt obſerve, Mrs. *Affable*, that this younger ſiſter is extremely impertinent; and, when ſhe finds that her maid, or other ſervants, will be out of the way, and not hear reaſon, ſhe, without more ado, ſends them about their buſineſs with a good deal of ſcorn. She frequently tells her eldeſt ſiſter, that ſhe is very ſtupid to be vexed at what ſuch folks ſay; but it is in vain to argue the point; nothing will comfort her; and moſt of the night is ſpent in tears.

Mrs. Affable. You muſt be very fond of this young lady, my dear Miſs *Sophy*; you actually weep for her ſake . . . . . May I beg leave to gueſs the names of the two ladies?

Miſs Sophy. By all means, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. Well, I gueſs their names to be *Sophy* and *Bella*; but, pray inform me, why I was not to know that you ſpoke of yourſelves.

Miſs Sophy. I was aſhamed that you ſhould know I was not loved in the family; it appears to me to be the greateſt of misfortunes. But how could yon gueſs that we meant ourſelves?

Mrs. Affable. That was no very hard matter. I know your character ſo well, that I cannot be eaſily impoſed upon in any thing that relates to you.

Miſs Bella. What would I give, Mrs. *Affable,* to know my own character! I ſhall take it as the greateſt favour, if you would deſcribe me to myſelf, ſuch as I am.

Mrs. Affable. You have very preſſing motives, my dear children, to wiſh for this knowledge; of all ſciences it is the moſt neceſſary; how can we, without it, correct defects which we know not? Now, dear *Bella,* I will draw your picture.

Miſs Sophy. Why not begin with mine, Mrs. *Affable?* you well know I am the elder.

Mrs. Affable. Well! I could have laid a wager you would have entered your claim, my dear. You are always at it with your birthright among your ſiſters; you let your governeſs and others ſee very clearly, that you think yourſelf ſure of your mama's heart, and that you have a title to ſuperiority, and rule over them. How can you think any one will be fond of you, whilſt you have ſuch a temper?

Miſs

Miſs Sophy. You ſpeak of me as a perſon of very bad temper; I aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I have a very good heart; and that I love very much even the perſons that give me ſo much vexation; I am only miſerable, becauſe they don't love me.

Mrs. Affable. I am obliged not to diſguiſe the truth, my dear, ſince you do me the honour of aſking my advice; and I hope that you will have good ſenſe enough not to take it amiſs. You ſay you love thoſe perſons; for my part, I fear that you only love yourſelf.

Miſs Sophy. You are miſtaken, Mrs. *Affable*; I will give you a convincing proof that my heart is good. For about theſe two years we have had a governeſs that ſcolds me from morning till night, and yet I love her, and cry like a fool, when I think ſhe is angry with me.

Mrs. Affable. That don't ſhew you love her much, but that you deſire to be loved yourſelf; and that you will have it with a high hand. Do you remember that cap you choſe t'other day, and which you thought ſo pretty? You was in the ſaddeſt humour the whole day for my finding your ſiſter's much prettier. To pleaſe you, one muſt always think as you do, love what you like, and hate what you diſlike.

Miſs Sophy. I cannot allow this for truth; I am not of that character.

Miſs Bella. Take care, ſiſter, Mrs. *Affable* knows us better than we know ourſelves; and, only that I don't care to vex you———

Miſs Sophy. Pray, ſiſter, who aſks your advice; when Mrs. *Affable* is upon your character, I ſhall not put in a word of my opinion.

Mrs. Affable (taking out a little pocket-glaſs.)

You would have people to be fond of you, my dear; look and tell me whether you appear ſo very engaging; your countenance is quite altered—— You turn your eyes: you are afraid of ſeeing yourſelf. And, inſtead of once thinking of ſhewing your gratitude for my kindneſs, you are quite angry with your friend. Were I like you, I would let you even pout it out at your eaſe. Come, kiſs me this very minute————that will not do; I muſt have a good-humoured kiſs, ſuch as you give me when you are a good girl, or elſe——— take care what you do,———I ſhall come out with a terrible threat———or elſe, I ſhall love you no more——— So——this is right now, and you are grown quite pretty again.

Miſs Sophy. Lord! what a fool I am, Mrs. *Affable!* had I continued in this ugly temper, I ſhould have ſtruck both you and my ſiſter.

Mrs. Affable. Had this been the caſe between you and your governeſs, what would have happened then?

Miſs Sophy. Why, we ſhould have had a whole day's ſcolding, that is certain; ſhe would not have had your patience, and would have endeavoured to make me yield by dint of chiding. Really, ſhe is not to be borne, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. Do you think ſhe don't love you?

Miſs Sophy. Excuſe me, Mrs. *Affable,* I believe ſhe does; ſhe is very careful when any thing ails me, and very uneaſy at the leaſt thing that can happen; yet I think ſhe loves my ſiſter better.

Miſs Bella. Siſter, you know very well that ſhe finds as much fault with me as with you, though ſhe certainly loves me better. Do, as I do. I tell her my reaſons quietly; when ſhe is not diſpoſed to

mind

mind them, I ſtep into another room, and leave her to mutter by herſelf, without being in the leaſt angry at her. It is her way, ſhe muſt chide; ſhe don't do it to make us uneaſy; poor creature, ſhe thinks herſelf aſſuredly in the right.

Miſs Sophy. It is very happy for you that you can take that courſe; for my part, when I am chid, I muſt cry.

Miſs Bella. I don't tell you that I have not as much mind to give way to tears as you have; but I don't care ſhe ſhould know the impreſſion her chiding has made; I look chearful out of ſpite; I ſmother my paſſion for a whole day, unleſs I can vent it in tears in ſome corner where I am not ſeen.

Mrs. Affable. That is, Miſs *Bella* has as much pride as her ſiſter, but of another kind.

Miſs Bella. Very true, Mrs. *Affable*; I will endeavour to explain the nature of this pride; I am well acquainted with it, and wiſh my ſiſter had the ſame; her's makes her quite miſerable. Suppoſe that each of us has a new gown; my ſiſter ſhews her's to ſomebody, that is pleaſed to find fault with it; ſhe is immediately off the hinges, quarrels with a good gown, finds it very ugly, is loth to wear it any more; it is very plain, that ſhe can't have a moment's happineſs, when it depends on the fancies and whims of others. On the contrary, when I have pitched upon a gown that pleaſes me, if it does not pleaſe another, I conclude the fault does not lie in the gown, but in that *other's* want of taſte.

Mrs. Affable. Theſe two characters are complete, my dear *Bella*; your pride is very ſolid; your ſiſter falls very ſhort in value of it. But, my good little ladies, it is not enough to know, we muſt alſo correct ourſelves.

Miſs Bella. But how ſhall we ſhake off theſe defects?

Mrs. Affable. You are miſtaken, my dear; the defect is not ſo much in your characters. Were I to decide in this matter, I ſhould ſay that the characters are neither good nor bad, or that they are rather good than bad; and that if you will make a right uſe of that turn of mind, you may both of you be very perfect, and very happy.

Miſs Sophy. Is it poſſible, Mrs. *Affable?* Oh! how obliged ſhould I be to you, if you would teach me to make a good uſe of the diſpoſition and bent which I find I have! To ſpeak the truth, I find it is to very little purpoſe to think well of myſelf; I have great reaſon to think that I am not very agreeable, and yet I could wiſh to be ſo.

Mrs. Affable. That will be eaſily brought about, my dear. You have told me your faults with great ſincerity; I will acquaint you with mine. When I was very young, I had, like you, the misfortune of being my father's favourite; I call it a misfortune, my dear, becauſe it is very eaſy to make an ill uſe of it, which I effectually did. You recal to my mind what I was at your age; I was truly a little tyrant. It is true, I loved my brothers and ſiſters, but then I inſiſted upon their ſhewing me a very particular reſpect, without taking on my ſide any trouble to deſerve being reſpected. I thought them extremely faulty, when they took the liberty to contradict me; I always claimed the preference, and, as you do, I would tell them, at leaſt twenty times a day, *I am the eldeſt.* What was the conſequence? All hated me; the ſervants, out of pure compaſſion, took my brother's and ſiſter's part on all occaſions. I chid the ſervants; I got them ſeverely reprimanded by my father; all this only

only contributed to increaſe their hatred and deteſtation of me. I was at length tired of being hated, and put the queſtion to myſelf, *How comes it, that no one can abide me? Am I ill-tempered? No; I certainly have a good and kind heart; but then I am much out of the way. How ſhould I like one, that always endeavoured to get the upper hand of me? Not at all. I need not then wonder, that others cannot ſuffer me; this is quite plain and natural.* After theſe reflections, I was determined to get the better of this turn of mind; but this was a hard taſk; I did not ſo readily perceive, when I was out of the way. I very luckily found a friend, who took upon her the charitable office of putting me in mind, whenever ſhe obſerved that I was extravagant, and acted the tyrant. I took it well of her, when ſhe was ſo kind; though at firſt it gave me great uneaſineſs. In a twelvemonth's time, I was ſo much mended, that I was not to be known for the ſame perſon; and my ſiſters, brothers, and all the ſervants doated on me.

Miſs Sophy. You are very ſly, Mrs. *Affable*; you have taken a method of reproaching me with my faults, without leaving me at liberty to take it amiſs. Under the pretext of deſcribing your character, you have drawn mine.

Mrs. Affable. It is no pretext, my dear; I aſſure you, that I was then, what you are now.

Miſs Sophy. But where ſhall I find the true friend, that will put me in mind of my faults?

Mrs. Affable. Your ſiſter will do that kind office; and I know you will take it in good part. If you can prevail ſo far upon yourſelf, you will become extremely agreeable; to do you juſtice, your inclinations are quite good, and you have a great ſhare of wit. I diſcovered your kind temper in your affection to your ſiſters; though you maltreat them

them ſometimes. On the other ſide, your being deſirous to pleaſe, and to be loved, is a hopeful diſpoſition, and may be a means to correct ſuch defects as hinder your being ſo amiable as you might be. You muſt begin with a promiſe, that you will allow your dear ſiſter to remind you of your faults; and if you keep your word, I promiſe to teach you the way of becoming quite amiable.

Miſs Bella. And what muſt *Bella* do to overcome her pride.

Mrs. Affable. We will talk of that another time, my dear. The ladies are come; I hear them in Lady *Senſible*'s chamber; we muſt not make them wait any longer.

DIALOGUE X.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE read a ſtory yeſterday, ladies, which made us all ſhed tears. Lady *Tempeſt*, has deſired leave to repeat it to you.

Lady Louiſa. Before we begin, give me leave, Mrs. *Affable*, to beg a farther favour. We have two ladies, friends of our's; we have often talked of them to Mrs. *Affable*; they have an earneſt deſire to be acquainted with you; they are gone into Lady ———'s, and wait for your conſent to let them be preſented to you.

Mrs. Affable. I ſhall ſee them with great pleaſure, and I beg they may come ———. Are you acquainted with them, Lady *Lucy?*

Lady

Lady Lucy. One of them has been an intimate with me many years, her name is *Zina*; and I am ſure ſhe will be your favourite. I know very little of Miſs *Frivolous*, the other lady; I am perſuaded ſhe is in great want of your leſſons, as well as myſelf; and I believe they will be of great ſervice to her. But here they are.

Mrs. Affable. You are very good, ladies, to think, that I can be uſeful to you in any reſpect; pray ſit down ladies, and give us leave to begin our leſſon. But I muſt previouſly obſerve to you, ladies, that it is rather a converſation than a leſſon. We are a ſmall ſociety of friends, who amuſe ourſelves in chatting together; we diſcourſe freely without any diſguiſe; each ſpeaks what ſhe thinks. It is hoped that you will not fail to copy the example, which theſe ladies will give you, in delivering their thoughts with becoming freedom.

Miſs Zina. For my part, I promiſe not to be wanting in due attention; that is really the moſt I am fit for.

Miſs Frivolous. I will follow Miſs's example; for beſides the difficulty I have as yet of expreſſing my thoughts in French, I am very backward and timorous.

Mrs. Affable. I hope you will not be long ſo in our ſociety. When we are only friends that meet, you muſt take courage. Begin with your ſtory, Lady *Tempeſt*.

Lady Tempeſt. A lady of quality, but very young, was married to a gentleman extremely rich, and as old as he was rich; the young lady, who was very virtuous, behaved with the greateſt complaiſance to her huſband; and he was ſo ſenſible of her kind behaviour, that in gratitude he made a will, by which he ſettled his whole real and perſonal eſtate upon her. She was not yet come to twenty

twenty years of age; ſhe had the beauty of an angel; ſhe was miſtreſs of a moſt excellent wit; but what is above all, ſhe had the deſerved reputation of being a moſt diſcreet and prudent lady. With all theſe advantages you may imagine ſhe was not without lovers, and many made their offers, who looked upon the happineſs of marrying ſo complete a perſon as the greateſt of advantages. She ſingled out the marquis of Ganges, a very amiable perſon, for the happy man. It was generally agreed, that it was a moſt ſuitable match, and that this couple would be quite happy. They were ſo at firſt, but by degrees they began to be leſs complaiſant to each other. I ſaid before, that the marchioneſs *de Ganges* was young, beautiful, and very ingenious; theſe advantages were attended with every accompliſhment. She ſung charmingly, ſhe had an excellent hand for all inſtruments, ſhe danced to admiration; ſuch a perſon, you may be ſure, was deſired to be at all honourable meetings; if a ball was given, if there was a feaſt or an aſſembly, ſhe was always invited; and as ſhe loved diverſions, ſhe freely accepted their invitations. Her huſband, who was ſomething jealous, repreſented that this diſſipated and diſtracted life of her's, injured her reputation, and gave him a good ſhare of uneaſineſs; upon which he begged of her not to gad about ſo much, and to ſtay more at home. The marchioneſs thought this a very extraordinary leſſon; ſhe knew herſelf to be very diſcreet, and was perſuaded that ſufficed; ſhe only deſired to ſkip about, to be merry, and to divert herſelf with perſons of her own age; and as ſhe thought no harm, ſhe was ſurpriſed to find this conſtrued into a crime. Upon this ſhe made this anſwer to her huſband, that her conſcience reproached her nothing; that ſhe neither

was of an age nor a mind to be buried alive, on account of the ſilly diſcourſes of detractors; that he was at liberty to frequent all thoſe aſſemblies, and to obſerve her behaviour; that to deprive a woman at her age of all innocent and decent diverſions, was a thing never heard of; he chid, ſhe did the ſame; in fine, the good underſtanding that had hitherto ſubſiſted between them, vaniſhed way; and left room for quarrels and diſcord, reproaches, coolneſs, and at laſt for hatred. The marquis looked upon his lady as a conceited woman, and perhaps ſomething of a *coquette*; ſhe conſidered her huſband as a jealous man and a tyrant; in ſhort, they could no longer ſuffer each other. You remember, that the marchioneſs's firſt huſband left her a great fortune by will; ſhe was at liberty to diſpoſe of it as ſhe pleaſed; but from a deſire of being revenged of her huſband, ſhe reſolved he ſhould have no ſhare in the adminiſtration of her fortune, if he ſurvived her. She had two children by the marquiſs that ſhe loved entirely; ſhe made a will of all in their favour; this was very juſt: but ſhe added, that if ſhe died before they were of age to enjoy her fortune, it was her will, that her mother, who was not very old, ſhould be their guardian in excluſion of their father. She added the following words at the bottom of the will, as if ſhe had foreſeen the misfortune that was to happen.

I declare in the preſence of God, that this is my true and laſt will, which I am reſolved never to alter; *and if it ſhould happen hereafter, that I make another will, I give notice, that it will be contrary to my will, and forced from me; and I declare that other will, ſo made, void and of no effect.*

The marquiſs, by what means is not known, diſcovered this will, wherein he was ſo ill uſed; he re-

reproached her with it, and remonſtrated how much it diſgraced him; common friends, for whom the marchioneſs had the greateſt deference, repreſented the ſame, and undertook to reconcile her to her huſband, which they at length compaſſed by their good offices. The marquis promiſed to be more complaiſant, ſhe engaged to be more at home; ſhe was as good as her word, and began to have a real diſguſt of the world. The marquiſs ſeemed to recover of his odd humours, grew extremely fond of his lady, and endeavoured to prevent her deſires by procuring every thing he thought could pleaſe her. As ſhe was good and ſincere, ſhe was affected much by ſeeing him ſo much altered, and generouſly forgetting all paſt ill-uſage, ſhe took a reſolution to make him quite eaſy; and to ſhew that ſhe forgave him freely, and without any remains of her former animoſity, ſhe made her will in ſuch manner as was agreeable to him.

The marquis had two brothers, one a clergyman; his ſtile was *Monſieur L'Abbé*; the other was a knight of *Malta*; it is thought they contributed greatly by their ill-natured diſcourſes to make a difference between the marquis and his lady. However it were, the marchioneſs, who was of a meek mild temper, behaved very handſomely to them, particularly to the knight, who having no fortune, could with great difficulty have ſupported his rank without her benefactions. Summer came on, and the marchioneſs went down into the country to one of her eſtates, at no great diſtance; and was accompanied by her two brothers-in-law. Her huſband promiſed he would follow her very ſoon, but that he had preſſing affairs, that required his ſtaying at *Avignon*. The poor lady had the greateſt difficulty to reſolve on this journey, though ſhe had made it ſeveral times in the ſame company,

and

and had a ſort of miſgiving of what was to happen, that warned her not to go. Before ſhe ſat out, ſhe diſtributed conſiderable alms to obtain from God her preſervation from a ſudden death, and ſufficient time to beg pardon, and cry mercy for her ſins. She had been but ſome days in the country, when ſhe found herſelf extremely diſordered after eating a cream-tart; it appeared that poiſon had been mixed with the tart, but the cream had hindered the full effect of the poiſon. One would have thought this was a ſufficient warning to leave the country; ſhe did not, but fancied it was a miſtake of the cook's. One Sunday ſhe thought a little phyſick would be of ſervice to her; a black and nauſeous draught was ſent in that ſhe could not prevail upon herſelf to take, but made uſe of ſome pills ſhe had brought down with her. After dinner, ſhe found herſelf extremely well; ſhe invited ſome young ladies in the neighbourhood, and a very handſome collation was ſerved up; the pills had given her a good appetite, and ſhe eat heartily. In the evening the young ladies took their leave, and the marchioneſs's brothers-in-law waited upon them home. The marchioneſs de *Ganges* was fatigued; the weather was extremely hot; ſhe put off her gown, and threw herſelf on the bed, with a petticoat and a thin quilted waiſtcoat, without any thing on her head, but her beautiful hair all in treſſes. She had ſcarce lain a quarter of an hour, when ſhe ſaw her brother-in-law the clergyman, come into her room; his eyes ſtarted out of his head; in one hand he had a piſtol, in the other, a glaſs of poiſon. You muſt die, madam, ſaid he; take your choice. Ah! dear brother, ſaid ſhe, joining her hands; what have I done to you? why will you kill me? As ſhe ſaid this, in comes the other brother-in-law, the knight,

knight with a drawn ſword. At firſt ſhe fondly imagined he came to her aſſiſtance; ſhe was deceived; he held the point of the ſword to her throat, and forced her to take the poiſon. As the thickeſt part of the draught lay at the bottom of the glaſs, theſe brutes took a ſtick to bring the dregs to the top of the glaſs; ſhe was under a neceſſity to take what was left; but ſhe did not ſwallow this laſt; ſhe ſeemed to ſink into her bed, and ſpit it out between the ſheets. The unhappy victim, ſeeing now the evil paſt all remedy, begged of the inhuman executioners, that they would have mercy on her ſoul, and let her at leaſt have a confeſſor to aſſiſt her; they conſented, and took care after they went out to lock the chamber door.

The marchioneſs being now alone, endeavoured to make her eſcape; and as the window from her apartment that opened towards the ſtables, was not very high, ſhe threw herſelf into the court. Had ſhe waited a moment longer it would have been too late. The clergyman ſent for to aſſiſt her in quality of a confeſſor, and who undoubtedly was in the plot with the two barbarians, her brothers-in-law, came ſoon enough to catch hold of her petticoat, which helped to keep her up ſtrait, ſo as to light on her feet without hurt. This wicked man threw a flower-pot after her, which had it reached, muſt have maſhed her head to pieces.

The firſt thing the poor marchioneſs did, was to cram her hair down her throat in order to vomit, and to caſt up the poiſon, which ſhe eaſily did, having eat ſo plentifully before. The poiſon was ſo quick and active, that a pig died of eating what ſhe had caſt up. She then begged of a young man, that belonged to the ſtables, to ſave her life, by letting her out at a back door that opened into the

ſtreet.

ſtreet. He took her up in his arms, and ſet her down out of the door, whence ſhe ran quite diſhevelled, and half naked through the village to the parſonage, where ſhe found all the ladies that had been at collation with her at the manor. They all ſcreamed out at the ſight of the marchioneſs in this diſtreſſed ſituation. She had but juſt time to tell them that ſhe was poiſoned, and that her brothers-in-law were in purſuit of her. The clergyman ſtood at the entrance with a piſtol, and ſaid, whoever offered to come in, he would blow their brains out; the knight went up ſtairs, ſaying, the marchioneſs was gone diſtracted, and that he would not ſuffer her to be ſeen in that condition. This had an air of probability with it; mean while one of the ladies, who had ſome *Venice* treacle with her, gave the marchioneſs very large bits of it from time to time. The poor lady, whoſe bowels were all on fire with this hot poiſon, aſked for a little water to drink; and the knight carried his cruel barbarity ſo far, as to break the glaſs between her teeth. Notwithſtanding this laſt inſtance of inhumanity, ſhe reſolved upon a laſt effort to move him to compaſſion; ſhe deſired to ſpeak to him in private. She crept into the room next to that where the company were; here ſhe threw herſelf at his feet; *dear brother*, ſaid ſhe, *it is yet time to repair your fault; I promiſe, as I hope to be ſaved, never to reveal what has happened; no one is yet informed of it; and I will ſay with you, that I have had a fit of madneſs.* Whilſt ſhe ſpoke, he looked at her with eyes full of rage and fury; and inſtead of anſwering, he fell upon her, run her through and through with his ſword, and would not have given over, but for his ſword being broke in her body. The cries of the marchioneſs alarmed all the ladies in the next room; they ran to her, but

but not one had the courage to ſtop the knight, who told his brother that all was over, and nothing remained but to provide for their own ſafety.

In the mean time, ſome of the ladies endeavoured to aſſiſt the marchioneſs; whilſt others cried out at the windows, *help* and *murther*. The magiſtrate of the townſhip ordered a ſcore of men to take arms, and placed them before the houſe; this precaution proved a very proper meaſure; for the knight hearing that his ſiſter-in-law was not yet dead, came back to give her the finiſhing ſtroke, but retired on finding the houſe ſo well guarded. Whilſt they waited for a ſurgeon, the women endeavoured to get the ſtump of the ſword, that was lodged in her ſhoulder; the brave marchioneſs adviſed one of them to reſt her knee againſt her back, and to pull away, which ſucceeded. The ſurgeon, who came that inſtant, ſearched all the wounds, and declared none of them mortal; and if the poiſon could be overcome, gave hopes of ſaving the unfortunate lady's life. But the poiſon was too violent, and antidotes came too late; a violent fever and exquiſite ſharp pains in her bowels ſhewed clearly, that the evil was paſt all remedy. Several meſſengers were diſpatched to acquaint her mother, her huſband, and her children, with her preſent ſituation. The marquis, her huſband, inſtead of ſetting out immediately, loitered a whole day at *Avignon*, telling every one he met the ſad accident, as if he had been in real concern. When the marquis came, the marchioneſs's mother, who had ſome reaſon to judge him an accomplice in the crime with his brothers, would not ſuffer him to come into her dying daughter's chamber, but the injured ſufferer had ſacrificed her life to God and all reſentment; ſhe would ſee her huſband, ſhe held out her hand

to him, and did all that was poſſible to perſuade the world by her behaviour, that ſhe thought him innocent. She ſurvived ſome days, and ſpent them in earneſtly recommending to her mother and her children, not to harbour any thought of revenging her death, aſſuring them withal, that ſhe freely forgave her murtherers. With theſe truly Chriſtian ſentiments, ſhe gave up her ſoul to her Creator. The body was opened, and the bowels were found quite deſtroyed by the force of the poiſon.

Lady Mary. But, Mrs. *Affable,* can this be a true ſtory? I cannot believe that there could be men capable of ſuch wicked actions; I ſhould ſooner think they were fiends from hell.

Mrs. Affable. It is very true, ladies, that theſe exceſſes of barbarity are not eaſy to be imagined. But be pleaſed to reflect on the firſt cauſe of this ill-fated lady's misfortunes. Her inclination to the world and diverſions, her want of complaiſance to her huſband, the contradictions, which followed of courſe, brought on the hatred which the huſband conceived againſt his wife. Hatred ſpirited her up to revenge, and to make a will that reflected ſhame on her huſband; he on his ſide apprehending that ſhe might alter the ſecond will he had prevailed on her to make, without doubt formed the deſign of employing his brothers, as proper inſtruments to make away with a woman, who had forfeited his friendſhip; for it was generally believed thoſe two brutes acted under his orders. However, I don't pretend to vindicate his behaviour; he was a monſter; all I pretend to ſay is, that ſhe might perhaps have avoided theſe misfortunes, had ſhe condeſcended to the terms he propoſed to her. A huſband is in the wrong, where he requires too much of a wife; but a woman

man is certainly to blame, who will not condeſcend to the oddities of a huſband. When ſhe marries ſhe muſt be thoroughly perſuaded, that ſhe gives herſelf up to a maſter, and muſt ſacrifice to him all her humours, fancies, and the moſt innocent inclinations, if he is brute enough to require it.

Miſs Frivolous. You were ſaying, madam, that you loved people that gave their opinion on points in converſation; give me leave to tell you, madam, that at this rate, a young lady with a ſhare of common ſenſe can never think of marrying. To me it ſhould ſeem, that in a married ſtate, the duties and obligations are reciprocal; and that a huſband is as much obliged to complacency with regard to a wife, as a wife to a huſband.

Mrs. Affable. It ſhould be ſo indeed, miſs; but generally ſpeaking, is not. In this caſe a wife muſt take to her ſhare all the burthen of complaiſance, or reſolve to be unhappy for life; perpetual contradictions muſt end in hatred; and what can it be but an anticipation of hell, to be tied for life to a man you deteſt?

Lady Louiſa. Pray, Mrs. *Affable,* would ſhe be happier with a huſband, to whoſe freaks ſhe muſt every inſtant give up even what is moſt innocent?

Mrs. Affable. Yes, ſhe would, my dear; lions and tygers are tamed at laſt; a man muſt be of a fiercer nature than thoſe animals, not to be gained by a complying, prudent, and diſcreet wife. But let us ſuppoſe ſuch a brute in nature of that odd and excentric turn, as not to be affected by the kind and friendly behaviour of a good wife; ſhe has this pleaſure left, that ſhe cannot reproach herſelf on any account. Believe me, ladies, no one can be unhappy that knows he has diſcharged his duty.

Lady

Lady Witty. But, Mrs. *Affable*, where was the harm of the poor marchioneſs's taking very inoffenſive diverſions? Did not ſhe tell the marquis he was at liberty to frequent the ſame aſſemblies, and to obſerve her conduct?

Mrs. Affable. It is not enough for a lady to be, ſhe muſt appear, virtuous. The public inſpects and examines the behaviour of a young perſon; and if ſhe be handſome and beautiful, ſhe cannot be too much upon her guard. She may depend upon no friendſhip from all the women that are not ſo agreeable as herſelf; jealouſy turns them into ſo many enemies, always attentive to every ſtep that is taken, and which is ſure to be perverted by the moſt unfavourable conſtruction. If they remark a particular bent to the world and diverſions, and diſcover that it is not agreeable to her huſband, their tongues are immediately let looſe. They decide that a woman, who is indifferent to pleaſe her huſband, is not unwilling to pleaſe ſome other perſon, and is aſſiduous at all aſſemblies in queſt of that other. This is frequently a great piece of injuſtice; but it is the world; and ſince it is above our ſkill to reform it, we muſt ſubmit to that way of life, which will be out of the reach even of malice.

Miſs Rural. Oh bleſſed retreat! I can, without any apprehenſion, or fear of weak and ſilly talk, enjoy all innocent pleaſures. Pardon this exclamation, Mrs. *Affable*; but all that I hear of what is called the *grand monde* gives me ſuch a dread, that, but for the deſire I have to make an advantage of your leſſons, I would this moment return to the ſolitude of the country, there to ſpend all my days.

Lady Lucy. I am very much of your opinion, miſs; but there are ſome points of duty which muſt take place of our inclinations.

Mrs. Affable. Much may be ſaid, ladies, on this ſubject; but, beſides that it is very late, ſeveral leſſons are yet to be repeated. We will reſume this converſation ſome other time; and now we muſt go about our ſtories.

Lady Mary. My leſſon, Mrs. *Affable*, to my thoughts was quite comical. Whilſt I was getting my taſk, I laughed like a mad creature; however I will endeavour to be very ſerious. There was a great dearth in the land of *Iſrael*, and the ſons of the Prophets came to mount *Carmel*. *Eliſha* ſaid to his ſervants, *ſet on the great pot and ſeeth pottage for the ſons of the prophets*. One of the ſervants in obedience to his maſter went into the field to gather herbs with a ſon of the prophets, who handſomly offered his aſſiſtance. He was but a poor gardener, and brought in his lap full of gourds, which he ſhred into the pot; this wild gourd is as bitter as you can imagine. When the pottage was ready, thoſe who were the ſharpeſt ſet fell on; they had no ſooner taſted it, but they made very ugly faces, and ſpit it out, for they could not eat this ſort of meſs. They cried out, *O thou man of God, there is death in the pot*. *Eliſha* ordered his ſervant to bring ſome flour; he threw ſome into the pot, and the pottage loſt all its bitterneſs, and was thought very good. As they were about the pottage, a charitable perſon brought twenty loaves of barley to *Eliſha*. The prophet bid his ſervant diſtribute this bread to his gueſts, but he replied, *What ſhould I ſet this before an hundred men?* Give it as you are bid, ſaid the prophet, *for, thus ſaith the Lord, they ſhall eat, and they ſhall leave thereof.*

thereof. The event verified the prediction; they were all ſatisfied, and ſome was left.

Lady Charlotte. Pray, what is barley bread? is it better than what we eat?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; it is made with barley, is very coarſe, and is only eaten by the poorer ſort.

Lady Charlotte. It muſt be owned, that the prophet treated very meanly thoſe that came to ſee him. Bitter pottage! Barley bread! As he might have what he wiſhed, why did he not pray to God for a better dinner to regale his company.

Mrs. Affable. This is really pleaſant and ſingular. Can you imagine, my dear, that God would have wrought a miracle to pleaſe their palate? No indeed; but he employs his almighty power to provide the poor with neceſſaries; and will not make uſe of miracles to beſtow on them that plenty, which would turn out ſo much to their prejudice. Dainty fare, fine clothes, treaſures, are only eſteemed as good things by the proud, the vain, the greedy, and the ſlothful. God ſets ſo little a value upon this ſort of good things, that he frequently allots them to the wicked; he reſerves for his friends patience in their poverty, ſickneſſes, and under many affronts, faith, hope, and charity, and all virtues which are the wealth of the ſoul.

Miſs Molly. Nevertheleſs he beſtowed very great riches on *Abraham*, who was his friend.

Mrs. Affable. Becauſe *Abraham* had made a generous ſacrifice of them to God, by leaving his country, and the houſe of his father. A man ſo faithful to God, as to ſacrifice, at his command, what was moſt dear to him, his only ſon, would hardly fix his heart on periſhable wealth. Upon this account, God, who foreſees all that is to come,

and knows it as well as what is preſent, gave him riches, which he foreknew *Abraham* would not miſuſe, but employ in good actions.

Lady Senſible. Then it often is very happy to be born poor.

Mrs. Affable. It is certain, my dear, that the poor have not ſo many occaſions of ſinning as the rich; but theſe on the other ſide, if they pleaſe, have opportunites of practiſing many and great virtues. But, beſides you may be poor with a hundred thouſand pounds a year, and a wicked rich man with ten pounds, nay, with ten ſhillings.

Lady Mary. How ſo, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. Mind what I am going to ſay, ladies. One day, a young man aſked of *Jeſus Chriſt* what he ſhould do to inherit eternal life. Keep the commandments, our Saviour anſwered. *All theſe,* ſaid the young man, *I have kept from my youth up. Jeſus* beholding him, *loved him. Sell that thou haſt,* our Lord ſaid, *and give to the poor; and come and follow me.* When the young man heard that ſaying, he went away ſorrowful, inſtead of following this advice, for he had great poſſeſſions. Then ſaid *Jeſus* unto his diſciples, *Verily I ſay unto you, that . . . . . it is eaſier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.* Now, as a camel, who far exceeds an ox in ſize, cannot go thorough the eye of a needle; in the ſame manner, a rich man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. This is certain; for *Jeſus Chriſt,* who cannot deceive us, has declared this truth with the ſtrongeſt aſſeverations.

Lady Lucy. You frighten me ſo, Mrs. *Affable,* that were I of age, and could diſpoſe of my fortune and eſtate, I would immediately ſell all, and give it to the poor.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. It is not I, but the goſpel, that frightens you, my dear. But take courage, whilſt you continue in this diſpoſition, that is, whilſt you find yourſelf ready to ſacrifice the wealth of this world to the ſafety of your ſoul, you will be truly poor in the ſenſe of the goſpel. When our bleſſed Lord declares, that a rich man cannot enter into his kingdom; he means the rich, who have a greater value for their wealth, than for him, and would not, upon occaſion, ſacrifice the good things of this world to their duty; and who would not ſtick at very evil actions, either to increaſe, or to keep their ſubſtance. A man with a fortune of an hundred thouſand pounds a year, who is diſpoſed to loſe all, rather than commit an injuſtice, ſuch a perſon is poor in ſpirit, and may hope for the kingdom of heaven. On the contrary, he that is worth ten pounds only, or ten ſhillings, or as many pence, would ſooner be perjured, or ſee his neighbour ſtarve, than run the hazard of loſing this money. Such a perſon is a wicked rich man, and a camel will paſs eaſier through the eye of a needle, than the other ſhall enter the kingdom of heaven.

Lady Witty. That explication, Mrs. *Affable*, was quite neceſſary; otherwiſe the words of *Chriſt* would have drove me quite diſtracted; for you know, madam, that I fall ſole heireſs to *papa*, who is extremely rich.

Mrs. Affable. Covetouſneſs will never be imputed to you; a generous temper has been your ſhare from your birth. Oh that you were as free from vanity, as you are from a diſorderly attachment to riches. But is every one of us clear of that paſſion?

Miſs Molly. I fear I am not, Mrs. *Affable*. *Mama* gives me here and there ſome ſhillings; I am

very choice of them, and keep them together in a little box; I believe I have got together ſome three guineas.

Mrs. Affable. Take care, my dear, of a vicious inclination to riches. The three guineas have taken poſſeſſion of your heart. You muſt not let them get the better of you; if they ſhould, you will contract a bad habit of loving money; when you grow up, you will grow hard-hearted to the poor, you will wrong yourſelf and others, and lock heaven-gates againſt you. Though covetouſneſs were no ſin, yet it would be an inclination which you ought carefully to reform; it is ſomething ſo very mean, and a diſhonour to perſons of rank. The greater we are, the greater our generoſity ſhould be. Beſides, to love money, in order to lock it up, is a degree of madneſs. What purpoſe does it ſerve, under lock and key, in a ſtrong box. Take care, ladies, not to forget this important point. I have read *Robinſon Cruſoe*'s adventures in Engliſh. He was ſhipwrecked, and came aſhore on an iſland, where he lived twenty-ſeven years. He had been there ſome years, when a ſhip was caſt away near the ſhore, ſo that *Robinſon* could go to the ſhip at low water. He found ſome gold in the captain's cabin; he threw it down in a rage, *what good,* ſaid he, *will this gold do me? I can neither eat, nor drink it; it will not cloathe me, nor could it cure me, were I out of order; a good proviſion of biſcuit, or half a dozen ſhirts, would be greatly more to the purpoſe.* Pray, Lady *Senſible,* give us the ſtory of *Pythius*; it comes admirably pat to the preſent ſubject.

Lady Senſible. Pythius was a prince of *Lydia,* who had many gold mines in his ſmall dominions. His poor ſubjects were uſed like ſlaves; he made them work night and day in the mines, without allowing them the leaſt reſpite. His princeſs, who had a very

very great ſhare of good ſenſe, was very deſirous of reforming this paſſion in the prince. For though he poſſeſſed ſuch quantities of gold, he was loth to ſpend any part of it even in neceſſaries; and his only pleaſure was to hoard it up. It happened one day, that *Pythius* had taken the diverſion of hunting, and returned from the chace with a very craving appetite. The princeſs took care to have great chargers full of wedges of gold ſerved up for dinner. The prince was much pleaſed with the ſight, and gazed ſome time at the gold with ſatisfaction. But this did not content his appetite; and he begged of the princeſs that he might have ſomething he could eat. *Now*, ſays the princeſs, *is not this what you like beſt? You jeſt*, ſays the prince, *I cannot feed on gold, and I might ſtarve, though I had in poſſeſſion all the treaſures of that rich metal, which the world can afford. Therefore*, ſays the princeſs, *it muſt be a great folly to have ſo ſtrong a paſſion for a thing that lies uſeleſs in your cheſts. Be perſuaded, my dear prince, that ſums locked up are not wealth, and are only of ſervice, when they are properly exchanged for the neceſſaries of life. Pythius* took the hint given him by his prudent princeſs. He was ſo altered, that he became as generous as he had been covetous before.

Lady Louiſa. But the young man, mentioned in the goſpel, had made a good uſe of his ſubſtance, ſince Chriſt loved him, who would not have loved him, had he been avaricious. He could not then be a wicked rich man; and yet, by the words of *Jeſus Chriſt*, it ſhould ſeem as if he had loſt heaven by not renouncing his fortune. It is then neceſſary, for ſalvation, that we ſell all we have, and give it to the poor.

Mrs. Affable. Endeavour, my dear, to underſtand clearly what I have to ſay to you on this

head. In the holy goſpel we meet with *precepts*, and with counſels. Love your enemies, do good to them, ſhare your ſubſtance with the poor, be modeſt, do not do that evil to others, which you would not have them do to you; theſe are *precepts*. They regard all men; not one is excepted in the whole univerſe from the obſervance of theſe laws, nor can any one be admitted into heaven, that does not practiſe theſe commandments. But as I have ſaid before, beſides the commandments there are counſels, which are not for all, but only for perſons, whom God calls to a ſtate of the greateſt perfection. *Sell all that you have and give to the poor; whoſoever ſhall ſmite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other alſo*; if any one . . . . . will take away thy coat, *let him have thy cloak alſo.* Theſe are called evangelical counſels, and many of them are read in the holy goſpels.

Lady Louiſa. But, Mrs. *Affable*, the perſons whom God calls to the practice of theſe counſels, are under much greater difficulties to work their ſalvation, than others. Are they not?

Mrs. Affable. Quite otherwiſe, lady. But philoſophy, I mean reaſon, muſt make that out; and this point ſhall be diſcuſſed in our firſt morning's leſſon.

Lady Lucy. And why does God call only ſome, and not all, to the practice of the evangelical counſels?

Mrs. Affable. It is not the part of ſuch poor diminutive mortals as we are to dive into the ſecrets of the Almighty. We may, however, form ſome conjectures, when we call to mind the words of the ſacred text.

The young man had kept the commandments from his youth upwards, and upon this account *Jeſus* loved him. What greater proof of his love could

could this divine Saviour give, than this call to the greateſt perfection? This was the reward of his fidelity in the obſervance of God's commandments. Beſides our Saviour diſcovered perhaps ſome diſpoſition in this young man to covetouſneſs, and which might incline him to commit ſome offence of that nature. Hence the favour was very great from our Saviour, who adviſed him to part with worldly wealth, that he might be perfect, and more out of danger.

Miſs Zina. Good God! Mrs. *Affable*; ſince this youth had not courage enough to renounce his poſſeſſions, why did not God ſtrip him of this worldly ſubſtance againſt his will?

Mrs. Affable. This young man, in that caſe, might have offended by lamenting his loſſes, and murmuring againſt providence. God who created us without us, will not ſave us without our concurrence with his grace. He called this young man, and St. *Matthew*, who was alſo rich. The firſt rejects, the ſecond obeys his call, and quits all things. Both had the ſame vocation, but as they were both free, they were at liberty either to comply, or to reject it, as they did. But we muſt ſtop here; we have not time to go on with this ſubject.

Lady Lucy (with a whiſper to Mrs. *Affable*). Mrs. *Affable*, Miſs *Zina* begs, of all things, to come to the private converſation you are ſo good to allow us.

Mrs. Affable. Let her come with you, my dear; I ſhall receive her with pleaſure.

DIALOGUE XI.

Lady LOUISA, *Lady* LUCY, *Miſs* ZINA, *Mrs.* AFFABLE.

Miſs ZINA.

MRS. *Affable*, I gratefully acknowledge the ſingular favour you do me in admitting me to the private conference you have with theſe ladies. They have favoured me with an account of the ſubject of your laſt converſation. It is of the laſt importance, and I propoſe the greateſt pleaſure to myſelf in making an advantage of your uſeful inſtructions.

Mrs. Affable. As theſe ladies have informed you with what was diſcuſſed in our laſt converſation, we will go on if you pleaſe. Has Lady *Louiſa* examined how ſhe employs her time, as well as how ſhe amuſes and diverts herſelf according to the rules which I preſcribed her?

Lady Louiſa. I have, Mrs. *Affable.* The diverſions I commonly take are the public ſhews; I mean the plays and the *operas*, balls, aſſemblies, gaming, taking the air, ſometimes a little reading. What need of examining ſuch things? I don't find they have any harm in their nature.

Mrs. Affable. What is your opinion, Lady *Lucy?*

Lady Lucy. I cannot be of Lady *Louiſa*'s opinion. In comedies, I find, they talk very idly. 'Tis not ſo in tragedies; but the beſt of them deliver ſentiments very oppoſite to the ſpirit of chriſtianity. There revenge is commended and approved, ambition meets with the greateſt applauſe; in a word, Mrs. *Affable*, after the fineſt tragedy, I obſerve, that the things of God leave my heart, and are ſucceeded

ceeded by worldly maxims, which I renounced at baptiſm. Moreover the very *modeſteſt* tragedy has at the beginning ſome epiſode not altogether ſo, and ends with a farce, which, commonly ſpeaking, is downright infamous.

Mrs. Affable. If Lady *Lucy* judge right, ladies, we muſt conclude, that comedies, ſuch as are exhibited now-a-days, are very bad, and that the tragedies are at leaſt dangerous. I ſay ſuch comedies as are acted at this time. If the gentlemen authors would introduce proper comedies to the ſtage, it might become a fit ſchool for youth. The French have ſeveral pieces, that are very well adapted to inſtil good morals. Such plays may be reſorted to with a good conſcience; but I am bold to maintain, that a perſon who regards his ſalvation, cannot be preſent at the other performances. I ſaw t'other day a company of young ladies, who went to ſee *Amphitryo* acted. Well! it is a ſcandalous play, and for my part I cannot conceive how any woman dares to appear there.

Miſs Zina. I own, Mrs. *Affable,* I am determined never to go to any play, without knowing preciſely what is to be exhibited. I was at the play-houſe lately with my ſiſter, I had like to have died with ſhame and confuſion, I was twenty times in a mind to quit the *houſe.*

Lady Louiſa. Very probably, ladies, you are more ſuſceptible than I am of an impreſſion. Firſt, there are ſeveral things that may have a bad tendency, which I don't underſtand; in the next place, thoſe I underſtand are without any conſequence; they come in at one ear, and go out at the other.

Mrs. Affable. Let us be ſincere, my dear. Can you perſuade us, that ſuch idle ſtuff as you hear at a comedy never comes into your thoughts?

Lady Louiſa. I don't ſay that, Mrs. *Affable*; I ſhould offend againſt truth, if I did; 'tis only driving thoſe thoughts away, and turning one's attention to ſomething elſe.

Mrs. Affable. Can you imagine, madam, that it is in your power always to reſiſt bad thoughts by your own ſtrength? can you do this without particular helps from God, and do you think, that theſe particular helps will be always at hand, when you expoſe yourſelf without any neceſſity to danger? Would you chuſe to take poiſon daily, becauſe you have ſome time or other taken an antidote with ſucceſs? Is there no reaſon to apprehend, that this antidote, which has been often of ſervice, may fail upon ſome occaſion, which would coſt you your life? at leaſt might not you juſtly apprehend that ſo long a habit of taking poiſon muſt affect your conſtitution, and bring on death? Have you ever conſidered ſeriouſly, that a thought only, to which you give conſent, is the death of the ſoul? You may tell me, that you ſee a comedy with pleaſure; but, dear madam, put this pleaſure in a ſcale, and the trouble of reſiſting dangerous thoughts in another; I am ſure you will find there is no compariſon. You tell me moreover, that you don't underſtand the greateſt part of that vile language; this, if ſo, muſt be very tedious; but don't you ſee the geſtures, and the looſe actions of the performers. Beſides, the gentlemen, who ſee you at ſuch plays, can they believe, that you don't underſtand what is ſaid? Will they not on the contrary pretend a juſt right to entertain you with ſuch diſcourſes as you hear with pleaſure from the actors. We are ſurprized with the inſolent behaviour of men, and their looſe converſation. Comedies make this ſtile too familiar and common. I am not for giving you any ridiculous ſcruple upon

on this matter; ſpeak freely. Have I exceeded in any thing I have ſaid?

Lady Lucy. I think not, Mrs. *Affable*; and I am quite willing to renounce a diverſion, which ſooner or later may make me offend God.

Lady Louiſa. I have not quite ſo much courage, but my reſolution is taken; I will only go to tragedies, and leave the houſe before the farce begins.

Miſs Zina. Mrs. *Affable*, we are ſometimes at liberty to do as we pleaſe; but this does not always depend upon us. If mama will have me at a play ſhe likes, muſt I make a preachment, and tell her, that ſhe is in the wrong, and that I cannot in conſcience accompany her to ſuch a repreſentation? If a gentleman will have his lady to the playhouſe on a day, for which he has engaged a party, or ſet of company, muſt ſhe get another play acted, or muſt ſhe quarrel with her huſband, and refuſe complying with him?

Mrs. Affable. I am really ſurpriſed, ladies; differences between huſbands and wives ſeldom happen upon ſuch occaſions, it is commonly otherwiſe; even thoſe mothers, who appear the leaſt religious, are not diſpleaſed with their daughters being greatly ſo; it is only to pleaſe them, that they bring them to theſe ſhews. A reaſonable woman may deal with her huſband as ſhe pleaſes. But, in ſhort, I will ſuppoſe, that he inſiſts upon her accompanying him to parties of pleaſure, that are dangerous (if they ſhould be abſolutely evil, there is no doubt but ſhe muſt diſobey) in this caſe a young perſon, a chriſtian, inſtead of going with pleaſure to ſuch meetings, would appear there under the greateſt terror; ſhe would have recourſe to prayer, and ſolid reflections for obtaining ſtrength from heaven; and God, who knows the heart, would give her great

and

and powerful graces to preſerve her in dangers, to which ſhe had not voluntarily expoſed herſelf.

Lady Louiſa. It is a ſad thing to be under a neceſſity of giving up almoſt all our comedies, by their fault who have the ordering of the entertainment. I am almoſt in a mind to join with a good many ladies, that we may go in a body to Mr. G—rr—k, and declare, that none of us intend for the future appearing at any of his beſt tragedies, unleſs he take care that the farce, or whatever entertainment is exhibited, be modeſt and innocent. He has indeed, for ſome time, had a *pantomime* where there is no idle language, for nothing is ſaid; but, to make up matters, the ſubject is immoral, and the actions are ſuited to the ſubject. But what do you ſay of a ball, Mrs. *Affable?* Is that alſo evil in itſelf? For my part, I look upon it as a wholeſome exerciſe.

Mrs. Affable. I am againſt balls, but you may dance as much as you pleaſe; you have my conſent to dance a whole day every week, provided you dance only among you, ladies, without any gentlemen.

Lady Louiſa. That would be extremely tedious, Mrs. *Affable,* for ladies to dance together; we are got into a habit of dancing with gentlemen *.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Louiſa* has forgot, that a ball is a neceſſary exerciſe for health. She muſt own, that health is only a pretext; and I muſt tell you, that I had rather ſee you at ſeveral of our comedies, than at a ball. Give me your attention, ladies, and let me ſpeak my mind freely and plainly. We come into the world weak and inclined to evil. Thoſe only, who have not examined their hearts, and are of courſe ſtrangers to their inclinations,

* This anſwer has been made to the author very frequently, and was repeated no longer ago than laſt year.

will diſpute this truth; but it does not follow, that they are without this bent to evil, becauſe they have not diſcovered it in the heart, which they have overlooked; and this bent or biaſs of nature is a ready diſpoſition to evil, and which does not want any help to break out. Of all the corrupt inclinations which reign in our hearts, a deſire of pleaſing is without diſpute the moſt violent. Hence ariſes in the ladies, love of dreſs, jealouſy, pride; and ſometimes there appears among theſe vicious fruits a vying one with another, a deſire to excel, and the amendment of ſome groſſer defects. A ball is an occaſion, where this predominant paſſion gathers freſh ſtrength and vigour. If we examine this deſire thoroughly, we only go to a ball to ſatisfy this paſſion. But where is the harm, you will ſay, in deſiring to pleaſe? the moſt circumſpect perſon of the ſex may go in purſuit of this advantage, if ſhe has not any particular perſon in view that ſhe ſeeks to pleaſe. Let it be ſo; though even this is far from truth. Can you, ladies, tell me ſincerely; can you think, that among a croud of gentlemen, whom you deſire to pleaſe, there will be none that ſhall pleaſe you? Still you will urge this is no crime. We are of age to ſettle in the world, and it is very proper, that ſome one pleaſe us to enter upon a married ſtate.

Well and good, ladies! and for that very reaſon, were it in my power, not one of you ſhould ever go to a ball.

Lady Louiſa. I don't very well underſtand this way of arguing, Mrs. *Affable*. You agree with us, that, to enter upon a married ſtate, we muſt find a perſon that pleaſes us. You would do better if you owned, that a ball is the only occaſion, where one may diſcover and know the tempers of perſons;

perſons; there is commonly leſs reſtraint at a ball, and there generally begin acquaintances, which end in a marriage. Pray don't think, that I am at all deſirous of being married. I am very happy as I am, and, if I may determine for myſelf, I don't think of ſettling, till I am two and twenty years of age. I talk in general only, and in favour of a diverſion, which I am pleaſed with.

Mrs. Affable. Now tell me, my dear, who are they that are conſtantly at balls?

Lady Louiſa. All that are fond of diverſions.

Mrs. Affable. But is it among this ſet of men, that you are to find rational perſons?

Lady Louiſa. Why not? am I not rational, tho' I am fond of balls?

Mrs. Affable. If I ſaid you was not, my dear, you would look upon me as very unequitable; but if I prove it, what will you ſay then? Conſider yourſelf, firſt as a chriſtian, and next as a rational being; and you will ſee, that in both thoſe points of view, you muſt of neceſſity condemn balls.

Miſs Zina. I confeſs, Mrs. *Affable*, that a ball does not appear, in my judgment, to carry with it any oppoſition to chriſtianity.

Lady Lucy. To me it ſeems very contrary to reaſon. For inſtance, I ſpend a night at a ball, and during the whole time the mind is taken up with my eyes and feet; I make no uſe of my reaſon, and I become a mere piece of mechaniſm, that looks about and dances. Reaſon has no ſhare here, and the whole night is loſt. The day that preceded the ball was employed no better. The whole time was taken up in dreſſing. If I conſider next the time after the ball is over, that is ſtill worſe. I get home ſo much tired and ſpent, that there is no talking of prayer before bed-time; but if I de-

ſire to ſay my prayers, I either fall aſleep, or am taken up with what I have ſeen. The morning is ſpent in ſleeping, or I awake with my head full of the diverſion of the night paſt; my morning prayers are affected with the ſame thoughts, as well as every other exerciſe; and I am two or three days, before I can recover the ball. It does not end here. If I get into a habit of loving balls, when I come to be my own miſtreſs, I ſhall be for frequenting them as often as I can. If I yield to this paſſion, reaſon has no part in above half my life; the blood will be heated, and health deſtroyed by the unreaſonable hours of reſt. Whilſt I ſleep, my children, if I have any, the ſervants are under no rule, I cannot keep any order in the family; that muſt be left to a houſekeeper; and I muſt take upon me the guilt of all the faults committed at my houſe. If I ſhould take a reſolution to keep from balls, I ſhall be quite miſerable upon thoſe days I am abſent; or rather, in ſpite of my reſolution, I ſhall go to avoid that diſtreſs; for a bad habit is almoſt ſure to prevail.

Mrs. Affable. Very little can be added to what Lady *Lucy* has ſaid; but the little I have to ſay is of the laſt importance. Gentlemen at balls take the liberty to ſay many things, which they would not care to do elſewhere. The gentleman, who is your partner, looks upon you as an acquaintance, though he has never ſeen you before. He muſt keep you company, when you would reſt after the fatigue of dancing. What muſt the converſation turn upon? your charms, his happineſs in ſuch a partner, and your graceful manner of dancing? A fine converſation indeed! but yet it is modeſt. The tumult of a ball, which keeps you at a diſtance from the ladies your mothers, expoſes you to ſomething ſtill worſe; it may happen, that your imagination

gination, heated by that exerciſe, will not be ſo much guarded againſt ſurpriſe, as to perceive immediately the indecency of the language you hear. Do not flatter yourſelves, ladies; a young perſon at a ball loſes ſome part of a becoming timidity or baſhfulneſs. There ſhe gives her hand to a gentleman, ſhe ſkips and figures with him; to perform genteely ſhe muſt look him in the face, and be affectedly preciſe, when ſhe gives her hand. She cannot find fault, if he fix his eyes on her, and even in the boldeſt manner. Have I exaggerated, Lady *Louiſa?* Are Lady *Lucy*'s remarks unjuſt?

Miſs Zina. I was at a ball laſt year, and ſo tired when I got home, that I fell aſleep, whilſt I was undreſſing. The next morning a brother of mine came to my room. Dear ſiſter, he ſaid, I very much fear you went to ſleep without ſaying your prayers. I owned, I had not ſo much as thought of that duty. Oh! dear ſiſter, he ſaid, is it poſſible a Chriſtian ſhall go to bed, uncertain whether ſhe ſhall riſe again, without examining whether ſhe ſhall be in a ſtate and condition to appear in the preſence of God, without recommending her ſoul to her Creator, and without begging pardon for the offences incurred that day. His words made ſuch an impreſſion, that I have never fallen into the ſame fault ſince. Let me be never ſo ſleepy, that thought keeps me awake.

Mrs. Affable. You give me a great idea of your brother. I dare ſay he is an enemy to balls, and ſuch aſſemblies ..... But what ails you, Lady *Louiſa?* you look very ſad.

Lady Louiſa. I am really as I look; I ſtill repeat what I ſaid lately; it is very diſagreeable to give up all pleaſures; you promiſed me other paſtimes in lieu of thoſe; pray point them out with all the

the diſpatch that is poſſible, I want to be acquainted with thoſe better diverſions.

Mrs. Affable. Pray aſk Lady *Lucy*, whether time has hung heavy on her hands for theſe two months paſt, that ſhe has forſaken moſt of theſe frivolous amuſements.

Lady Lucy. No indeed, Mrs. *Affable*, and I may venture to aſſure Lady *Louiſa*, that I have never been ſo happy in my life.

Lady Louiſa. Do, my dear friend, tell me out of charity how you ſpend your time. When I have renounced all theſe diverſions, I ſhall certainly find the days intolerably long.

Lady Lucy. And I, my dear, find them ſo ſhort, that I have not half the time I could wiſh and employ. I riſe ſome time before eight; half a quarter goes in dreſſing. At eight I ſay my prayers, and make ſome reflections, or a ſort of meditation.

Lady Louiſa. What are theſe reflections, or this ſort of meditation?

Lady Lucy. I will tell you, ladies; but don't imagine they are mine. They were ſuggeſted by Mrs. *Affable*; ſhe put me into a method of ſpending my time which makes me find it ſo ſhort.

Mrs. Affable. You tell my ſecrets, my dear; that is not fair. But I hear the young ladies coming; this converſation muſt be put off to ſome other time.

DIALOGUE XII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE did not go through with our ſtories laſt time, and we forgot geography. We muſt begin with thoſe.

Miſs Molly. The general of the king of *Syria's* armies was called *Naaman.* He was very dear to his ſovereign as being an expert commander, and a perſon of great worth; but he laboured under a great misfortune; he was a leper, that is, he was covered with a horrible ſcab from head to foot. There was an *Iſraelite* maid at *Naaman's* houſe, that had been taken and brought off a captive; as ſhe met with very good uſage, ſhe wiſhed her maſter well, and very much compaſſionated the melancholy condition to which ſhe ſaw him reduced. I am ſure, ſaid ſhe one day to her miſtreſs, that the prophet *Eliſha* would cure my maſter, if he would go to him. *Naaman* acquainted the king with this; that prince gives him a letter, whereby he begs of the king of *Iſrael* to cure *Naaman* of his leproſy. The king of *Iſrael* upon receiving the letter rent his garments, as it was then the cuſtom, when perſons were under great trouble. Am I God, ſaid he, to have power of healing the ſick? It is very plain, that the king of *Syria* only ſeeks a pretext for a quarrel. *Eliſha* hearing this, ſends a meſſage to the king of *Iſrael* to this purport, Why haſt thou rent thy clothes? let the man come to me and he ſhall know, that there is a pro-

prophet of the true God in *Iſrael*. *Naaman* came to the door of *Eliſha's* houſe, the prophet ſent him word by a meſſenger to go and waſh ſeven times in the *Jordan*. *Naaman* was greatly provoked, and ſaid, I thought he would have come out to me, and called on the name of his God, and touched the leproſy. Have not we as good rivers in *Syria* as the *Jordan?* He was going off in great wrath, when one of his ſervants ſaid, Father, if the prophet had bid thee do ſome great thing thou wouldeſt have done it. Why wilt thou refuſe to do a thing that is ſo eaſy. *Naaman* thought his ſervants judged well, and having bathed ſeven times in the *Jordan*, was cured of his leproſy. Then he came to give thanks to the prophet, and brought him moſt noble preſents, and made a promiſe that he would worſhip no other gods but the God of *Iſrael*. *Eliſha*, though very poor, as you have ſeen, would not receive any gift from *Naaman*, which diſpleaſed the prophet's ſervant. After *Naaman* went, the covetous ſervant followed him, and ſaid, Lord, two ſons of prophets, that are very poor, are come to my maſter's, who bid me run after *Naaman*, and beg ſome money, and two changes of garments for them. *Naaman* gave him what he aſked, and the prophet's ſervant concealed the money and garments in a ſecret place. When *Eliſha* ſaw him, whence comeſt thou, ſaid the prophet? thy ſervant, he anſwered, went no whither. Went not mine heart with thee, when thou receiveſt the money and the clothes? keep them. But the leproſy of *Naaman* ſhall cleave to thee, and thy poſterity for ever; and the ſervant went from his preſence immediately, covered with a leproſy, in puniſhment of his covetouſneſs, his thieving and lying.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. You ſee what an ugly vice covetouſneſs is. The prophet's ſervant, for the ſake of money, becomes a thief and a liar. It is a paſſion of a different character from others; and inſtead of abating, as they do, increaſes with age. Go on, Lady *Charlotte*, and after our ſtories, I will relate to you the diſaſtrous death of two miſers in our days.

Lady Charl. The king of *Syria*, who wanted to ruin the kingdom of *Iſrael*, often ſent troops that way upon enterprizes againſt the *Iſraelites*, but for the moſt part they were not attended with ſucceſs; for the prophet *Eliſha* gave notice of their deſigns to the king of *Iſrael* to be upon his guard. The king of *Syria*, ſeeing all his deſigns diſcovered, thought he was betrayed by ſome of his ſubjects. His ſervants aſſured him of their fidelity; but don't you know, ſaid they, that the prophet *Eliſha* knows every word you ſay, though even to yourſelf in your apartment. The king, to be revenged of *Eliſha*, ſent a great number of ſoldiers to take him in a town where he was. The ſight of ſuch numbers threw *Eliſha*'s ſervant into great frights: but don't you ſee, ſaid *Eliſha*, that thoſe who defend us, exceed them greatly in number? With that he begged of God to open the eyes of his ſervant, who that inſtant beheld the mountain covered with horſes and flaming chariots. At the ſame time God at the inſtance of the prophet dazzled the eyes of thoſe who came to take him; and *Eliſha* ſpeaking to them, follow me, ſaid he, I will lead you to a place, where you will find the perſon you ſeek. They followed; he brought them to *Samaria*, the capital of the kingdom of *Iſrael*. There their eyes were opened, and they were ſtruck with the greateſt dread to ſee themſelves among their enemies, and in their power. The king of

Iſrael

Iſrael adviſed with *Eliſha*, *Shall I*, ſaid he to the prophet, *ſmite them?* No, anſwered he; but ſet meat and drink before them. Theſe ſervants of the king of *Syria* returned to their maſter, and reported the kind treatment they had met with; which affected him ſo much, that the *Iſraelites* continued ſome time unmoleſted.

During theſe tranſactions the ſons of the prophets, who had gathered in great numbers on mount *Carmel* to *Eliſha*, and were ſtreightened for lodgings near him, begged that he would accompany them to cut down timber, for the building of ſome huts. The prophet conſented, and one of them having dropt his axe-head into the water, came under a great deal of trouble to acquaint him with his misfortune. What grieved him more was, that the axe did not belong to him, but had been borrowed. The man of God comforted him, and aſking him where it fell, he cut down a ſtick, which he caſt in, and the iron ſwam.

Mrs. Affable. Pleaſe to take notice, ladies, that the beſt way to diſarm our enemies is to return good for evil. Had *Eliſha* conſented to the deſtruction of thoſe perſons, he would have failed of procuring that reſpite of war for the *Iſraelites*.

Moreover, pray remark the providence of God over his ſervants. Were our eyes opened we ſhould perceive, that God incompaſſes us on all ſides with his helps to guard us againſt infinite dangers, which threaten us from all quarters. How many dreadful accidents have we eſcaped under his protection? This will appear at the day of judgment.

Lady Mary. Mrs. *Affable*, you promiſed us a ſtory.

Mrs. Affable. It is about one *Monſieur Tardieu*, who was a magiſtrate and a judge. I make free with

with the man's name, becauſe the ſtory it publickly known. He was covetous to exceſs, and deſired to be married. Beauty, youth and virtue was not thought on by him; he wanted a woman that was rich, and as griping as himſelf. He found one to his mind; for there never was, I believe, ſuch a pinch-penny; the huſband compared to her might be thought a generous perſon. With this wife he was abſolutely ruined; a volume would not ſuffice to deſcribe their ſordidneſs and dirty actions. She began with turning all the ſervants out of doors; and then contrived all ſorts of means to get or to ſave money. Inſtead of adminiſtring he ſold juſtice; the guilty, if they were but rich, were ſure to be acquitted. His temper was well known, and whoever had a bad cauſe made him handſome preſents. She had once two turkeys brought her; ſhe kept the leſs; the larger and heavier was ſent to market to be ſold; but gueſs at the exceſs of her deſpair, when ſhe was informed, that the counſel, who ſent her the turkey ſhe had ſold, had ſtuffed it well with gold; ſhe was like to have gone quite diſtracted. She ſtole whatever ſhe could lay her hands on, and could not go into a paſtry-cook's, without carrying off ſome biſcuits at leaſt. The paſtry-cook, to be even with her, ſaving your favour, put a vomit into a biſcuit, which he took care ſhould be left in her way. It had its proper effect, and made her very ſick. She contrived petticoats for herſelf out of the *Satin-theſes* * preſented to her huſband. I have

* The following note may be of ſervice to the young ladies in England, for the underſtanding of what is meant by *Satin-Theſes*. In public diſputes, whether on points of philoſophy or divinity, which are frequent in univerſities, colleges, &c. abroad, the heads or articles of ſciences, that are to be maintained and made good by a young ſcholar, or candidate to ſhew

have told you already, that ſhe had parted with all her ſervants, and lived alone with her huſband; ſhe had ſecret locks to every door, which they only knew how to open; an uſeleſs precaution, which did not prevent their diſaſtrous end. Thieves found their way into the houſe, and murthered her and her huſband; but, as they were unacquainted with the locks, could not get out. They were found in one of the chimnies, where they endeavoured to conceal themſelves, but their puniſhment did not reſtore life to thoſe wretched miſers, whom no one pitied.

Lady Mary. Mrs. *Affable*, you told us in our laſt leſſon, that prince *Pythius* had mines of gold. Pray what is meant by mines?

Mrs. Affable. You ſee, my dear, on the upper viſible part or ſurface of the earth, trees, fruits, flowers, and graſs growing. Well! within the earth metals are formed, among which gold is the moſt precious and moſt perfect.

Lady Mary. How, Mrs. *Affable!* are guineas found in the ground like cabbages in a garden?

Mrs. Affable. Not quite ſo, my dear: at firſt the gold is found mixed with earth. When a diſcovery is made of a gold mine, or when there is

ſhew his proficiency, or to be admitted to ſome degree, the points to be debated are printed, and diſtributed to the perſons invited to the diſpute; but for choice friends, whom they deſire to diſtinguiſh, they are printed on *ſatin*. They are called *theſes*, and out of the preſents of this kind *Monſieur Tardieu*'s notable wife found herſelf petticoats. The language of the *theſes* is generally latin. *Boileau*, who alſo relates this ſtory, ſays, Satyr X.

..... ſon jupon bigarré de latin
Qu' enſemble compoſoient trois *theſes* de ſatin.
In Engliſh.
And Theſes *three printed on Satin*
Made her a petticoat of Latin.

a probable gueſs, that there is one to be found, deep holes or pits are made, where they let down men, who are often buried under the earth, that ſhrinks down upon them. They draw up ſeveral baſkets of the earth, that is mixt with gold, which they underſtand how to ſeparate from each other. The gold is carried to the mint to be coined into guineas.

Miſs Bella. Lord! Mrs. *Affable,* the poor people employed in the mines are greatly to be pitied.

Lady Witty. Thoſe that go to the bottom of the ſea for pearls have ſtill greater hardſhips. I read ſome time ago, that they meet with large fiſhes, that devour them.

Lady Mary. That muſt be a banter, madam; can there be a fiſh big enough to devour a man?

Mrs. Affable. There are ſuch indeed, my dear; there are fiſhes as large as this room, others as big as a houſe; thoſe are whales; but they do no miſchief to the poor fiſhers for pearls. There are many others not near that ſize, but extremely dangerous. The ſhark, for inſtance, is not bigger than a calf; but his teeth are as ſharp as razors, and at once bites off a leg or a thigh of a man. 'Tis very happy that they are ſeen coming at a diſtance. A friend of mine, who has been a great traveller, told me, that being at ſea in a great calm, he took a fancy to bathe. He was let down into the ſea, and held by a rope. He deſcried immediately one of theſe cruel animals; he juſt had time to give a ſign to be hoiſted, that is, to be drawn up by the rope. When he was out of the water, and almoſt on board, the ſhark ſprung up into the air to catch his leg, which very luckily he miſſed

Lady

Lady Charlotte. I uſed to be concerned for the fiſh taken by fiſhers. 'Twas a pity, thought I, to kill thoſe poor creatures, that did no harm; but now any one has my conſent to deſtroy them; it will not give me the leaſt trouble.

Miſs Rural. We have large ponds about us at home, and they often fiſh there. The firſt time I ſaw this ſport I burſt out into tears with ſeeing the poor fiſh ſtruggling and toſſing about in the graſs before they died; but this thought came into my head. They fiſh with a line and hook, baited with a worm, or a little fiſh; well! thought I, if the larger fiſh had ſpared their ſmall neighbours, they had a chance to eſcape; their cruelty to their fellow creatures is the cauſe of their being taken; they don't deſerve pity. From that time I learned to fiſh without any concern for thoſe I catch. The larger ſort, who prey upon the leſs, deſerve to meet with thoſe, that will eat them in their turn.

Lady Witty. That is but juſt; but to return to our fiſhers for pearls, they are brought up from their youth to hold their breath, and are called *divers*. After they are uſed to bear being ſome time under water without breathing, they are provided with a baſket, that hangs before them; they ſlip a rope under both their arms; a cord is tied to one hand; the other end of this laſt is fixed to a bell on the ſide of the boat. Thus equipt they are let down into the bottom of the ſea, where they make all the diſpatch they can to fill their baſkets with oiſters. When they are full, or when they cannot hold their breath any longer, they ring the bell, and are drawn up, after which they go down again. What is very particular, is that, as ſome ſay, they can tell by feeling, whether there be any large pearl within, and that ſometimes they open the oiſters and ſwallow the pearls.

Mrs. Affable. I have been told the ſame, but I think it is hardly credible; or, if true, the folly of men is beyond imagination, who ſet no value on life, when they are bent upon enriching themſelves; it is certain they run a very great hazard of being ſmothered, whilſt they are opening the oiſters. Miſs *Sophy*, we ſhall be glad to hear your ſtory.

Miſs Sophy. The *Iſraelites*, after a ſhort-lived peace with the *Syrians*, ſaw the war break out afreſh; and the king of *Syria* laid ſiege to *Samaria*. Proviſions were ſo ſcarce as to bring on an incredible famine; the head of an aſs ſold for fourſcore pieces of ſilver, and a ſmall meaſure of pigeons dung for five.

As the king of *Iſrael* was paſſing by one day on the wall, a poor woman begged of him to do her juſtice. What wrong has been done to you, ſays the king? Lord, ſhe anſwered, this woman my neighbour, and I, agreed to eat our children. My ſon was boiled yeſterday, and I gave her half; ſhe has hid her ſon to day, and refuſes to give me the half of him, as we had agreed. The king, ſtruck with horror, rent his garments; and the people ſaw that he had a ſackcloth within upon his fleſh, to deprecate the juſt ſeverity of an offended God. He ought, inſtead of wearing ſackcloth, to have renounced his evil ways; but this was far from his thoughts; on the contrary, he fell into an exceſs of rage, and vowed under the ſtrongeſt imprecations againſt himſelf, he would take off *Eliſha's* head. As he was about to execute his wicked deſign, *Eliſha*, who ſat at home with the elders, ſaid to them, do not you know, that this ſon of a murtherer has ſent to take away mine head? the king followed the perſon he ſent, and the prophet ſpoke in the name of the Lord to this effect. To-

morrow

morrow about this time ſhall a meaſure of fine flour be ſold for a ſhekel, and two meaſures of barley for a ſhekel, at the gate of *Samaria*. A lord who waited upon the king, ſaid to *Eliſha*, unleſs God ſhould make windows in heaven to pour down proviſions, it is impoſſible. *Eliſha* took him up with his prediction, thou ſhalt ſee it with thine eyes, but ſhalt not eat thereof.

Mean while, God alarmed the *Syrians* with the noiſe of many chariots and horſes, upon which, as they concluded that a powerful army was coming to the relief of *Samaria*, they retired with great precipitation, and abandoned their baggage and ammunition. Not one remained in their camp; but this event was not yet known in the town. In thoſe days lepers were not permitted to live in towns, but were obliged to ſtay without the gates. Four lepers, almoſt famiſhed, took a reſolution to deliver themſelves up to the *Syrians*; it was better they thought to be diſpatched by the *Syrians*, than to die of hunger. Their ſurpriſe was great, when they found the camp forſaken by the enemy; and after they had eat and drank they took what pleaſed them moſt, and laid it by privately. They ſoon began to feel a remorſe for not imparting this agreeable piece of intelligence to the people of *Samaria*; they returned to the town; and as it was night it was thought proper to wake the king. He thought at firſt this might be a ſlight of the *Syrians*, to draw them into an ambuſcade, and to be better informed, he ſent off two men on horſeback. No more could be ſpared, the reſt having been eat up, ſo that only five horſes remained alive. The two men that were diſpatched found the roads entirely covered with clothes, and other things, which the *Syrians* had thrown away to fly the faſter, and brought

this account to the king. The people crowded from *Samaria* to the enemies camp; but to prevent diſorders at the gate, the king commanded the lord, who doubted of *Eliſha's* prediction, to take his poſt there. He ſaw the great quantity of proviſions that was brought in, and ſold very cheap, but never taſted of it, for the people trod upon him in the gate, and he died. Thus was accompliſhed the propheſy which the Lord had made by his ſervant.

Miſs Bella. This ſtory makes one's hair ſtand on end. What! a mother eat her child?

Miſs Sophy. I have heard, Mrs. *Affable*, that there are nations who kill their parents, when they are aged, and then eat them; is it true?

Mrs. Affable. The *Iroqueſe*, a nation of *North America*, had that cuſtom, but have now laid it aſide. Don't think, children, that this was done out of any ill-will. Far from it; when the Europeans came amongſt them, and they were informed, that we let old people live, and buried them after their death, they thought us very cruel. What barbarity, they ſaid, to let thoſe ſuffer the infirmities of age, and then to put them into a hole for a prey to worms? We have, they went on, a far greater affection for our parents; we ſpare them all the inconveniencies of a decrepit old age; and we find them a grave in our ſtomachs. Eating our parents, recals to us the memory of their celebrated actions, we transfuſe their courage into ourſelves and our poſterity.

Lady Mary. When I was a very little one, Mrs. *Affable* would joke with me, and propoſe my being a queen among thoſe good people.

Mrs. Affable. It was never meant to laugh at you, my dear; I was endeavouring to diſcover how you was diſpoſed in mind, and I was a good deal

deal edified with what I obſerved. Yes indeed, ladies, I told my dear little *Mary*, that the queens in that country were only cloathed with ſkins or hides, their necklaces were ſtrings of ſhells, they often lay in the ſnow, and were over and above very poorly fed. I aſſure you, that all this did not in the leaſt put her out of conceit, and ſhe was willing to take up with all theſe inconveniencies, provided it would be a means to make the true God known among thoſe poor people, and to bring them to live in ſociety among one another.

Miſs Molly. Don't they know, that there is a God; don't they behold the heavens and this earth? can they think that all theſe fine things were made without a God?

Mrs. Affable. You reaſon very well, my dear; the moſt barbarous nations are ſtruck with the ſight and conſideration of this beautiful univerſe, and have perfectly underſtood, that men not being in any capacity to conſtruct this admirable fabric, there muſt neceſſarily be ſome being ſuperior to man, to whom their reſpect and adoration was due. Every nation has framed different ideas in this regard. The *Peruvians*, as well as *Mexicans*, adored the ſun. The *Iroqueſe* and other ſavages of *North America* agree, that there is a great *genius*, that has made all things, and him they adore. They believe that there are ſeveral other inferior *geniuſſes*, whom they call *Manitous*, among whom ſome are good, others bad. But, which is very ſingular, they honour much more the evil *geniuſſes* than the good, and make many preſents to the former.

Lady Violent. That is mighty ridiculous; what reaſon have they for it, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. The ſame reaſon as ſome people in *Aſia*, who pray to, and honour the devil much

more than God, though they have an idea of a deity. God is ſo good, they ſay, that he does not want our prayers to be very good to us; it is his nature to be ſo. Whereas the devil being extremely malicious, he muſt be kept in temper, and diſarmed by our prayers and preſents, without which he would certainly follow his predominant inclination, which always diſpoſes him to do us miſchief.

Miſs Bella. Do the *Iroqueſe* believe a hell and a heaven?

Mrs. Affable. They believe the ſoul to be immortal, and that after death the ſoul goes into a large and extended country, where it is to be treated as the works of this life have deſerved. Their ſouls, who have led good lives, will find in this country all ſorts of animals and fiſh, ſo that they may hunt and fiſh at pleaſure. Here they are to have very great entertainments and feaſts, with much ſinging and dancing. They are paſſionately fond of muſic and dances; and as they ſpend their days in hunting and fiſhing, all theſe things conſtitute the happineſs of another life. When an *Iroqueſe* dies, his bow and arrows, with other particulars, which they think he may want in another world, are buried with the deceaſed. They have a ſort of prieſts *, who are called jugglers; theſe

* Charlevoix in his 6th Vol. 25th letter, ſays thus, " *Ils* " *ne ſont pas néanmoins* (les jongleurs) *les miniſtres de ces dieux* " *prétendus, que pour annoncer aux hommes leurs volontés et pour* " *être leurs interprêtes: car ſi l'on peut donner le nom de ſacrifice* " *aux offrandes, que ces peuples font à leurs divinités, les prêtres* " *parmi eux ne ſont jamais les jongleurs: dans les cérémonies pub-* " *liques ce ſont les chefs, et dans les domeſtiques ce ſont ordinaire-* " *ment les pères de famille, ou à leur défaut le plus conſidérable de* " *la cabane. Mais la principale occupation des jongleurs . . . .* " *. . . . . c'eſt la médecine,* &c. They (the jugglers) are not how-

theſe are ſent for, when any one is ſick, to drive the evil *manitou*, or genius, from the patient. The juggler uſes many contorſions, makes wry faces; and if the ſick recover, the poor people are very grateful, and make the juggler many and great preſents.

Lady Violent. You can't imagine, dear Mrs. *Affable*, how deſirous I am to be informed of the manners of all theſe nations. Pray let us hear all that you know about them.

Mrs. Affable. They live in villages; that is, a certain number of ſavages build cabins near each other. After this, they chuſe a chief from among thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the wars.

Miſs Sophy. Whom are they at war with?

Mrs. Affable. North America alone is of a prodigious extent, and no one has yet ſeen the end of it. This great and vaſt country is full of woods and lakes, and inhabited by an infinity of nations, all different from each other in their looks and appearance. Some are white as we are; others have an olive complexion. Some have their heads flat, others ſharp and pointed. They are continually at war, and carry it on ſo cruelly, that it ends in the deſtruction of their nations. They kill their priſoners, but they don't wait for death to roaſt them, which they do whilſt they

however miniſters of thoſe pretended deities, only to declare their will to men, and to be their interpreters; for if the name of ſacrifice may be applied to the offerings made to their gods, the jugglers among them are not their prieſts: but in public ceremonies, their chiefs; in private, the head of the family; or for want of ſuch a one, the moſt conſiderable perſon of the cabin. The chief employ of the jugglers ——— is the practice of phyſick.

are yet living, and by a ſlow fire, where they ſuffer a long time before they die.

Lady Mary. How can they have the heart to hear the cries of thoſe poor wretches ſo cruelly tormented?

Mrs. Affable. Thoſe that are roaſted make no outcries, my dear; they would diſgrace themſelves, and be eſteemed cowards. On the contrary, they make an *extempore* ſong (this they call their *death-ſong*), wherein they ſet forth all their exploits, and how many they have roaſted of the ſame nation, who have now brought them to the ſtake; they continue ſinging as long as life remains, and the women and children take a pleaſure in adding to their torment, as if the fire was not a ſufficient pain. Sometimes there are priſoners who have the good luck to avoid this barbarous uſage. A ſavage woman, that has loſt her ſon in battle, is at liberty to chuſe one among the priſoners, who is looked upon as her ſon, who has adopted him.

Lady Violent. They that ſing whilſt they are roaſting, were certainly brought up by the *Lacedemonians.* Do you remember, Mrs. *Affable*, the child that ſtole the fox-cub.

Mrs. Affable. I remember it perfectly well; but as ſome of theſe ladies may not have heard that ſtory, I beg you will favour us with it; and as often as you call to mind any ſuch that comes pat to the purpoſe, it will be of great uſe to perfect you in ſpeaking French.

Lady Violent. Had I known as much, I would now and then have thrown in a ſtory; for inſtance, when you talked to us of the *Iroqueſe*, who kill their parents to prevent their ſuffering the inconveniences of old age, it put me in mind of that excellent recipe for the colick you taught me

two

two years ago. I will begin with the child at *Sparta*, and then repeat the other.

In *Sparta*, the children were allowed coming into publick eating-houſes, and to carry off what they pleaſed, if they could do it without being diſcovered; if they were catched they were ſure of being deſpiſed, which they dreaded more than death. One day, a youth ſtole a fox-cub, and hid it under his garment. The animal, being very uneaſy under his confinement, tore the lad's belly in a moſt dreadful manner. You can eaſily gueſs, ladies, that he muſt be under the greateſt pain; he never once cried out, and fell down dead without the leaſt ſign of any complaint.

Miſs Molly. A pretty country that of *Sparta*, where children were brought up to thieving; no one could be ſecure in his own houſe, and the rich were expoſed to be reduced to poverty.

Mrs. Affable. At *Sparta*, there was neither rich nor poor; as we ſhall let you know the firſt time ———What ails you, Lady *Violent?* You make a ſad ſour face; what is the matter, my dear?

Lady Violent. Don't you ſee, that Miſs *Molly* interrupted me? I had another ſtory, that I was to bring in; why could not ſhe let me tell it before ſhe ſpoke?

Mrs. Affable. Harkee, my dear! if this had happened laſt year, it would have paſſed without chiding: you was then a ſilly little girl, that wanted flattering; but now, ſince you are grown a ſenſible lady, and a great wit, I muſt tell you, that you are proud; and that it is a wrong turn of mind to pout for ſuch *a trifle*. Miſs *Molly* would indeed have appeared better bred, had ſhe waited till you had done. One muſt never interrupt another; but muſt you ſhew your want of ſenſe, becauſe ſhe has betrayed her want of manners?

Can any thing be ſillier than to be angry with a perſon, who never intended to offend? Be perſuaded of it, my dear; and inſtead of being diſpleaſed with your ſchool-fellow, think, that on the contrary, it would be happy for you to meet often with ſuch occaſions. This, and particularly being thwarted or contradicted, would accuſtom you to get the better of all paſſions. This is diſagreeable my dear——but yet you ſmile.

Lady Violent. I do; and cry at the ſame time; and when I reflect, that you begin with compliments, that you may chapter me with greater freedom, I cannot forbear ſmiling at the cunning way you take for that purpoſe. You are very crafty, Mrs. *Affable,* and like *Mama*; when I am to take phyſic ſhe wraps it up in ſweet-meats.

Mrs. Affable. Where is the harm in this, my dear; if ſhe can get you to take your phyſic, what matters it how it is wrapped up? Do you take it amiſs, that I ſhould ſooth you with ſome flattery, to make you reliſh the correction better, which I thought you deſerved?

Lady Violent. I am very well contented, and at the ſame time uneaſy on this account. I am contented, becauſe without that reprimand, I might have broke into a paſſion; but I am grieved, that I am ſo ſilly as to make ſuch precautions neceſſary. This indeed makes me quite aſhamed.

Mrs. Affable. Theſe are moſt excellent diſpoſitions. On the other hand, I find that I have not expreſſed myſelf at all properly, when I ſaid I began to flatter you; it was no flattery, and far from exaggeration. You are ſo much amended, that you are no longer the ſame perſon; there remains ſtill a great work to be finiſhed, which I take upon me to ſay you will bring to perfection; which however,

however, ſhall not hinder me taking all ſuch meaſures as I ſhall think proper to give you no uneaſineſs; good breeding, and a humane diſpoſition make this neceſſary. I ſhould have the greateſt ſatisfaction, if I could teach you, by giving example how you are to behave hereafter to thoſe who ſhall depend on you. Your ſtory ſhall take place at our next meeting, and we ſhall ſay ſomething about the laws of the *Lacedemonians*; as it is now, we have but juſt time to repeat our leſſon of geography.

Lady Louiſa. You have ſaid much of *America* today; would you be ſo kind as to give us an idea of that part of the world?

Mrs. Affable. With pleaſure, ladies. Pray Lady *Senſible*, tell them what you know of *America*.

Lady Senſible. America is called the *New World*, from its having been diſcovered ſo late as the year 1493. It is however thought the ancients had ſome knowledge of it; and that this vaſt continent was called by them the *Atlantick* iſland. Though *Chriſtopher Columbus*, a *Genoeſe*, was the firſt diſcoverer, *Americus Veſpucius* has the honour of it, and this part of the world takes its name from him. *America*, being ſituated in three zones, has very different climates. In ſome there are exceſſive heats; in others, exceſſive cold; and other climates are temperate. It is divided into *North* and *South America*. The latter is a large peninſula, 3990 miles long, and 2820 broad.

Lady Lucy. I beg pardon, madam; may it not be a miſtake? Is that part of the world of ſuch a prodigious extent?

Mrs. Affable. No miſtake at all, my dear; that part of the world exceeds the three others. I remember to have heard, that Mr. *Penn* and Lord *Baltimore*, has a law-ſuit concerning their lands in

thoſe parts, and their difference was about the two and thirtieth part of the world.

Miſs Rural. Land is not ſo very conſiderable there, as it is here. I am heireſs of an iſland in that part, of which they report ſtrange wonders, and which would make me a very great lady, if I had it here.

Lady Louiſa. Well, dear madam, as you are ſo fond of retirement, why not go to your iſland? And, as you are ſovereign there, you might exclude all men, and be as ſolitary as you pleaſed.

Miſs Rural. You are pleaſed to banter, lady; but I can take a jeſt. And I am glad of the occaſion to aſſure you, that I am neither a man-hater, nor a ſavage. I love ſociety; and were I ſo happy as always to have the opportunity of ſuch company as this, I proteſt I ſhould never miſs the ſolitude which engages me ſo agreeably. I muſt acquaint you with the reaſons, why I am ſo pleaſed with our woods in the country; the trees are dumb, and entertain me with no impertinences; whereas in town, I muſt ſpend half my time in hearing nothing elſe. They are, I am told, got into a method of drawing converſations; I am ſure, that I could bring into the compaſs of a page, all or moſt of thoſe I have heard; they run upon a ſcore of very fooliſh things, that are repeated a thouſand different ways.

Mrs. Affable. You ſurpriſe me, miſs; I am acquainted with moſt of the ladies you viſit, and they are really perſons of the firſt rank in point of merit.

Miſs Rural. Very true, Mrs. *Affable*; it is a real pleaſure, when mama takes me with her to go in a morning, and take tea with thoſe ladies; they are then alone, their converſation charms me, and is of very great ſervice for my improvement. The ſcene is much altered after dinner.

Theſe

Theſe very ſenſible ladies are forced to admit others not much ſo, and to talk of all the impertinences, that ſtuff the poor heads of the ladies, their viſiters.

Mrs. Affable. I eſteem them the more for it. It ſhews great good ſenſe to conceal it in ſuch company, and to keep the converſation within their reach.

Miſs Rural. Oh! I both admire and eſteem them; but I could not be pleaſed with an occaſion of following their example. I find life is too ſhort to loſe time, and to ſuffer this conſtraint. There are thouſands of perſons, to whom theſe tatlers may communicate at leiſure all the fiddle-faddle they wiſh; it is not neceſſary I ſhould increaſe the number; who knows, but at laſt I may become as ſilly as any of thoſe women?

Mrs. Affable. That is, you think you can do very well by yourſelf, and don't intend to be put out of your way for any one. That is not reaſonable, my dear; ſociety cannot ſubſiſt without a mutual ſacrifice of our inclinations; if you ſhould continue in this way of thinking, I muſt diſpatch you to your iſland.

Miſs Rural. Hear me out, I beg, Mrs. *Affable*; I am quite willing to be under conſtraint for my friends. I promiſe, when there ſhall be an occaſion, to ſubmit to the ſame for others, but it will be againſt my will; and at the ſame time, I am reſolved, as far as is conſiſtent with good manners and civility, to keep out of ſuch occaſions. Are you ſatisfied now, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. Yes, my dear, or very near the matter; to be quite ſo, I would have you pleaſed, and happy even in thoſe things which you cannot avoid doing. That will come in time. Let us trip back to *America*.

Lady

Lady Senſible. *South America* is divided into ſeven parts, viz. *Peru, Paraguay, Chili, Terra Magellanica, the Land of the Amazons, Terra Firma,* and *Brazil.*

Peru, is the richeſt country in the world; and belongs to the king of *Spain.* It was diſcovered by *Francis Pizarro.* *Lima* is the capital of *Peru.* Though there are few rivers, the country is fruitful. There is a great chain of mountains, called *Cordilleras,* and they are of a prodigious height. This part of the world has at once the four ſeaſons of the year. Near the ſea it is ſmothering hot. After this, by an eaſy aſcent you walk up a mountain of a great length, which brings you to a plain, where the city of *Quito* is built. *Spring* and *Autumn,* fruits and flowers, and weather, that is neither hot nor cold, continue the whole year in this plain, which is raiſed far above our higheſt mountains. This plain is terminated by the *Cordilleras,* on the top of which it is ſo intenſely cold as to endanger one's life.

Lady Lucy. Is it poſſible, Mrs. *Affable? Peru* ſtands in the torrid zone; and thoſe mountains, that riſe ſo high, are much nearer the ſun, than the ſea-ſhore. How can the cold be ſo intenſe?

Mrs. Affable. Some *Virtuoſi* have concluded from this, that the ſun was not hot. This ſhall be ſpoken of ſome other time. To-morrow, ladies, we go into the country, and ſhall not be back till *Thurſday,* nor then time enough for the leſſon; ſo that I ſhall not have the pleaſure of ſeeing you in the morning.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XIII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

LET us begin with our ſtories. Lady *Charlotte*, give us that which you have learnt.

Lady Charlotte. All the prodigies, which God wrought in the ſight of the *Iſraelites*, and their king, proving ineffectual to bring them off from the worſhip of idols, he would not bear with them any longer. The king of *Juda* adored *Baal*, as well as the king of *Iſrael*; he had married a daughter of *Jezebel*; and, as the whole family was abandoned to wickedneſs and idolatry, this impious woman brought her huſband to ſacrifice to her falſe gods. At laſt came the hour, deſigned by the Lord, to put in execution the threats he had denounced to *Ahab*. It happened thus. The king of *Syria* fell ſick, and ſent a ſervant to *Eliſha*, to know whether he ſhould recover of his diſorder. The ſervant (his name was *Hazael*) aſked of the prophet, whether his maſter's diſeaſe was mortal. No, ſays he, *but he will ſurely die*. *Hazael* perceived, that the prophet looked ſteadily at him and wept; he enquired of him why he wept. *Becauſe*, *Eliſha* anſwered, *I know the evils thou wilt do unto the children of Iſrael*, when thou ſhalt be king of *Syria*; they will never find a greater enemy. *Hazael* left the prophet, and ſoon after ſmothered his maſter in bed, and being recognized king of *Syria*, declared war on the *Iſraelites*. The king of *Juda* came to ſuccour his brother-in-law the king of *Iſrael*; upon which *Eliſha* ſent

ſent one of the children of the prophets; go ſpeedily, ſaid he, to anoint *Jehu* king of *Iſrael*; for him the Lord hath choſen to accompliſh and execute his threats to *Ahab*, and he ſhall call *Jezebel* to an account for the blood ſhe has cauſed to be ſhed. The young prophet took a phial of oil, and performed his commiſſion. *Jehu*'s companions being informed that he had been anointed king, proclaimed and followed him. With theſe attendants *Jehu* met the kings of *Juda* and *Iſrael*, who were both ſlain. When *Jehu* returned to the city, *Jezebel*, who had put on paint, and dreſſed her head, appeared at the window, and loaded him with reproaches; he cried out, is there no one above, that is willing to take my ſide? her ſervants made anſwer, that he was free to command, and they ready to obey. If ſo, ſaid *Jehu*, throw that woman out of the window. This was done inſtantly, and the blood of that unhappy and wicked woman was ſprinkled on the wall, and on the horſes, and he trod her under foot. The next day the king ordered the body to be interred, but no more was found of her than the ſkull and the feet, and the palms of her hands, the dogs having devoured the body. *Jehu* ſoon after ordered all that remained of the houſe of *Ahab* to be deſtroyed; then he declared in public his deſign to ſacrifice unto *Baal*, and ſummoned all the prophets of that falſe deity to meet. All, not one excepted, appeared upon the ſummons, and *Jehu* put them all to death.

The new king, who had put an end to the worſhip of *Baal*, was not more faithful in the ſervice due to God, than his predeceſſors, and kept up the golden calves that had been caſt by *Jeroboam* to be worſhipped by the *Iſraelites*.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. This paſſage of the ſacred hiſtory furniſhes us an admirable leſſon. What was the cauſe of the king of *Juda*'s misfortune? His alliance with the daughter of *Jezebel*, as wicked a woman as her mother. A young lady, to whom a match is propoſed, examines with care the appearance of the perſon that is offered as a ſuitor. She may, perhaps, carry her attention ſo far, as to take ſome information about his temper. She is content when ſhe hears that he is a chearful perſon, loves diverſions, and ſees a great deal of company. Mean while, the parents are buſy in enquiring after the eſtate of the perſon, who propoſes to have their daughter; if he is rich, that is ſome and all; it muſt be a very good match. But the young gentleman is of a family that has no regard to any religion, and has in great probability taken in with his milk the principles of his parents; he is a worthy gentleman, they ſay; by a man of worth, they only mean a perſon that is not ſubject to your coarſe unpolite vices. How many young ladies, contracted to ſuch gentlemen, have loſt ſight of the principles of religion that they were brought up with, and have, at laſt, been ruined? Avoid the danger, ladies, and take this for a certain rule, that a man, without religion, cannot be a man of worth, and is ſure to make you very unhappy.

Lady Louiſa. I aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that I am acquainted with ſeveral gentlemen that have no religion at all, and yet are perſons of great worth and honour.

Mrs. Affable. They may ſeem ſuch, my dear, but are not really ſo, or are in immediate danger of departing from worth and honour. Religion is the only means by which we are ſupplied with motives to overcome our prevailing paſſions; without religion

religion we ſhall be deſtitute of neceſſary helps to ſtand againſt our inclinations. Philoſophy is here of little ſervice. If we get our leſſon done in time, Lady *Senſible* will entertain you with a ſtory out of the *Adventurer*, and which is very proper to back what I have ſaid. Your ſtory, Miſs *Molly*.

Miſs Molly. *Athalia* was the daughter of *Jezebel*, that married the king of *Judah*. As ſoon as ſhe received the news of her huſband's death, ſhe made away with all the princes of the royal blood, without any exception even of the grandchildren, out of the deſire ſhe had of reigning alone. But a ſiſter of the late king found means to ſave one of them in the cradle, and concealed him, with his nurſe, in an apartment within the precincts, or the dependance of the temple, where he was brought up till he was ſeven years of age. The high prieſt, having aſſembled ſome troops, made young *Jehoaſh* (it was the young prince's name) be crowned at the expiration of the ſeven years. *Athalia* ſurprized with the noiſe and acclamation of the prieſts, came to the temple, and was ſtruck with horror, when ſhe ſaw *Jehoaſh* on the throne. The high prieſt did not allow her time to vent her rage, but ordered her to be taken out of the temple, and put to the ſword. *Jehoaſh*, being but ſeven years old when he began his reign, ſerved the Lord faithfully whilſt the high prieſt lived, and followed his advice. He loſt (and it was a great misfortune) this faithful friend, and, putting his confidence in a ſet of flatterers, he became ſo wicked, that he ordered the ſon of the high prieſt, who had preſerved his life, and had been a ſecond father to him, to be killed. His ſucceſſors inherited his crimes; yet ſome ſerved the Lord, but not like *David*, for they let the groves, conſecrated to falſe deities on the mountains, ſtand, and ſuffered the people to offer incenſe

incenſe there. The *Iſraelites*, like their kings, continued idolaters, and God, to puniſh their blindneſs, delivered them up to the kings of *Aſſyria*, who carried them off to their dominion, where they remained a long time in bondage.

Miſs Sophy. O dear! how ſorry am I to hear this ſad account of *Jehoaſh*. Monſieur *Racine* has made a tragedy, where he appeared ſo good, that I loved him to exceſs. How could a prince, ſo well brought up, and who had ſo charming a character, come to be ſo wicked, and ſo ungrateful?

Mrs. Affable. Flattery is the bane of virtue, though ſeemingly eſtabliſhed on a ſolid foundation; it is peſtiferous, children, and, if once your ears are open to the deceitful diſcourſe of flatterers, you may be led into all ſorts of guilt. . . . . Lady *Violent*, you had a mind to tell us a little ſtory. You are at liberty to do it now.

Lady Violent. About two years ago, Mrs. *Affable* told me very ſeriouſly ſhe was going to write a pretty ſtory for me; at the top of the paper ſhe ſet down, by way of title, *A cure for the cholic*. This was only to raiſe my curioſity to read the ſtory; for, at that time, I did not at all like the *French* language. She ſucceeded in her deſign; and I was much pleaſed with the ſtory I am about to repeat.

When *Alexander* the Great was in the *Indies*, he found a ſect of philoſophers called *Bracmans*. *Calanus*, one of theſe philoſophers, begged leave to follow him, and having obtained it, accompanied him in his expeditions. *Calanus* was of a great age, and had never been under any diſorder. Sometime after he was ſeized with a violent fit of the cholic; as he had not been accuſtomed to ſuffer, this made him exceſſively impatient. When the fit was paſſed, he waited on *Alexander*, and requeſted

queſted his permiſſion to be burnt. The monarch thought he was out of his ſenſes, and would not hearken to his propoſal. *Calanus* was not diſcouraged with the refuſal; what have I done to your majeſty, ſaid he, that ſhould move you to reject my petition? I am old, and find that I can expect nothing but ailments and diſorders. The horrible fit I ſuffered yeſterday is now paſt indeed; but will ſoon return with a cough, the gravel, a want of appetite, and reſtleſs nights; give me leave to prevent all theſe evils, and do not condemn me to lead a miſerable lingering life, which at beſt can be only eſteemed a tedious torment. *Alexander*, who was not more in his ſenſes than the philoſopher, yielded to this fine argument, gave leave to *Calanus* to make an end of himſelf by fire, as he propoſed, and granted a farther favour, which the philoſopher ſued for, to make a grand entertainment for ſolemnizing his obſequies. *Calanus*, highly pleaſed, ordered the funeral pile to be erected; he laid himſelf down as calmly as he would have done in a good bed, and let himſelf be burnt without making the leaſt motion. The entertainment that followed was quite agreeable to the occaſion; and many drank ſo exceſſively, that they ſoon overtook the philoſopher in another world.

Now, ladies, is not this a charming recipe for the cholic?

Miſs Frivolous. I am the doctor and his preſcription's moſt humble ſervant, but I do not think the fancy will ever take me to try his remedy; no, I have not ſo much courage as *Calanus*.

Mrs. Affable. What do you call courage, my dear? I aſſure you that none but cowards deſtroy themſelves. The courageous perſon bears ſickneſs

neſs and loſſes; only faint hearts, I repeat it, are overcome by pain.

Lady Louiſa. You are in the right, Mrs. *Affable*; I am convinced now, but I own that I was miſtaken before; I always took the killing of one's ſelf to be a ſin, but not an act of cowardice.

Miſs Zina. We have a book at home, called the *Perſian* Letters. 'Tis ſaid to be written by a great man, and he maintains it to be lawful. He ſays, that life is a gift of the Creator, which he obliges us to preſerve no longer than it ſhall be agreeable to us; and that if a man was paſt all poſſibility of ever being extricated from evils, in which he finds himſelf engaged, God could not, without cruelty, require him to keep a preſent which has proved ſo diſaſtrous to him. Something interiorly tells me, that I muſt not yield to this argument, but really it is what I cannot anſwer *.

Mrs. Affable. As you have not yet been accuſtomed to examine principles, upon which arguments are grounded, give Lady *Senſible* leave to diſcuſs the propoſition advanced by this gentleman. This was the famous Monſieur *de Monteſquieu*; he heartily repented, the laſt years of his life, his having been the author of that work, and died like a good chriſtian.

Lady Senſible. Life is a preſent from the Creator, which he obliges us to preſerve no longer than it ſhall be agreeable to us. I am perſuaded, Mrs. *Affable*, that the author would have ſpoke better, if, inſtead of *agreeable*, he had ſaid *advantageous*. The propoſition would then have been true. He adds, that *God*,

* Some may find fault with my inſerting this here. But the converſation is a real fact. A lady of great penetration made uſe of the terms, which I have copied above faithfully. The anſwer was given by a young lady of twelve yeare of age, Miſs *Munchhauſen*.

without being cruel, could not require of man to keep a preſent, which had proved ſo fatal to him. After this he explains what this *fatal* or *diſaſtrous preſent* is; *a life,* he ſays, *where a man ſhould labour under all ſorts of evil without a poſſibility of relief.* Here the argument reſts upon a falſe ſuppoſition. There is no evils, which exclude all poſſibility of relief; conſequently there is no ſituation that can make life an *unhappy preſent* from the Creator; whence there is no ſituation, wherein man can be allowed to put an end to that life, which it is his advantage to preſerve, becauſe God continues it to him, and which, beſides, it is very certain, God would take away, if not advantageous to him.

Miſs Zina. I admire Lady *Senſible*'s examen of this propoſition, and her manner of ſhewing that it is falſe. But, Mrs. *Affable,* if there were perſons, who maintained that a man under the loſs of his fortune, health, reputation and friends, was unhappy beyond recovery, what anſwer would ſhe make?

Mrs. Affable. This ſhall be diſcuſſed in our philoſophical leſſon. As we ſpeak of happineſs, it is eſſential and neceſſary to diſcover what is the cauſe of unhappineſs, which is its contrary. I muſt keep my word with theſe ladies, and we muſt talk over the laws of *Sparta.* Lady *Witty,* tell what you know of them.

Lady Witty. I muſt firſt tell the ladies who *Lycurgus* was, that made thoſe laws. He was, in my opinion, a well-meaning man, very deſirous of practiſing virtue, and recommending virtuous practices to others, but had never examined well wherein virtue conſiſted. For want of this, he was quite wrong in his method of governing the *Spartans.*

Mrs. Affable. Very ſoon ſaid, my dear! You have nothing to do now but to prove this.

Lady Witty. I will do it with pleaſure, Mrs. *Affable.* I will give theſe ladies a plain account, firſt of the ſteps he took to have his laws received, and after that, I will refer the matter to their judgment.

Lycurgus was brother to a king of *Sparta*, who died without iſſue, but left his queen with child. The *Spartans* offered the crown to *Lycurgus*. Here indeed, he behaved like a man of honour. I am, ſaid he in anſwer to this propoſal, greatly obliged to you for this proof of your good-will; but if the queen chance to be delivered of a ſon, you are very ſenſible the crown will be his right and not mine. *Lycurgus*'s ſiſter-in-law, was a very bad woman, and very deſirous to continue queen of *Sparta*; if you will marry me, ſhe ſaid to *Lycurgus*, I will deſtroy the child, and you ſhall be king in your own right. If *Lycurgus* had not curbed his paſſion, he would certainly have puniſhed this unnatural mother; but as the life of the child continued in her power, he pretended that he was very willing to accept of this match, and that he had ways and means to make away with the child, after he was born. As ſoon as the queen was delivered, it proved a ſon; *Lycurgus* took the child from the mother, had him recognized king of *Sparta*, and conſented to take the regency into his hands, till his nephew came to age to reign by himſelf, and ſeized this opportunity to change the *Spartan* laws.

Here, as, in effect, there is every where elſe, was a great number of poor, and ſome few rich. *Lycurgus* thought this unjuſt, and was of opinion, that all the people in the ſame country ſhould be equal. Convinced as he was, that this equality was but juſt and equitable, he got together a good number

of ſoldiers, and acquainted thoſe who had great poſſeſſions, that they muſt abſolutely allow a ſhare of them to thoſe who had none, and that he would not ſuffer any one to be maſter of more land than another. Well, ladies, what do you think of this proceeding?

Miſs Molly. Think! that he was very charitable to make a proviſion for all the poor.

Miſs Bella. But, my dear friend, pray conſider, that this charity was at other's expence, and that this can't be allowed. What would you think, my dear, if I took a knife, and ſaid, Miſs *Molly*, I'll cut your throat, if you don't deliver your money? Here are poor, that are not worth a farthing; that is not juſt, you muſt divide your money with them, and only keep your equal ſhare?

Miſs Molly. Indeed, madam, I ſhould think you a robber; that you might give your own as you pleaſed, becauſe it is your own; that mine did not belong to you; that it was an injuſtice to compel me to ſhare it in that manner. Why did not he do like Mrs. *Affable?* I had three guineas, and to be ſure was very fond of them, till Mrs. *Affable* made me aſhamed of this covetouſneſs; upon which I diſtributed the money very freely among the poor. *Lycurgus* ſhould have endeavoured to bring the *Spartans* by good reaſons to divide their lands, but ought not to oblige them to it by force.

Mrs. Affable. Alas! poor *Lycurgus* is condemned without hopes of a reprieve. I really think, ladies, as well as you do, that this was a wrong ſtep. The law of nature is the firſt of laws; it forbids taking what belongs to another; and this law it is never lawful to break through. *Lycurgus*'s favourite object was that of equality, and he thought

thought he might be indulged in every thing, provided that all the *Spartans* were rich alike.

Lady Charlotte. Had I been there I would have come even with him; he might have taken my lands, but ſhould have miſſed of my gold, ſilver, and jewels. I would have buried them in the ground firſt.

Mrs. Affable. You would only have come even with yourſelf, my dear; for he found means to make gold and ſilver quite uſeleſs.

Lady Charlotte. How ſo, Mrs. *Affable?*

Lady Mary. Give me leave to account for it, Mrs. *Affable*; for I have read it this winter. You know, ladies, that you cannot be fed nor cloathed with gold or ſilver; money is only uſeful to purchaſe the neceſſaries of life. *Lycurgus* forbad, under pain of life, ſelling any one thing for gold or ſilver. Thoſe who had laid their money by, were a good deal diſappointed, and looked very ſilly, as they did not know what to do with what they had kept ſo carefully. *Lycurgus*, inſtead of the common money current before, made iron-money, and diſtributed it equally to every family. This made every one equally rich, having an equal ſhare of land, and the ſame quantity of money.

Miſs Frivolous. That might ſerve for a time; there was then a perfect equality, but this could not laſt long. No doubt but there were at *Sparta*, ſome who had a better appetite than others; ſome who deſired to be better dreſſed. Theſe muſt ſpend their money ſooner, which muſt ſpeedily have ended in numbers of poor.

Lady Witty. *Lycurgus* was aware of the ſame difficulty, and had provided againſt it in this manner; no one eat at home. He erected great halls, where fifteen families could conveniently meſs together. All found their reſpective ſhares of wine, oil, flour, and meat, ſo that no one

could lay out more than his neighbour; and if one did not eat heartily, he was called a glutton, and accuſed of eating at his own houſe before he came, which was a great reproach.

Miſs Sophy. Who paid the cook, and the other ſervants?

Lady Witty. There were no ſervants at *Sparta*, ladies. What ſervants we have, only wait upon us, becauſe they have no other way to ſubſiſt; but where every particular was found in all neceſſaries, you may eaſily judge, that they would neither be ſervants nor workmen. All ſorts of work was done by their priſoners of war, who were ſlaves; and beſides them, there was many of the *Ilotes*, a people of the territory of *Sparta*, uſed as ſlaves, which gave the others the name of *Ilotes*.

Miſs Rural. A ſtrange ſort of a country! I always was told, that the *Spartans* were temperate, diſintereſted, and virtuous; but far from being ſuch, they were not at liberty to be otherwiſe. To be temperate, it is my opinion, I ought to have liberty to chuſe between a plentiful and moderate meal; he is temperate, who prefers the latter to the former.

Mrs. Affable. You judge quite right, my dear. To be virtuous, we muſt be at liberty to do the contrary, and forbear the uſe of that liberty; but I find ſomething ſtill more ſhocking in the laws of *Lycurgus*; and this was the diſorderly love of their country inſpired by thoſe laws. Their country was the idol, to which they muſt be ever ready to ſacrifice fair dealing, credit, humanity, and all other virtues. Others become wicked, becauſe they give themſelves up to paſſions, ariſing, it is true, from a falſe intereſt, but very preſſing and cogent. The *Spartans* were unjuſt and cruel by principle.

Lady Louiſa. But, Mrs. *Affable*, I muſt, with your leave, aſſure you, that I know very learned, and as virtuous perſons, who differ from you in opinion. They look upon *Lycurgus*'s laws as a maſter-piece, and the *Lacedemonians* as the greateſt nation in the world. Have not you conceived ſome prejudice againſt them?

Mrs. Affable. I muſt ſay, as Lady *Witty* has done, I will give you my reaſons for my way of thinking, and ſubmit them to your deciſion. But previouſly I muſt acquaint you, that things may be underſtood as phyſically or morally fit for the end propoſed.

Lady Lucy. I beg you will explain this, Mrs. *Affable*, for it is above my underſtanding.

Mrs. Affable. The end propoſed may be very honourable, and ought to be kept in view by the legiſlator; but the means employed for the ſame end may be different in nature, though conducive to the ſame effect. Conſidered under this light they may appear proper means, and ſuited to the lawgiver's intention, by which he may arrive at the end propoſed. The different means may be thought *naturally* proper, inaſmuch as they naturally cauſe the ſame effect. To make an odd ſuppoſition however, not more inconſiſtent than ſome of the *Spartan* laws, and which may be of ſervice to demonſtrate that inconſiſtency, put the caſe of a perſon ſuffering under a violent fever; and that another to relieve him from his anguiſh, diſpatches him by immediate death, which puts an end to his diſorder, as well as to his life. Taking away his life has a connexion with the end of the fever, as a cauſe, and may be called a *natural* cauſe to it, and *naturally* productive of that effect; but as murther cannot by any means be reconciled to the known and received princi-

ples of humanity and morality, notwithſtanding it naturally cauſes the ſaid effect, it is morally unfit, and conſequently criminal. And hence we muſt only keep in view the moral fitneſs reſting on moral principles, as a ſolid foundation, and the true baſis of well eſtabliſhed governments.

Lady Lucy. Excuſe my want of capacity, Mrs. *Affable*; I take your meaning perfectly with regard to *natural* and *moral* fitneſs, but am ſtill at a loſs what relation they have to *Lycurgus*'s laws.

Mrs. Affable. It may be my fault in not being clearer; I will endeavour to throw more light upon this ſubject. But pray, tell me, what did *Lycurgus* intend by the laws he gave to the *Spartans?*

Lady Lucy. To form a warlike nation, that ſhould be invincible, and add nothing to their dominions by conqueſt; that is, to eſtabliſh a commonwealth, that ſhould always continue the ſame, without increaſe or decreaſe.

Mrs. Affable. And what were the means he uſed to ſucceed in this project?

Lady Lucy. He endeavoured in general, to inſpire the people with the greateſt love of their country; and taught them, as an eſſential point of their duty, that they muſt ſacrifice whatever was moſt dear to them, their parents, their children, and their lives to the advantage of their country.

Lady Louiſa. I have been informed that this point of duty is ſtill in force every where, ſo that *Lycurgus* was not ſo much to blame. But I think we were told beſides, that virtue was to be ſacrificed to the intereſt of the country.

Mrs. Affable. You are in the right, madam, and I undertake to prove it. *Lycurgus*, to render *Sparta* invincible, would have all the *Lacedemonians* to be complete ſoldiers. To this end it is neceſſary to have

have a ſtrong and robuſt body; not to fear fatigues or pain, or even death. He maintained, that theſe qualities were to take place of every other, and that nothing was to be ſpared for acquiring theſe accompliſhments. The parents, in conſequence of this ſcheme, were only to wiſh for children, which they could bring up to be ſoldiers. When a child was born weak and deformed, he could never, ſaid they, be a ſoldier; he can be of no ſervice to his country, who only wants ſoldiers. As we are not to regard any thing that is not beneficial to *Sparta*, we muſt not have any affection for this miſhapen creature; he muſt be ſacrificed to the intereſt of the nation. This unſerviceable child would live at the public charge, and eat as much as would bring up and maintain another able to bear arms. By this ſingular method of reaſoning, a weak and diſfigured child was killed, not to be a burthen; and from a principle of obedience to the laws of *Lycurgus*, they became cruel, inhuman, unjuſt, and tranſgreſſed the laws of nature. Now you underſtand me.

Lady Lucy. Yes, Mrs. *Affable*, this law was naturally adapted to keep only ſuch as were proper to be ſoldiers; but was morally unfit, as contrary to the laws of nature.

Lady Senſible. Mrs. *Affable* will think me extremely bold; the law in my mind is neither naturally or morally fit for the end propoſed. Why did *Lycurgus* deſign to form a nation of ſoldiers? That *Sparta* ſhould be invincible; but one ſhould think, that heads are more neceſſary for this purpoſe, than ſtrength of body. What advantage could they obtain from robuſt able-bodied men, without wiſe heads to command them? The ſtrength of body is not ſo neceſſary for generals; a brave and courageous ſoul may be placed in a

feeble body; among the children they deſtroyed, many of them might have turned out good officers, who were by this barbarity loſt to their country. It was happy for the *Lacedemonians*, that this cruel law was not obſerved by the father of *Ageſilaus*. He was king of *Sparta*, and paid a forfeit for having married a little woman; his ſon *Ageſilaus* was very little and lame, but this child born lame and doomed to death by the laws of his country, became a moſt famous commander, and the greateſt king of *Sparta*. Perhaps many an *Ageſilaus* has been barbarouſly killed in the cradle, and the commonwealth has been deprived of great and able perſons, to the great diſadvantage of the ſtate.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis an excellent remark, my dear; beſides that, as Mr. *Rollin* obſerves in his hiſtory, it happens generally, that a child who was very weak at his birth grows up to be robuſt.

Lady Senſible. I beg I may be allowed to ſhew, that all the bad actions of the *Lacedemonians* are originally owing to this law of *Lycurgus*. Give ear, ladies, to a moſt dreadful account, that will prove what I ſay.

The *Ilotes* were, as you know, treated as ſlaves at *Sparta*; they were very numerous; for, as it was obſerved before, the *Lacedemonians* followed no profeſſion nor craft. They were neither butchers, nor taylors, nor bricklayers. They only minded the *military*; the reſt was left to their ſlaves. A war fell out, wherein the *Lacedemonians* were in want of troops on account of the ſuperiority of their enemies. They made their ſlaves into ſoldiers, and promiſed to give their freedom to thoſe, who ſhould diſtinguiſh their bravery by ſome gallant action. The ſituation of the *Ilotes* in *Sparta* was very miſerable, and their deſire of free-

freedom from their heavy bondage, put them upon making the greateſt efforts to ſerve the public. The war being brought to an end, all the ſlaves, who had performed ſome extraordinary exploit, were ſummoned to appear before the magiſtrates, that their names, with their military atchievements, might be regiſtered, and they rewarded. Several thouſands appeared, who had well deſerved their freedom. Can you doubt of their being made free? Far from it, ladies! The *Spartans* reaſoned thus upon the point.

Theſe men, who have behaved with ſo much bravery, have noble minds, and too great, not to leave the commonwealth room to apprehend, that their courage may prove fatal to *Sparta*. They will certainly ſome time remember the bad uſage they have found among us, and it is poſſible they may deſire to take their revenge. The intereſt of *Sparta* makes it neceſſary they ſhould be deſtroyed. But what is their crime? Pray, where is the guilt of the children, that come weak and deformed in the world? We ſacrifice our children, that ought to be dearer to us, from patriot principles; what reaſon can make us fear ſacrificing upon the ſame motives ſlaves, who are of ſo little concern to us. In effect, ladies, theſe unhappy wretches were all deſtroyed, whoſe only crime was too much merit for perſons in their ſtation.

Lady Louiſa. There is an end of it! I have done with *Lycurgus*, and his *Lacedemonians*; they are bears, they are tygers, or rather monſters beyond compariſon; for the fierceſt animals don't hurt their own ſpecies, and love their young ones.

Lady Violent. I have another inſtance, which is not much to their credit. A commander of theirs ſeized the city of *Thebes*, though the *Thebans* and

Spartans were in full peace. The former complained of the injury; the *Spartans* condemned the proceeding; the commander was fined in a certain ſum; but that was all; the *Spartans* kept poſſeſſion of *Thebes* againſt all right and juſtice.

Miſs Bella. Juſt as if I had a thief brought before a judge for ſtealing my watch, and he ſhould condemn him to be hanged, and put my watch into his own pocket.

Mrs. Affable. Exactly right, and an excellent compariſon. Much more might be ſaid of the *Lacedemonians.* I beg, ladies, you will read in your abridgment of univerſal hiſtory, and after that in monſieur *Rollin,* what relates to them; then you ſhall each of you tell me the remarks you have made. At preſent Lady *Senſible* will go on in her account of *America.*

Lady Senſible. We have ſaid, that *South-America* is divided into ſeven parts; and have ſpoken of *Peru,* the firſt. The ſecond is *Paraguay,* alſo called *Rio de la Plata,* from a large river into which many others fall. *Rio de la Plata* ſignifies the *ſilver*-river, from the great quantity of that metal found in it by the *Spaniards.* This country is ſubject for the moſt part to the king of *Spain,* nearer the ſea and the rivers; farther from land, and where the *Spaniards* have no ſettlements, the inhabitants are reported to be of a gigantic ſize, and cannabals, that is, man-eaters. The air is temperate and healthy, and provided plentifully with all neceſſaries of life. The *Aſſumption* is the capital of that province of *Paraguay,* which goes under the name of *Rio de la Plata.*

The third part of *South-America* is known by the name of *Chili*; which ſignifies a cold country, and indeed the winters are ſo rigorous, particularly towards the mountains, that the lives of

the inhabitants are in danger. The rivers are frozen up in the night, and the ice melts in the day. They have a large ſort of ſheep, that ſerve inſtead of horſes. This part is under the king of *Spain*; the capital is *S. Iago*.

Magellan gave his name to *Terra Magellanica*. The air is cold, and the land only abounds with paſtures and foreſts. The inhabitants give themſelves the name of *Patagons*, and are ſaid to be ten or twelve feet in height. They are very little known; the *Spaniards* have no town in thoſe parts, but *Nakuelhuapi*.

Terra Firma has a good wholeſome air, excepting that part near the *Iſthmus* of *Panama*. The country is very fertile and very rich. Here is the river *Oranoque*, whoſe courſe is very near 900 miles. This country belongs to the *Spaniards*, and their capital is *Santa Fe de Bagota*. Our next meeting we deſign to go through the remaining part of *South-Ameriça*.

DIALOGUE XIV.

Mrs. AFFABLE, *Lady* LUCY, *Lady* LOUISA, *Lady* SINCERE.

Lady LUCY alone with *Mrs.* AFFABLE.

IT is ſo long ſince I have had the pleaſure of a private conference with Mrs. *Affable*, that I loſt all patience, and determined to ſtay no longer. And I don't know, that Miſs *Zina* will come to day; there is a great deal ado about her; they talk of a very advantageous match. I

am quite pleaſed; ſhe is very deſerving; and I look upon this ſettlement as a reward of her virtue.

Mrs. Affable. May one take the liberty of aſking what Lady *Lucy* means by an advantageous match.

Lady Lucy. What all the world means, Mrs. *Affable*, a gentleman of very great fortune, and a good family.

Mrs. Affable. You muſt not conſider all things in the ſame light, that others generally do. One may marry a very rich perſon, and of great rank, and withal be very poorly married.

Lady Lucy. 'Tis very true, Mrs. *Affable*; I ought to ſuſpend my judgment, till I am acquainted with the character and behaviour of the gentleman, who is deſigned for her. But I muſt own, that though I am a ſtranger to her ſuitor, I entertain a very favourable opinion of him; for after all Miſs *Zina* is very agreeable, though not a ſtriking beauty. She has wit and good ſenſe, but this does not appear to ſtrangers, becauſe ſhe is ſo very backward and timorous, that it is very difficult to arrive at a knowledge of her worth. All that is ſeen is her particular modeſty, handſome behaviour, and a particular care to find out all occaſions of doing good. You may eaſily judge, that a gentleman, who can only know her by theſe outlines, and is induced to chuſe her for a partner in life, muſt be a perſon of ſound ſenſe.

Mrs. Affable. Lady *Lucy* concludes very juſtly; indeed I have frequently heard a very advantageous account of the young lady and her family.

Lady Lucy. As to that, Mrs. *Affable*, ſhe has received the beſt education. Her father, who was a man of great merit, was himſelf her tutor, and brought her up in the ſame manner you do Lady *Senſible*. She has told me, that when ſhe was but

ſix

ſix years of age he ordered ſeveral pieces of different ſtuffs to make her choice out of, and gave her eight guineas; here, dear *Zina*, he ſaid, this is to purchaſe you a gown. If you take this better piece, you will ſpend your eight pieces; they are yours, and you may lay them out as you pleaſe. If you pitch upon this other, you will not be quite ſo fine, but you will have a couple left. We have now in our townſhip a poor woman; her huſband has been this long time out of order; ſhe is mother to ſix children, almoſt naked, and who will be periſhing with cold this winter. With the two guineas you ſave, ſome warm cloathing may be found for the poor children; they will pray for their benefactreſs, and at the laſt day you will hear theſe comfortable words from *Jeſus Chriſt*, *I was naked, and you cloathed me with your own clothes*. The good little girl was ſo affected with her father's words, that inſtead of two ſhe reſolved to give four guineas, and took ſome meaner ſtuff for herſelf. He never miſſed a day, without putting in her way ſome occaſion of doing good; her mother, who is as charitable as her huſband, gives her the ſame example, though ſhe is not very rich. Laſt year ſhe was informed, that a poor woman and four poor children ſhe had, were in a ſtarving condition. Away ſhe ſets with her daughters to the place; it was near *Weſtminſter*; they crept up into a garret, found the poor children quite naked upon ſtraw; they packed them all up in their coach, and at their return home cloathed the poor wretches. They did more; they ſent the poor woman into the country, and gave her five guineas; this ſum enabled her to ſet up a ſmall ſhop, which has helped her to an eaſy livelihood.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. You give me a prodigious idea of that family——But here the ladies are. How happens it? Lady *Sincere* is with them.

Lady Sincere. Yes, Mrs. *Affable,* ſhe is indeed, and come with a reſolution, if you will give her leave, to quarrel heartily with you. You admit theſe ladies to ſee you in the morning; you ſay the fineſt things that can be to them, concerning balls and plays, and are ſo cruel, as to exclude me from your conferences, which I want more than any perſon, becauſe, in ſhort, Mrs. *Affable,* I love thoſe diverſions to diſtraction.

Lady Louiſa. Make the beſt of your way from us, my dear; take care to avoid all our converſations. If you mind Mrs. *Affable,* you muſt of abſolute neceſſity ſacrifice thoſe pleaſures for the moſt part; I wiſh ſometimes I had never heard any thing upon that head. I gave myſelf up very honeſtly to a diſtracted life; I waſted time without ſcruple or remorſe; but that is over; Mrs. *Affable*'s leſſons run in my mind, and break in upon all the ſchemes I had formed for pleaſure and diverſion, and troubleſome reflections aſſault me in thoſe places, where I uſed to meet with nothing but mirth and ſatisfaction.

Lady Sincere. I'll venture however. I told you, that I was fond to madneſs of diverſions; and 'tis true, but I am only in queſt of pleaſure to be happy and contented. Mrs. *Affable* gives us hopes of another kind of happineſs; 'tis all one to me; I am very little concerned by what means I am pleaſed, provided I am ſo. On the other ſide I mean well, and have always found ſomething within me, which ſuggeſts to my thoughts, that there is ſome fault in the attachment I have to pleaſure; could I diſcover ſuch pleaſures againſt which

which my reaſon could not except, thoſe would undoubtedly meet with the preference.

Mrs. Affable. That is, my dear, you will put into a ſcale the ſatisfaction ariſing from a religious life againſt that which the world affords, and chuſe which pleaſes you moſt.

Lady Sincere. I think ſo, Mrs. *Affable*; I can run no riſque; you aſſured me that the pleaſures, which virtue procures, exceed thoſe of this world. My choice will certainly fall on the former.

Mrs. Affable. I ſpoke to you of virtue, and not of ſelf-love. Virtuous perſons are not to do good, that they may be pleaſed and ſatisfied here, but that they may comply with the orders and commands of God; and God, who is all goodneſs, makes amends by numberleſs pleaſures for thoſe that have been given up in obedience to his orders. If you forego theſe pleaſures to meet with greater here, you become your own idol, and God will not reward what you do more for your ſatisfaction, than for his.

Miſs Zina. Mrs. *Affable*, theſe ladies are my friends; I may tell before them what has taken me up this morning. I am ſure it makes me tremble.

Mrs. Affable. How! no misfortune I hope?

Miſs Zina. No, Mrs. *Affable*; it looks more like good fortune, and yet leaves me under great frights. I am to be married ſoon. *Mama* propoſed to me this morning a match a hundred times more advantageous than I could ever think of, as to intereſt in this world. I know the gentleman, and am pleaſed with his perſon and character. This ſhould ſuffice, and yet I am quite giddy with fear.

Mrs. Affable. Pray tell me what it is you fear.

Miſs Zina. Every thing, Mrs *Affable*; the duties of the ſtate propoſed to me crouded into my thoughts;

thoughts; they appear ſo ſerious, and of that weighty importance, that I very much doubt of my complying with them as I ought. In the next place, the gentleman is very rich; this affluence of wealth may perhaps corrupt my heart. It will put me under a neceſſity of making a great figure, and how can I be ſure that I ſhall not conceive too great an attachment to the world, and thoſe pleaſures, which I actually now deſpiſe? You muſt allow that my ſituation is very perilous, and that it will be extremely difficult for me to get clear of ſo many dangers.

Lady Sincere. This would never have come into my head. You fear being rich; well, madam, you may make a good uſe of riches. This will enable you to follow your benevolent temper, and to do a thouſand good things, which now you can only deſire to do.

Miſs Zina. Admirably well ſaid! but have we not ſeen many examples of perſons, who with a middling fortune were both generous and virtuous, and, when raiſed to a greater degree and means, have departed from thoſe amiable diſpoſitions? Who can inſure my not doing the ſame?

Mrs. Affable. I will, my dear miſs. When God calls us to a ſtate of life, he gives us ſufficient graces and helps to diſcharge our duty. Some dangers, no doubt, attend your ſituation; but then you have neither ſought nor deſired it. This ſhould quiet your alarms. Do you think it will take place very ſoon?

Miſs Zina. No, Mrs. *Affable*; I have not yet given *mama* a poſitive anſwer, I begged a reſpite of twenty-four hours before I determined, and was reſolved to take your advice firſt.

Mrs. Affable. I am greatly honoured with the confidence you repoſe in me, and I will give you an

an anſwer. I have already obſerved, that you have not ſought this match; you have, moreover, great reaſon to eſteem it as a particular diſpenſation of a kind providence. The match is convenient for your family; you are pleaſed with the gentleman's behaviour and character. Nothing more can be deſired in any marriage. What elſe you have to do, is to obſerve whether your tempers will be ſuitable to each other; you have time for it; mean while, be ſure to give more time to frequent prayers, and to redouble your attention to the practice of good works, that you may obtain of God, that he will interpoſe his providence in raiſing obſtacles to this marriage, if he ſhould foreſee that it will prove a hinderance to your ſalvation.

Miſs Zina. I will obſerve your directions, Mrs. *Affable*; but I am very ſorry that I have interrupted your converſation; and I beg that you will continue the diſcourſe you was upon when I came in.

Mrs. Affable. In our laſt conference, Lady *Louiſa* was to be let into the method of making the day very ſhort and entertaining. And I fancy we were upon the reflections Lady *Lucy* made in getting up and dreſſing.

Lady Lucy. But firſt theſe ladies muſt know that I am a great ſleeper, and formerly was very loath to leave my bed. My woman was forced to call twenty times before I could take leave of the pillow.

Lady Sincere. That is my daily practice. I do not like going to bed early; I ſtay up as long as I can without the leaſt compaſſion for my poor woman, who ſleeps as ſhe ſtands. As I have no inclination to ſleep, when I am got to bed, I lay the fineſt ſchemes in order to get up betimes, but

I fall

fall asleep and forget all; when I am waked in the morning I never want a reason to lie longer. A bad night; an extreme drowsiness; a fancy that I am not well; I have nothing to do that requires quick dispatch; in short, I dispute with the pillow, which almost always gets the better. Pray, Lady *Lucy*, how do you contrive to get up at a certain hour?

Lady Lucy. Mrs. *Affable* says we must leave our beds as if they were on fire. I think to myself I hear the voice of the angel at the last day, when he is to sound the trumpet, and cry out, *arise ye dead, and come to judgment.* This dreadful thought immediately removes all sleepiness and sloth. Then I sit up and endeavour to consecrate the first moment of the day to God, by an oblation of myself, and of all that is mine. In the beginning I found it very troublesome to rise as the clock struck, if I may use that expression; but at present I am quite used to this practice without any manner of uneasiness. Whilst I dress I beg of *Jesus Christ* to cloath me with the new man mentioned by St. *Paul.* After this I make my prayer.

Mrs. Affable. Favour the ladies with telling them in what your prayer consists.

Lady Lucy. It consists in the acts of religion, which a Christian ought to make at least once a day. The first is an act of adoration, that is, I acknowledge God as the sovereign Creator of heaven and earth, my master, my king, and my father, and declare that I am bound to respect and love him under all those different titles. I rejoice, that I depend upon so bountiful a father, I submit to his divine will, and I excite myself to believe firmly, that whatever he shall determine concerning me this day, and all other days of my life, is for my good, because he is sovereignly good, and loves me.

Miss

Miſs Zina. Have you a particular ſet prayer to that purpoſe?

Lady Lucy. No, my dear! I make this prayer ſometimes one way, ſometimes another, and as my heart prompts me. After this I make an act of thankſgiving, that is, I return thanks for all the favours he has bleſſed me with during my whole life, and if any remarkable bleſſing I have received occur to me, I am more particularly grateful for that. I thank God for not taking me out of this world at a time I had no thought of working my ſalvation, and allowing me this day to employ myſelf to that end. This thought makes me recollect my paſt life: alas! I think to myſelf how much of my time have I loſt? A fourth part of life is now gone with little or no application to the great work of ſalvation, the grand affair for which God has placed me in this world. I beg pardon for this neglect, and I own myſelf in his preſence ſo weak, ſo much diſtracted, and ſo inclined to evil, that unleſs he will aſſiſt me particularly with his grace, I ſhall continue in this ſad forgetfulneſs of my ſalvation. I earneſtly beſeech my God, in the name of his ſon *Jeſus Chriſt*, to grant me all helps and graces neceſſary to promote this important affair. To obtain my requeſt, I offer to him the life and ſufferings of this divine Saviour, and unite all my actions to his; thus united, I offer them to God, and I make a firm purpoſe to comply this day with all the duties of my ſtate, in obedience to his precepts; I conclude with ſaying the prayer, which *Jeſus Chriſt* has taught us, with all the efforts I can make to fix my mind on the ſenſe of the words; without this violence to myſelf, I ſhould repeat the prayer without any attention.

Lady Louiſa. Tell me plainly, my dear; this is

is a long ſort of prayer; do not you find it ſomething tedious? have you never any diſtractions?

Lady Lucy. I aſſure you, dear friend, that I do not find the prayer long. At firſt, I found ſome difficulty, my thoughts wandered every way; I had not then got into a habit of fixing my mind properly; now that difficulty is perfectly maſtered. Mrs. *Affable* has ſet me half an hour of prayer; I put my watch upon the table, and I think it goes ſurpriſingly faſt; were I to follow my inclination, I would make a whole hour of prayer. There is ſuch a pleaſure in putting up our prayers to God; my heart is then ſo content, and in ſo calm a ſtate, that I could ſpend my whole life without any uneaſineſs in that holy exerciſe.

Lady Sincere. How happy you are, Lady *Lucy!* I am not ſo; half my time at prayer is ſpent without attention, and frequently appears very long; but why does not God favour me with the ſame graces?

Mrs. Affable. I will tell you, my dear; but, to ſpeak more properly, *Jeſus Chriſt* ſhall inform you. *No one can ſerve two maſters*, as we are aſſured by our Saviour. Lady *Lucy* has courageouſly renounced this world; ſhe ſerves only one maſter, who is *Jeſus Chriſt*; and this liberal maſter, beſides an infinite reward, which he prepares for her in another life, beſtows, as he has promiſed, over and above, the hundred fold in this for what ſhe does for his ſake.

Lady Louiſa. You tell me that Lady *Lucy* has renounced the world; you ſurpriſe me, Mrs. *Affable*; ſhe lives in it as we do. We frequent the ſame company, and, within a trifle, take the ſame diverſions.

Mrs. Affable. I do not diſpute it; in outward appearance you are near alike, but the difference

is

is in the heart! Lady *Lucy* takes ſome diverſions, but you give yourſelf wholly up to them. Do you think, my dear, that to arrive at the perfection of a life truly chriſtian, it is neceſſary to be buried in a deſart, and to lead a life altogether uncommon? This would be a ſtrange miſtake. The apoſtle does not ſay, leave this world, but *uſe this world as if you uſed it not*; *for the figure of it paſſeth away*; that is, live in this world as not belonging to it. As the world and its maxims ſhall leave your heart, peace, gladneſs, tranquillity, and happineſs will ſucceed in proportion. You ſee that I have encouraged Miſs *Zina* to conſent to a match, which will throw her into the heart of the *grand monde*. I do not intend by it, that ſhe ſhall be of the world, and if it pleaſe God ſhe ſhall live in it as a ſtranger to it, and by that means arrive at true happineſs in this abode and empire, I may call it, of ſorrow and the greateſt vexation. I do not impoſe upon you, my dear; the degree of virtue, to which you advance, will always be the meaſure of your happineſs, I will not deceive you, but refer you to your friend.

Lady Lucy. Ah! Mrs. *Affable*, I am ſtill at a great diſtance from true happineſs. I own I have never enjoyed ſo much eaſe and quiet of mind as I do now, but I find that there are ſtill many difficulties to overcome, before I can be happy; hitherto I have made but a very little ſacrifice to that effect. My heart is entirely ſevered from tumultuous pleaſures; I am free from ambition, and would not give the value of a pin to increaſe my fortune; and what is this, to be called a ſacrifice, as if it was a great matter? Reaſon, I really think, would have prevailed upon me to do the ſame without any motive taken from the Chriſtian Religion; and where can the difficulty lie to turn one's back

to

to all theſe trifles? There are other things which I muſt root out of my heart, and I find it will bleed ſorely.

Miſs Zina. Pray what can there be in your heart that muſt be rooted out?

Lady Lucy. All created beings, madam, and I muſt begin with myſelf. I paſſionately love myſelf, my relations, my friends; and this is a ſtop to my being happy.

Lady Louiſa. How, lady! is it neceſſary to hate one's ſelf, and all the world beſides?

Mrs. Affable. No, my dear; you muſt love yourſelf, and all the world for God's ſake. This I own is much ſooner ſaid than done; and as Lady *Lucy* obſerves very juſtly, the heart muſt be rent and bleed. It is not yet come to this with regard to you, madam. In this great work we muſt proceed by degrees, and like the man, who had a large ſpot of ground to weed. When he ſurveyed the prodigious quantity of weeds, that covered the ground, he was diſcouraged from undertaking this exceſſive taſk; he afterwards reflected very prudently, that there was no neceſſity of doing it all in one day, and perſuaded himſelf to act as if he had only the twentieth part of this ground to weed; this did not appear ſo difficult. He ſet to work, and eaſily compaſſed it; he undertook another part the day following, and in ſome days time the work was completely finiſhed. Imitate this example. A total change of the heart is not the work of a day. Take it ſeriouſly in hand, it will go forward imperceptibly, and you will, on a ſudden, be ſurpriſed with the great progreſs you have made.

Lady Louiſa. Say what you will, my dear friend, this work will always be difficult, and ſo difficult, that my weakneſs makes me almoſt deſpair of ſucceſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. You are very right in thinking that you are weak: it is very true, that if you was to undertake this by yourſelf only, you could never bring it about. I have read, I cannot tell where, of a woman, *Felicity* by name, who was put in priſon to be devoured by beaſts. She was very near her time, and was actually delivered in priſon. She ſuffered a great deal, and broke out into loud cries. The gaoler ſpeaking to her, if you cannot bear your pains now, ſaid he, how will you behave when you are tearing in pieces by wild beaſts? That will be quite a different caſe, the woman anſwered, when I am in the amphitheatre, *Jeſus* will ſuffer in me, and communicate his ſtrength to me. Let us ſay with her, when we ſhall ſeriouſly undertake the great work of our ſalvation, we ſhall not work alone, but *Jeſus Chriſt* in us, and he will communicate his ſtrength to us. But here are our young ladies; we will go on with this matter at another meeting.

Miſs Zina. Pleaſe to remember, that you have promiſed to give me proper inſtructions concerning the means that are neceſſary to avoid the dangers of the ſtate, upon which I am about to enter by your advice. I ſhall at leaſt lay the conſequences of this advice at your door.

Mrs. Affable. With a great deal of pleaſure, miſs; we will put up our prayers to God, that he may inſpire us, and then enquire into thoſe means, you and I together.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XV.

Lady WITTY.

YOU ſaid, Mrs. *Affable*, that we muſt have recourſe to philoſophy for a proof, that there was no ſituation in life, wherein a man could be unhappy paſt all help and remedy. Now is a proper time to keep your promiſe.

Mrs. Affable. I will endeavour to ſtand to my word. But previouſly, ladies, you muſt call to mind, that we have proved, beyond reply, that man was created to be happy.

Lady Louiſa. I have often had it in my thoughts, Mrs. *Affable*; and if I could ſhew that this propoſition contradicts another that is true, what would you ſay then?

Mrs. Affable. I would examine into it, for it is certain, that two contradictory propoſitions cannot be both true.

Miſs Bella. I do not underſtand this, Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. It ſhall be explained, my dear; I ſay, that *It is day*; you ſay *It is not.* Here are two contradictory propoſitions, that deſtroy each other, for it is impoſſible they ſhould both be true. If I am right, you are in the wrong; if you are in the right, I muſt be in the wrong. I ſay, that ſuch-a-one is living; you ſay he is dead. Theſe two propoſitions contradict each other, and cannot ſtand together. Death is inconſiſtent with life, as life is with death.

Miſs

Miſs Sophy. I take it now. When a propoſition is true, the contradictory is falſe. *I am* but *little*; the contradictory would be, *I am not little*. And as it would be ridiculous to ſay, that I am *little*, and at the ſame time tall, I can conclude ſafely, that being *little* I cannot be a tall perſon.

Mrs. Affable. Very well. We laid down for a truth, that *man was created to be happy*. Lady *Louiſa* pretends to know a truth as certain, which directly contradicts it. That is, Lady *Louiſa* will have it, that you may be little and tall.

Lady Louiſa. No, Mrs. *Affable*, I don't ſay ſo: I ſhould be extravagant if I did. I only pretend, that if the propoſition I advance be founded in truth, yours muſt be falſe. Do you believe, that God has left men at liberty to act as they will, and that he does not force them to do one thing rather than another?

Mrs. Affable. That with me, my dear, goes for an *axiom*. It is a conſequence of that other truth, *There is a God*. For if God forced the will of man, all the crimes committed in the world muſt be imputed to him, which would be to deſtroy his goodneſs.

Lady Louiſa. You maintain, that God created me to be happy. But here is my neighbour, a man endowed with free-will, who has taken it into his head to make me miſerable; to this end he ſeizes my eſtate, takes away my good name, makes me odious and contemptible to all the world, my relations, friends, and to thoſe whom I have loaded with favours. This man forces me to drink a poiſonous draught, and ruins my health. God muſt either take away from him the liberty of doing me all this miſchief, or he has not created me to be happy, ſince he leaves this man at liberty to hinder my being ſo.

Mrs. Affable. It was you, Lady *Senſible,* who maintained before theſe ladies, that there was no condition in the world, wherein a man could be irretrievably miſerable. Get off as well as you can; for my part I won't be concerned, and ſo I leave you to anſwer Lady *Louiſa.*

Lady Senſible. I am not at all afraid, Mrs. *Affable.* Lady *Louiſa* ſets out upon a falſe ſuppoſition.

Lady Louiſa. What is that falſe ſuppoſition; if you pleaſe to tell me, my dear?

Lady Senſible. You ſuppoſe that every thing in this world can make us happy, or unhappy; and I ſtand to it, that happineſs or miſery ſubſiſts only in the heart; and that though all the men in the world ſhould uſe their joint efforts to make me unhappy, they could not effect their intent, unleſs I had a mind.

Lady Louiſa. That is really ſomething, if it could be proved; if a man ſhould this moment take away your eſtate, pray tell me, would it not make you very unhappy?

Lady Senſible. It would, as far as I had an inclination to my eſtate; but if I was not at all fond of riches, what great harm would there be in taking from me what gave me ſo little concern?

Lady Louiſa. I eaſily conceive, that a rational perſon is not earneſtly to deſire great riches; but that is out of the queſtion; I mean the neceſſaries of life, ſo that I ſhould be reduced to beg my bread, or work hard for a ſubſiſtence.

Lady Senſible. And do you imagine, that to earn a livelihood by labour is a misfortune? Have you never ſeen in the country, numbers of people who toiled in the fields from morning till night, and yet ſung, were merry, and had not the leaſt uneaſy moment?

Lady

Lady Louiſa. They are ſtupid creatures, that never knew better.

Lady Senſible. Therefore hard work is not to be reckoned a misfortune; but your fancy makes the misfortune. If it was really ſo, it would be a misfortune for the poor as much as for you. Reform your opinion, and it will appear the ſame to you, as it does to them.

Lady Louiſa. But how can this opinion be reformed? I ſit by a good fire in winter; I have good warm clothes; when it is fair in ſummer I go out in a coach; if I walk, it is in the ſhade. Is it a matter quite indifferent, to be with or without theſe conveniencies; to be expoſed to the rigours of the ſeaſons, heat, cold; and beſides, to be in want of very near half the neceſſaries of life?

Lady Senſible. Look'ee, my dear, our bodies will be inured to any thing. I am very ſure, that with all your great care, you ſuffer more by heat and cold than they, and that you catch four colds for their one. When you have kept very cloſe in a warm room, you need only come out to the ſtairs to be ſeized with a cold, a rheum, or defluxion; a ſure proof, that you ſuffer more by cold in one minute than the country labourers in the whole day; and you may reaſon in the ſame manner with regard to cold. You go on to ſay, that the poor creatures cannot procure half the neceſſaries of life. The neceſſaries are confined to a ſmall compaſs. Bread and water is preciſely the whole of the neceſſaries. What is beyond this ſtint is *neceſſary*, by a ſad miſtake, for ſenſuality, gluttony, to go on with a bad cuſtom, and only contributes to many diſorders unknown to the poor labourers. They are always employed, time cannot hang upon their hands; they eat with a good appetite; hard work and temperance ſeaſons their meals;

they ſleep ſoundly, becauſe they are wearied, they have the pleaſure of indulging themſelves with a little reſt, and ſometimes to a ſmall degree of ſloth. They are ſtrangers to vapours, melancholy, uneaſineſs of mind, and all the train of miſeries, that wait upon ſloth and gluttony, and come to a good old age; whereas a ſoft voluptuous life ſhortens our days. Now, madam, you are at liberty to ſay, that a man has it in his power to make me unhappy by taking away my eſtate, and putting me under a neceſſity of living by my work, which procures me health, ſound ſleep, a good appetite, and eaſe.

Mrs. Affable. I was quite in the right to let you plead your cauſe; you have done it admirably. I will give you an inſtance of this by way of farther proof. I knew a man, a near relation of mine. He had a good conſtitution, and was very rich. He lived like a rich man, that is, he kept a very plentiful table, ſlept half of his time; the other half was ſpent in diverſions. Before he was forty-three years of age, he had ſuffered ſeveral fits of apoplexy, and every year a ſickneſs, that brought him to death's door. He was troubled with colics, ſurfeits, indigeſtions, want of ſleep. But at forty-three years of age he loſt all that he was worth; as he had a numerous family, he was under a neceſſity to work for a ſubſiſtence. He got up at four every morning, drank water only, and many times had only bread to eat. What was the conſequence? He ſaw an end of all his diſorders; and now, that he is ſeventy-five years old, is better in health than I am. There is no queſtion, ladies, that, if the pleaſures which are obtained by riches, were put into a balance with thoſe, that are the fruits of poverty and hard work, we ſhould not heſitate one moment about the

the choice; at leaſt, we ſhould make ourſelves very eaſy upon the loſs of our worldly ſubſtance.

Lady Louiſa. I give up this article, Mrs. *Affable*; but I ſtill have ſeveral others. For example, this poor man reduced to want, loſes the uſe of his limbs, and is in an utter incapacity of doing any work; he muſt of neceſſity beg for a livelihood. Now I put the queſtion; can any thing be more wretched than to depend upon others charity, to be expoſed to the contempt and ſcorn of the rich; can there be a more miſerable ſituation?

Lady Senſible. Here pride is the misfortune, my dear; but if I know, that pride is the greateſt of evils, and if I truly deſire to be freed from this evil, ſhall I not find very ſpeedy comfort in a ſituation ſo well calculated to defeat that vice? A rich man deſpiſes me, becauſe I beg an alms; ſo much the worſe for him; he is very unhappy, that he is ſo weak in his underſtanding. He is an object of contempt himſelf, but his folly does not affect in the leaſt the nature of my condition, nor take from me the leaſt good quality I may have; nay it may be of ſervice, and put me upon acquiring ſuch as I may want. If I am impartial, I may ſay this man deſpiſes me for being poor; he is much to blame; but did he know how great a ſinner I am, he would contemn me much more, and very juſtly. How often have I mal-treated thoſe, who had their dependance on me? 'Tis juſt I ſhould have it returned. Then I deſerved contempt, and met with praiſe; this is but a juſt compenſation.

Lady Louiſa. I take it to be very true, that contempt diſquiets us merely in as much as we are proud; and we ſhould be glad of an occaſion, that

is offered to deſtroy our pride; but if any one ſhould alienate our parents and friends from us?

Lady Lucy. Oh! Mrs. *Affable,* this is a moſt ſenſible article to me; as to the reſt I could have gone hand in hand with Lady *Senſible*; but what can ſhe ſay to this particular misfortune?

Lady Senſible. Help me out, Mrs. *Affable,* I am come to the moſt difficult part of the taſk I have undertaken.

Mrs. Affable. In truth, my dear, I ſhould ſcruple giving you any help, you have diſcuſſed the point too well to want it. Do you think the misfortune is paſt recovery?

Lady Senſible. Not quite ſo, Mrs. *Affable*; my relations and friends are very reaſonable; it may be poſſible for me to juſtify my innocence, and regain their eſteem.

Mrs. Affable. And ſhould they be otherwiſe, and not admit the proofs you brought of your innocency, would this be a ſufficient cauſe for your being diſquieted in mind for the loſs of their favour.

Lady Lucy. I ſhould not grieve for loſing the friendſhip of perſons, whom I could no longer eſteem, becauſe they are unjuſt; but nothing could comfort me for the wrong they did themſelves; the evil would light upon them; and I ſhould break my heart for perſons ſo dear to me.

Mrs. Affable. You don't reflect, my dear; you ſay, that you could not eſteem thoſe perſons, and you imagine that you would ſtill love them. This does not hang together. Among ſenſible perſons, friendſhip and eſteem expire together.

Miſs Zina. Then we muſt hate them; were it my father or mother, or huſband, would you adviſe me in that manner?

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Were it the very laſt of men, I would not. Mind what I ſay, and endeavour to take my meaning. When God endowed us with reaſon, he undoubtedly deſigned we ſhould make uſe of that gift; and as he is the ſupreme and firſt reaſon or underſtanding, he cannot do any thing contrary to reaſon. Whatever is worthy of eſteem is amiable; and there is a natural inclination to love ſuch objects. But as we are corrupt in general, and prone to evil, the love which we muſt have for each other, would be very weakly ſupported, if it only reſted upon qualities that depend on our choice. Hence God has given us qualities independent of our will, and ſufficient to ground a juſt and rational affection in other perſons. However wicked a creature like unto us may be, it is ſtill a creature made unto the likeneſs of God, redeemed by the precious blood of our Lord *Jeſus Chriſt*, and deſigned as well as ourſelves to be eternally happy. No one is without the reſpectable title of a child of God, and of the object of his love. Can we be ſo unjuſt as to hate creatures, whom God ſtill loveth, and who by the converſion of their heart to him, may become objects of his complacency? Such are the motives, upon which the love of our neighbour or charity is founded, and ſuch is the love that we owe to thoſe whom we cannot eſteem. This aggravates their defects, and undoubtedly makes them more ſenſible; but the ſenſe we have of their indignity, however vehement it may be, cannot affect our happineſs without our fault; otherwiſe we muſt ſay, that the happineſs of the ſupreme being is not perfect, and that he muſt ſuffer by ſeeing the wickedneſs of man.

Lady Lucy. This laſt reaſon convinces me fully; with me it is deciſive, for it is a conſequence of this firſt truth, *There is a God.*

Mrs. Affable. What Lady *Senſible* has ſaid, ſhe has ſpoke as a philoſopher. The heathens have diſcovered by the light of nature, that poverty and other things, that are miſcalled *evils*, were no hindrance to happineſs. But what is there, that we cannot ſay, when we ſpeak as Chriſtians? When we begin to diſcourſe on the goſpel, we ſhall be taught by the oracle of eternal wiſdom, what is truly good and truly evil. Adieu, ladies. Miſs *Sophy*, remember you promiſed to bring your little ſiſter with you; I ſhall expect her by and by.

DIALOGUE XVI.

Miſs SOPHY.

MRS. *Affable*, here is my little ſiſter *Fanny*. She would willingly thank you herſelf, but as ſhe cannot ſpeak French, ſhe has begged of me to do it for her.

Mrs. Affable. Come, kiſs me, my dear; I hope you will very ſoon be able to talk the language of our ſchool; ſit down, and be very attentive to what is ſaid.

Miſs Sophy. We read yeſterday a very curious ſtory; will Mrs. *Affable* give me leave to repeat it to the ladies.

Mrs. Affable. Very willingly, my dear, after the ſtories from the holy ſcripture. You begin, Miſs *Bella*.

Miſs

Miſs Bella. Whilſt the *Iſraelites* were captives in *Aſſyria*, a good king reigned in *Juda*. He ſerved the Lord, as *David* had done, and never departed from his duty. He cut down the groves conſecrated to the falſe gods, and broke in pieces the brazen ſerpent, which the people adored. He waged a ſucceſsful war againſt the neighbouring nations, that attacked him, and undertook to deliver his kingdom from the tribute, that was paid to the king of *Aſſyria*. *Sennacherib*, king of the *Aſſyrians*, being informed of his deſign, came againſt him with a powerful army, which obliged *Hezekiah* to pay the tribute again. After *Sennacherib* had received this money, he laughed at *Hezekiah*, and, not content with this, ſent ſome of his people to corrupt the *Jews*; by his order theſe wicked agents ſpoke blaſphemous words to them, the Lord your God, ſaid they, has not power to reſcue you out of our hands. Theſe horrible blaſphemies came to the king's ears; *Hezekiah* rent his clothes, and was more affected with the injury offered to the Lord, than the fear of loſing his crown. Whilſt this holy prince put up his moſt humble prayers to God, he ſent to conſult the prophet *Iſaiah*, now that *Eliſha* was dead. The prophet aſſured him, that he would be aſſiſted by the Lord; upon the hearing of which, the impious king of *Aſſyria* redoubled his blaſphemies, and had the audaciouſneſs to write them in a letter he wrote to *Hezekiah*. This religious prince carried the letter to the temple, and preſenting it to God, he earneſtly begged of him to ſhew to all the world, that he was the Almighty God. His prayer was heard, and God ſent his exterminating angel to the camp of *Sennacherib*, where this meſſenger and inſtrument of God ſlew an hundred fourſcore and five thouſand men. The wicked king of the

Aſſyrians was taught at his own coſt, that it is not ſafe to try the extent of God's patience. He eſcaped with ſhame, into his country, where he was murthered by his two ſons, whilſt he was worſhipping his idols.

Some time after *Hezekiah* fell ſick, and *Iſaiah* came to him, and ſaid to him, *Thus ſaith the Lord: Set thine houſe in order, for thou ſhalt die.* Hereupon the king turned his face to the wall, and prayed to God in the bitterneſs of his ſoul. The prophet was going back, and got into the middle court, when God ſaid to him, turn again, and ſay to the king, the Lord hath heard thy prayer; he will add to thy days fifteen years, and in three days thou ſhalt go up to the temple. *Hezekiah* took the liberty to beg a miracle in proof of the truth of *Iſaiah*'s prediction. The prophet put this to the king's option, *ſhall the ſhadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees* on the dial? *Let the ſhadow,* ſaid the king, *return backward ten degrees.* Not long after the king of *Babylon* ſent embaſſadors to *Hezekiah,* with his congratulation on the recovery of his health; and the king of *Juda* had the vanity to invite them to a ſight of all his treaſures. Then *Iſaiah* ſpeaking in the name of God, who deputed and inſpired him, ſaid, in puniſhment of your pride, all the treaſures you have ſhewn ſhall be carried into *Babylon,* and your iſſue ſhall be there in captivity.

Mrs. Affable. Well! Lady *Louiſa,* will you find fault again with my ſevere morals, and making ſins of what is very innocent? What harm in ſhewing thoſe treaſures? Certainly none, if *Hezekiah* had only meant a civility, or a piece of complaiſance to the embaſſadors; but as this ſtep, innocent in itſelf, was taken out of a vain boaſt of his opulence and greatneſs, God, who is jealous of

of every motion of the heart, would not let the fault pass unpunished.

Lady Louisa. God requires us to be so very exact in our ways, that it may throw us into despair. How many such faults should I commit in a day? I am really pleased to shew my treasures, that is, my diamonds, my clothes, and all that I am worth to friends. I am pleased, when they are admired and commended, and never had the least thought of an offence.

Mrs. Affable. And perhaps, my dear, there was no offence in so doing; God alone knows your heart, and how far you are attached to such *bagatelles*. The safe way is to clear the heart from all such affections. Go on with our stories, Miss *Sophy*.

Miss Sophy. After the death of *Hezekiah*, his son *Manasseh* came to the throne, when he was but twelve years of age; and he was the wickedest of all the princes; he made his son pass through the fire in honour of the idols; he re-established the worship of the false gods, and placed them in the temple of the Most High; he dealt in magic and sorcery, and turned out a monster, that drew *Juda* into the idolatry of their sovereign. God, to punish his crimes, permitted him to be taken by the *Babylonians*, who carried him into captivity in their country. During his confinement he lifted up his heart to God, and prayed sincerely to obtain forgiveness. God, who never rejects the prayers of a penitent sinner, however enormously he may have offended, forgave the offender, and permitted his restoration to the throne. His first care was to destroy the idols he had raised, and he continued truly faithful to his God the rest of his days. *Amon*, the son of *Manasseh*, imitated the sins of his father, but was not so happy as

to follow the example of his repentance; he was murthered by one of his ſervants. His ſon *Joſiah* walked in the ways of *David*, and conſtantly perſevered in the fear and love of the Lord. A copy of the book of the law was found and brought to him, to which this religious prince exhorted all his ſubjects to conform their lives; but after his death they ſoon forgot the ſolemn promiſes they had made upon oath, to renounce the worſhip of idols. The *Jews* made no account of the threats denounced by *Jeremiah*, who propheſied at that time; and having wearied out the patience of the Lord, he ſent *Nebuchadnezzar* againſt them, who deſtroyed the temple, and carried them all captives to *Babylon*. This ſad event happened in the reign of *Zedekiah*. The *Jews* remained in captivity, till *Cyrus* took *Babylon*, who was employed as an agent from God, to puniſh the ſins of *Belſhazzar*.

Mrs. Affable. If the former paſſage has alarmed us, this may remove our fears. 'Tis hard to be more wicked than *Manaſſeh*. And yet as ſoon as he ſincerely deteſts his crimes, God not only grants him the pardon he begs, but reſtores him to the crown, for which he had not made any requeſt. It muſt be owned, ladies, that the greateſt pleaſure is to ſerve a God ſo good, ſo merciful. Miſs *Molly*, give us your account of *Belſhazzar*.

Miſs Molly. After *Nebuchadnezzar* had deſtroyed the temple, he took all the ſacred veſſels with him to *Babylon* This great city was afterwards beſieged by *Cyrus*, under the reign of *Belſhazzar*, who during the ſiege gave a grand feaſt to the lords of his court, and towards the end of the entertainment, ordered the ſacred veſſels to be brought, out of which he drank, and made his courtiers

and concubines drink out of the ſame. At the ſame time that theſe abominations were carrying on, the king obſerved a hand-writing upon the wall. His wiſe men and aſtrologers were not able to give an interpretation of this myſterious writing *. Some of the ſtanders-by informed the king, that a man, *Daniel* by name, one of the captive *Jews*, was a perſon of great knowledge and penetration, who had alſo explained ſome things to his father *Nebuchadnezzar*, which appeared very obſcure. *Belſhazzar* ſent for *Daniel*, who very freely explained the writing to him. The words were MENE MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. *This is the interpretation of the thing*, ſaid *Daniel*, MENE, *God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finiſhed it.* TEKEL, *thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.* PERES, *thy kingdom is divided, and given to the* Medes *and* Perſians †.

At the ſight of the hand-writing upon the wall, the king was ſeized with ſuch dread, that his knees ſtruck one againſt another. The queen his mother, hearing what had happened, came down to the Banquetting-hall, and reproached him with his fears, which encouraged him, though *Daniel* had put him in mind of the chaſtiſement come upon his father *Nebuchadnezzar*, whom God had condemned, when his heart was lifted up with pride, and puffed up with his power, to become like a brute for ſeven years, to be fed with graſs, and his body to be wet with the dew of heaven.

* Becauſe the words might be read with many different vowels to the conſonants, for thoſe only appeared in the *writing*; but chiefly, for that every word was to be explained by a whole ſentence.

† Vide *Daniel*'s Prophecy, chap. v. ver. 25, 26, 27, 28.

The

The liberty, which the prophet took, did not offend *Belſhazzar*; but he gave his orders, and they cloathed *Daniel* with ſcarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck. That very night *Babylon* was taken, and *Belſhazzar* ſlain. *Cyrus*, jointly with *Darius Cyaxares*, his uncle, and his father-in-law, ſucceeded to the empire, and reigned there.

Lady Charlotte. I have long waited for this period of time, as I am brought acquainted with *Cyrus* and *Cyaxares* by the abridgment I have of univerſal hiſtory.

Mrs. Affable. 'Tis a real pleaſure to fall in with one's acquaintance. You ſee, my dear, the benefit of an early application from a little one; had you ſpent your time in playing, whereabout would you be now.

Lady Mary. I do aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable*, that ſince I have begun with hiſtory, I ſcarce mind *dolls*; I ſhould be glad to exchange them for books.

Lady Charlotte. There's one thing in that abridgment, that puts me out of all patience. Many ſtories are mentioned, that are not to be found there. *Mama* has given me ſeveral volumes of *Rollin*'s Hiſtory, where ſhe tells me I ſhall meet with all theſe ſtories. I ſet about reading them, but there is ſo much reaſoning, and ſuch a number of battles; Lord! it is quite tedious.

Mrs. Affable. Skip over the battles, my dear; when you are a little older, you will read them over again. You have not all *Rollin*'s hiſtory; Lady *Senſible* ſhall repeat them to you. She had writ them all out herſelf, by that time ſhe was ten.

Miſs Bella. It is very happy for the lady to know all theſe fine things. I ſhall be truly obliged

to

to you, if you will give her leave to tell us the ſtories relating to *Cyrus* and *Cyaxares*; I have a great mind to be acquainted with thoſe princes.

Mrs. Affable. She ſhall, my dear, the firſt time we meet; we make an end to-day of what concerns the *Lacedemonians*. At our laſt meeting we ſaid, *Lycurgus*'s deſign was to form an invincible people, and that ſhould make no conqueſts. Lady *Witty*, how did he contrive to make them invincible?

Lady Witty. The ladies will pleaſe to remember, that the children were brought up to fear no pain; at the ſame time they were taught to have a greater dread of ſhaming themſelves than of death. Now if a man had run away in battle, or ſurrendered his arms, he would have been loaded with ignominy. He muſt not be ſeen any more at the public halls, where, we ſaid, they took their meals; every one was free to inſult him, to ſpit in his face, and throw dirt at him. They avoided him as they would an infected perſon, and thoſe that ſhould ſpeak to him were looked upon as infamous. By this means the *Spartans* were a long time invincible; they might indeed have deſtroyed their commonwealth by killing all, but as long as one kept alive, he would have defended himſelf, and never given up his arms.

Mrs. Affable. But how did he hinder them making conqueſts?

Lady Witty. If the enemy took to flight, they never were allowed to purſue. Beſides, they could not make conqueſts, as long as they obſerved the *Spartan* laws. They had, you know, nothing but iron-money. Once they were out of *Laconia* their country, how could they purchaſe neceſſaries?

Other

Other nations would not have taken up with their iron-money.

Lady Charlotte. Yet they went far from their country, when *Xerxes* came into *Europe.*

Lady Witty. They did ſo, and I have made the ſame reflection; I imagine, that as they fought with other Greeks for the defence of all *Greece,* they were then furniſhed with neceſſaries.

Miſs Frivolous. You ſaid, that the ſlaves only were concerned in the ſeveral arts and profeſſions. Being uſed ſo ill they could not have very great trade or commerce. Many of thoſe ſlaves very probably would never have returned, if they had been allowed to trade abroad.

Mrs. Affable. The *Spartans* had no trade; their country afforded all neceſſaries; what was ſuperfluous they wanted not; but had they deſired any thing in that way, they were ſupplied by foreign traders before *Lycurgus*'s days; after his laws, they never ſet foot in the country.

Miſs Bella. Why, Mrs. *Affable?* Did *Lycurgus* make any law againſt their coming into *Laconia?*

Mrs. Affable. Such a law was needleſs. Merchants ſend their goods about only for money; as nothing but iron was to be brought from *Sparta,* they were ſure to come no more. *Lycurgus* had not only baniſhed trade, but arts and ſciences, whence proceeded that aſperity and harſhneſs, which appeared very conſpicuouſly in their virtues and behaviour. In effect, as I have explained to you, arts and ſciences are the cauſe of luxury, and, with luxury, occaſion imaginary wants and neceſſities; but even theſe are links, by which we are bound and engaged one to another, and laid under reſtraint with regard to thoſe, whoſe ſervice or help may be of uſe to us. Miſs *Sophy,* tell us the ſtory you have

have read. You mentioned it at the beginning of our leſſon.

Miſs Sophy. There was a *Turkiſh* emperor, who deſired to be poſſeſſed of the kingdom of *Hungary*, and to this end ſent an ambaſſador to the king that reigned at that time. The ambaſſador, inſtead of coming with preſents, brought a conſiderable number of aſſes loaded with corn. When he arrived at the *Hungarian* court, he ordered the ſacks to be untied, and the corn to be ſhot on the ground; and addreſſing himſelf to the king, if you will not, ſaid he, acknowledge the emperor my maſter as your ſovereign, he will ſend as many ſoldiers into your country, as you ſee grains of corn before you. The prince promiſed he would give him an anſwer the next morning; mean while he got together a prodigious number of hens and chickens. They were brought to the place, and eat up all the corn. Upon this the king ſpoke to the *Turkiſh* ambaſſador, tell your maſter, ſaid he, that my troops will deal by his, as my hens and chickens have done with his corn. As ſoon as the *Turk* received this anſwer, he aſſembled a powerful army, and ſent his forces into *Hungary*; but the king, who was forewarned, had full time to prepare for his defence. A narrow and very difficult *defile* was to be paſſed to enter into *Hungary*; the prince ſpoiled the road, and filled it up with ſo many trees, that it was quite impracticable; whereby the *Turk* having put his troops to exceſſive hard duty, and to no purpoſe, was obliged to retire.

Was not the *Turkiſh* emperor a great oaf Mrs. *Affable?* If he intended to make himſelf maſter of *Hungary*, he ſhould never have given any notice of his deſign to that prince, nor time to be guarded againſt his attempt. Had he come on a ſudden,

den, without any intimation of his intent, he would have found the road clear and ready; and nothing could have hindered him ſucceeding in the enterpriſe.

Lady Senſible. You don't reflect, dear couſin; is it lawful to attack a prince without declaring war firſt?

Miſs Sophy. Why, my dear? if *Hungary* belonged to him, could not he ſeize his own without any warning? Where could be the harm?

Lady Senſible. That would have been againſt the *law of nations*, and a criminal breach of public ſociety.

Lady Violent. Pray, what is meant by the *law of nations?* I do not underſtand thoſe terms.

Mrs. Affable. I will explain it to you the beſt I can. It is the *law of nature.* Before any laws were made, men conſulted the law, which God had written in their hearts, to decide what was juſt or unjuſt. This law being common to all, was univerſally known, and is to be obſerved in all places. I will make it clearer by an example.

Two nations are at war, and conſequently have a right to deſtroy their enemies. One of theſe two deſires to make peace with the other; how ſhall this be ſignified to the other, when all correſpondence is interrupted? A proviſion is made to this end, by determining, that at all times men called ambaſſadors may be ſent, and that their perſons ſhall be ſacred, that is, that they ſhall be ſafe from all danger, as they are commonly ſent either to make, or to maintain peace ſubſiſting between theſe nations. The law of nature ſhews evidently, that their perſons muſt be inviolably ſafe, without which no one would undertake the commiſſion,

miſſion, and go to the enemy. The intereſt of all nations requires their perſons to be ſacred in this manner; and this is called the law of nations. The ſame law makes it neceſſary, that the ambaſſadors ſhall not abuſe the confidence repoſed in them by the nation which receives them; and here we have another branch of the law of nature. We admit you amongſt us, ſays this nation, becauſe you profeſs coming with a good intention, and for our advantage. On this condition you are allowed to come into our country, and to be ſecure of all harm; but if you impoſe, and, inſtead of endeavouring to concert a peace and agreement, you come to hurt the commonwealth, you make a bad uſe of our confidence, and violate the law of nature, that is, the law of nations; and we can juſtly look upon you as an enemy, and demand ſatisfaction from your principals, and inſiſt upon your being puniſhed.

The ſafety and welfare of nations is the foundation of this law; and, from what has been ſaid, the ſame law enforces the neceſſity of never allowing any nation to attack another without a previous declaration of war; otherwiſe there could be no quiet, and we ſhould be no ſafer at home, than in a foreſt among a company of robbers. If a prince may fall upon one treacherouſly, he has the ſame right to attack all the reſt; at this rate no one could be ſecure in the world. All nations have agreed therefore, and enacted by common conſent, that no power ſhall wage war without declaring their intention firſt; and who break through this law offend all nations by their contempt of this public and received law, the law of nations. Now you take my meaning, ladies, and you ſee why the *Turk* could not with honour attack

tack the king of *Hungary*, without previouſly declaring war.

Miſs Sophy. I am ſatisfied, Mrs. *Affable*, and much aſhamed of the wrong judgment I made ſo haſtily.

Miſs Bella. I am very ſorry, Mrs. *Affable*, that you are a French woman; otherwiſe I would have propoſed a thought juſt come into my head.

Mrs. Affable. Let us have your thought for all that; you have my free conſent. Probably it is ſomething againſt my country; in that caſe, I muſt commend your good breeding; nothing more unbecoming than to entertain a perſon with offenſive reflections on his country; that is quite rude and outrageous. But, my dear friend, here the caſe is altered; we meet to learn, and not to give offence; and ſo tell me freely what this thought is and all others, provided I am at liberty to contradict, when I ſhall think you are in the wrong. Are you willing it ſhould be ſo, my dear?

Miſs Bella. Oh! to be ſure, Mrs. *Affable*; and I will tell you honeſtly what I thought. I am ſorry for your ſake, that the *French* have violated the law of nations in *America*, for it is generally ſaid, that they began hoſtilities there without any declaration of war.

Mrs. Affable. Indeed almoſt every body ſays ſo in *England*, but what is very particular, my dear, every body ſays the contrary in *France*; and there they think the fault lies on the ſide of the *Engliſh*, and that they began the war without any declaration.

Miſs. Bella. Tell me candidly, Mrs. *Affable*, who you think are in the right.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. I aſſure you, my dear, I know nothing of it. I muſt farther tell you I have never examined the matter. This is a point, where you can never arrive at a certainty, if you were to read all that is written on both ſides, and, beſides, you muſt be ſure that there is no miſtake on either ſide. But how can we be ſure of this? For this reaſon I have reſolved to ſuſpend my opinion, that I may not be unjuſt to either nation.

Miſs Sophy. Since we are upon this ſubject, I muſt give you my opinion; and I have been in this way of thinking for no ſhort time. I ſay to myſelf, poor Mrs. *Affable* muſt be ſadly perplexed; for, in ſhort, you muſt love your country, and conſequently wiſh *France* may get the better; I am very certain on the other ſide, that you love *England*, where you have ſo many ſcholars that love you entirely; you muſt be grieved, when we meet with any diſadvantage. How can you contrive to reconcile theſe things?

Mrs. Affable. Nothing eaſier, my dear; I am glad, however, that you have put this queſtion to me, which favours me with an opportunity to teach you how you are to act on ſuch occaſions. But before I give you an anſwer, allow me to aſk another queſtion. You do not know that your mama and I are concerned in a law-ſuit. There are in a purſe one thouſand guineas a lady left me at her death. Your mama pretends that the purſe belongs to her. Who do you wiſh the purſe to?

Miſs Sophy. I am quite puzzled. I am ſure neither *mama* nor you would advance any thing againſt truth. Still I muſt love *mama* more than you; ſo (you will excuſe me, Mrs. *Affable*) I muſt wiſh her to have the purſe.

Miſs

Miſs Molly. Well! as I have not the honour to know my lady, I wiſh for Mrs. *Affable.*

Mrs. Affable. I thank you kindly, my dear; but if, after all, the purſe did not belong to me, but to my lady, you wiſh very ill for me; there can be nothing worſe than being poſſeſſed of others goods.

Miſs Molly. But if that money was not yours, undoubtedly you would not deſire it.

Mrs. Affable. I truſt I ſhould not; but the caſe is ſo intricate, that we both pretend to be in the right. My lady locked up a purſe of one thouſand guineas in her *bureau.* I put in it at the ſame time juſt ſuch another with the like ſum. Thieves ſtole one of the purſes. My lady ſays, they left hers, and that ſhe knows her own purſe very well; I ſay the ſame of mine, which I think I know as well. How can the difference be compoſed? It is impoſſible; we are at law; the judges will determine the cauſe.

Miſs Rural. Mrs. *Affable* is quite right in ſaying that it is a moſt pernicious thing to enjoy another's property; upon which I muſt wiſh her to be caſt, if that purſe is not hers.

Mrs. Affable. That is really wiſhing like a friend, who loves me well. I love my country, Miſs *Sophy,* and as nothing can be more unfortunate than an unjuſt poſſeſſion of goods belonging to others, I heartily wiſh the *French* to be worſted, if they claim what is not their own.

Miſs Bella. If I am to judge as you do, I muſt wiſh the ſame to *England.*

Mrs. Affable. To be ſure, if you are a good commonwealth's-woman. Remember, ladies, that it is not the extent of, but the title to poſſeſſions, which makes the happineſs of empires. To make unjuſt

unjuſt acquiſitions is the greateſt misfortune that can happen to commonwealths and kingdoms. As I am not a judge of the juſtice of the cauſe between the two nations, I cannot determine to which I muſt wiſh ſucceſs. My prayer is, O God, who knoweſt which ſide has a juſt cauſe, bleſs that with victory; never permit me to meet with ſucceſs, when I ſhall attempt to wrong my neighbour, either knowingly or through ignorance; but rather let my pretenſions be defeated. Grant the ſame favour to my country, my relations, friends, and to all thoſe for whom I am more particularly concerned.

I intended, ladies, to entertain you with a ſtory, but it is too long for the time we have to-day. Lady *Charlotte* has made a very pretty tale, which ſhe will entertain you with. After that we muſt talk about *North America*, and at our morning's meeting you ſhall have the ſtory I promiſed.

Lady Charlotte. A merchant ſailed to the *Weſt-Indies* with his wife; he had good ſucceſs, and grew rich; and, after ſome years, he took a ſhip to return to *France*, his own country. He had his wife with him, two children, a boy and a girl. His ſon was about four years of age, and named *John*; his daughter (her name was *Mary*) was a year younger. When they were half way of their paſſage, a dreadful ſtorm came unexpectedly; the pilot ſaid they were in imminent danger, as the wind drove them upon ſome iſlands, where they muſt of neceſſity ſuffer ſhipwreck. The merchant, upon this, took a large and ſtrong plank, and faſtened his wife and two children tight to it; he would alſo have fixed himſelf to the ſame, but he had not time; for the ſhip immediately ſtruck upon a rock, ſplit in two, and all on board fell into

the ſea. The plank, with the wife and the two children, kept the ſea like a little boat, and the wind carried them to an iſland. The woman untied the cords, and made up into the country with the two children.

Now that they were ſafely landed, the mother's firſt care was to thank God for her and her children's preſervation; but ſtill ſhe was in great grief for the loſs of her huſband; beſides, ſhe apprehended, that herſelf and her children muſt periſh with hunger in this iſland, or be devoured with wild beaſts. She was going on with theſe melancholy thoughts, when ſhe diſcovered ſeveral trees loaded with fruit. She took a broken bough, and beat ſome of the fruit down, which ſhe gave the children, and of which ſhe alſo eat. She advanced farther, in hopes of diſcovering ſome hut; but ſhe perceived that ſhe was upon a deſart iſland. In her way, ſhe found a large hollow tree; this ſhe deſigned to be her houſe for that night. She lay there with her children, and the next day walked with them as far as they could; ſhe ſaw ſeveral birds-neſts, and took the eggs; but finding neither men nor dangerous beaſts upon the iſland, ſhe was reſolved to ſubmit to God's holy will, and do her beſt for the education of her children. She had in her pocket a New Teſtament and a Common Prayer; ſhe taught them to read out of theſe books, and brought them up in the knowledge of their maker. Sometimes her ſon would ſay, *mama,* what is become of *papa?* what made him take us from home to this iſland? Won't he come for us ſoon? Children, the diſconſolate mother anſwered with tears, your *papa* is gone to heaven; but you have another *papa,* that is our good God. He is here, though you ſee him not; he it is, that

ſends

ſends us fruit and eggs; he will take care of us as long as we ſhall love him with our whole heart, and ſerve him faithfully. When the children could read well, they were much pleaſed with their reading, and talked of it the whole day. They were alſo very dutiful, and quite obedient to their mother.

At two years end the poor mother fell ſick, and was aware ſhe was drawing to her end; ſhe was very uneaſy about her children, but at laſt ſhe was comforted with the thought, that God, of his goodneſs, would provide for them. She lay in the hollow of the tree, and calling her children to her, I am, ſaid ſhe, at the point of death, dear children, and you will be very ſoon orphans, and without your mother. But remember, that you are not left alone, and that God will ſee all that you are doing. Be ſure to pray to him every morning and every night. Dear *Jacky*, take great care of your ſiſter *Molly*, don't chide her, never ſtrike her. You are bigger and ſtronger than ſhe is; you muſt get fruit and eggs for her; ſhe would have ſaid ſomething to *Molly*, but (there was no time for it) ſhe died.

The poor children did not underſtand their mother, nor could they imagine what ſhe meant by dying. When ſhe expired, they thought ſhe was fallen aſleep; they feared making the leaſt noiſe for fear of waking her. *Jacky* went to provide fruit, and after they had eaten their ſupper, they lay by the hollow tree, and went to ſleep. The next morning they were much ſurpriſed that their mother was ſtill aſleep; they took her by the arm to get her to awake; when they found ſhe gave them no anſwer, they thought ſhe was diſpleaſed with them, they cried, they begged par-

don, and promiſed to be very good and dutiful. All to no purpoſe; we may imagine, though they could not, that no anſwer could be had from their dead mother. They continued ſome days in that place, till the corpſe began to corrupt. One morning *Molly*, with a great outcry, called to *Jacky*, ah brother! ſaid ſhe, here are worms eating up poor *mama*; this muſt not be ſuffered; let us take them off; come, help me. *Jacky* drew near, but the ſtench was ſo great they could not ſtay there, but looked out another tree for their lodgings.

The children obſerved punctually the directions they received from their dying mother; no day paſſed without putting up their morning and evening prayers to God; they had read their books over ſo often, that they had them by heart. When they had read their time out, they walked, or elſe ſat on the graſs; *Jacky* would ſay to his ſiſter, I well remember, when I was a very little one, that I was in a place, where was a number of great houſes, and many men; I had my nurſe, you had yours; *papa* had ſeveral ſervants; and you and I were finely dreſſed. *Papa* took us all on a ſudden into a houſe, that moved upon the water, and after that, he very haſtily tied us to a plank, and went himſelf to the bottom of the ſea, from whence he never came back. This is particular, *Molly* anſwered; but ſince it was ſo, it was God's will; you know he can do all things.

Jacky and *Molly* had been eleven years on this iſland. As they were ſitting on the ſea-ſhore one day, they obſerved ſeveral black men coming in a boat to the iſland. At firſt *Molly* was frightened and was for making her eſcape; but *Jacky* cried out, ſtay, ſiſter, don't you know that God, our

good father, is here, and will hinder thoſe men from doing us any harm? The blacks were ſurpriſed to ſee theſe children of a different colour from themſelves. They ſurrounded them, and ſpoke to them, but to no purpoſe; *Jacky* and *Molly* knew nothing of their language. *Jacky* took theſe ſavages to the place, where his mother's remains lay, and gave them an account how his mother ceaſed to ſpeak all at once; but they underſtood as little of his, as he did of their language. At length the black men ſhewed them their boat, and deſired them by ſigns to ſtep in. I dare not, ſays *Molly*, theſe men frighten me. Be of good heart, ſiſter, ſaid *Jacky*. Papa had ſervants of the ſame colour; perhaps he is returned from his voyage, and has ſent them to find us out.

They went on board the little veſſel, which carried them to an iſland not far diſtant, and inhabited by ſavages. They all received them very kindly; the king could not give over looking at *Molly*, and often put his hand to his breaſt to let her know he loved her. *Molly* and *Jacky* learned their language very ſoon, and underſtood, that the inhabitants were at war with the people of ſome neighbouring iſlands, that they eat their priſoners, and adored an overgrown ugly monkey, who was attended by ſeveral ſavages, inſomuch that the brother and ſiſter were very ſorry for being among ſuch bad people. Meantime, the king was reſolved to make *Molly* his queen, who told her brother ſhe had rather die than be wed to this man. Becauſe he is ugly, replied *Jacky*. No, ſays ſhe, but becauſe he is wicked. Don't you obſerve, that he has no knowledge of God, our good father, and that, inſtead of praying to him, he kneels before that ugly beaſt? But beſides, our book tells

us we muſt forgive our enemies, and do good to them; and you ſee, that inſtead of this, he, like a wicked man, puts his priſoners to death, and devours them.

A thought is come into my head, ſays *Jacky*; if we kill this ugly monkey, they will be convinced he is not their God. Let us do better, ſaid *Molly*; our book ſays, that God always grants what we aſk with a good heart; let us go down on our knees, and beg of God to deſtroy the monkey; then you will not be charged with it, and your life will be out of danger.

Jacky thought his ſiſter reaſoned well upon the matter. They both fell on their knees, and ſaid aloud, O Lord, who can'ſt do whatever thou pleaſeſt, vouchſafe, if it be thy good will, to deſtroy this monkey, that theſe deluded people may know their adoration is due to thee, and not to that animal. They were yet upon their knees, when they heard a dreadful outcry, and upon inquiring what was the occaſion of it, they were informed, that the great monkey leaping off the tree, had broke his leg, and, it was thought, beyond any poſſibility of recovering. The ſavages, who took care of the monkey now dead, and who were a ſort of prieſts in his ſervice, aſſured the king, that *Jacky* and *Molly* were the cauſe of this diſaſtrous accident, and that the nation could never proſper, till the two white people had adored their God. It was immediately reſolved, that a ſacrifice ſhould be offered to the new monkey they had juſt choſen to ſucceed to the other, that the two white people ſhould aſſiſt at the ſacrifice, and that *Molly* ſhould then be eſpouſed to the king, but that in caſe of refuſal they ſhould be burnt alive with the books which they uſed to perform their enchant-

ments. *Molly* was informed of the reſolution taken; and as the prieſts reproached her with cauſing the death of the monkey, ſhe made this anſwer, had I, ſaid ſhe, occaſioned the death of your monkey, I muſt, you cannot diſpute it, be more powerful than he; it muſt be then an extreme degree of folly for me to adore one, that is not above me. The weaker muſt yield to the ſtronger, and conſequently I ſhould rather be adored by the monkey, than he by me. However, I will not deceive you; it was not I that killed him, but our God, who is the maſter of all created beings, and without whoſe permiſſion you cannot hurt a hair of my head. Theſe words highly exaſperated the ſavages; they tied them faſt to piles of wood, and were prepared to ſet fire to them, when they heard, that a great number of their enemies were come aſhore. They all ran to fight the invaders, and were overcome. The victorious enemy cut the chains of the victims deſtined to the flames, and carried them to their iſlands, where they became ſlaves to the king of the country. They were daily at hard labour from morning till night; they ſaid they muſt be faithful ſervants for God's ſake, and believe that they ſerved our Lord, ſince their book directed them to act in that manner.

Mean while theſe ſavages were frequently engaged in wars, and, like their neighbours, they devoured their priſoners. On a certain occaſion they took a great number; for they were very warlike and ſtout. Among the priſoners was a white man, and the ſavages ſeeing him very lean, determined to feed him, and fatten him for their eating. He was kept chained in a hut, and *Molly* was charged with the care of bringing him what he was to eat. As ſhe knew that he

was ſoon to be eaten by the ſavages, ſhe had a great compaſſion for him, and caſting her ſorrowful eyes upon him, ſhe lifted up her heart to God: My God, ſaid ſhe, and my father, have mercy on him! This white man, who was ſurpriſed with the ſight of a woman of the ſame colour as himſelf, was much more ſo when he heard her ſpeak his own language, and pray to one God. Who taught you to ſpeak French, ſaid he, and to know God? I did not know before this, ſhe ſaid, the name of the language I ſpeak; my mother ſpoke it and taught it me; as to God, we have two books, from which we have learned much about him, and we pray to him daily. O heavens! the man cried out, is it poſſible? But, pray young woman, could not you let me ſee thoſe books? I have not them here, but I will call my brother; he keeps the books, and will let you ſee them. She went out, and ſoon after came back with *Jack* and the books. The white man opened the books with ſome concern, and finding on the firſt leaf, this book belongs to *John Maurice*, he broke out with theſe words, ah dear children! have I lived to ſee you once more? come, embrace your father, and I wiſh you may give me ſome account of your mother. *Jacky* and *Molly* fell into their father's arms in a flood of tears of joy; at laſt *Jacky* began to ſpeak, my heart, ſaid he, tells me you are my father; yet I don't know how 'tis poſſible; for my mother ſaid you went to the bottom of the ſea, and now, by what I underſtand, I am ſatisfied, that no one can live there or return thence. It is true, ſaid the man; I actually fell into the ſea; but catching hold of a plank I came ſafely aſhore in an iſland, and concluded you were loſt. *Jacky* gave then a particular account of

all

all that he could remember; the white man wept bitterly, when he found that his poor wife was dead. *Molly* was all in tears, but for another reaſon. Alas! ſhe cried out; what avails it to us to have met again with our father, if in a few days he is to be ſlaughtered and devoured? We muſt cut his chains, ſaid *Jacky*, and eſcape into the woods. What can we do there, ſaid *John Maurice?* The ſavages will ſoon catch us, or elſe we muſt ſtarve with hunger. Leave it to me, ſays *Molly*, I have an infallible means to ſave your life.

With this ſhe left her father, and went immediately to the king. When ſhe came into the royal hut, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, Lord, ſaid ſhe, I have a great favour to beg of you, will you promiſe to grant my requeſt? More than that, the king anſwered, I ſwear, I will. Then, ſaid *Molly*, you muſt know, that the white man you have committed to my care, is my father and *Jacky*'s. You have determined, that he ſhall be eaten, I am come to lay before you, that he is old and lean, and that he cannot be very good meat; but I am young and plump, and I hope that you will eat me inſtead of him; all the favour I beg beſides is, that I may be allowed a week to ſee, and be with him, before I die. Really, ſays the king, you are ſo good a girl, that I would not for the world you ſhould die. You and your father both ſhall live. Moreover I muſt tell you, that a ſhip comes yearly with white men, to whom we ſell our priſoners; we expect it ſoon, and you ſhall have my leave to depart.

Molly gave the king her moſt humble and grateful thanks; ſhe alſo thanked God, who had inſpired the king, and moved him to compaſſion. She ran with the good news to her father, and ſome days after the ſhip mentioned by the black king

came to the road, and ſhe went on board with her father and her brother. They landed in a large iſland inhabited by *Spaniards*. The governor of the iſland hearing this adventure of *Molly*'s, ſaid to himſelf, this young woman is not worth a groat, and is extremely ſun-burnt; but is ſo good and virtuous, that ſhe can make a huſband happier than riches and beauty. He propoſed the match to her father; *John Maurice* gave his conſent; the governor was ſoon married to her, and he made a match between a kinſwoman of his and *John Maurice*'s ſon; they lived very happily in the iſland, and often reflected with wonder on the myſterious and wiſe Providence of God, who only permitted the daughter to be a ſlave as a means to ſave her father's life.

Mrs. Affable. I aſſure you, dear Lady *Charlotte*, that this pretty tale has affected me very much. What do you ſay, Lady *Lucy?*

Lady Lucy. In my opinion of this tale, there is not one needleſs circumſtance, and the whole of it is wonderfully adapted to raiſe our confidence in God, and to promote in us a true love of our duty. The lady has alſo found a way to give us a great ſhare of concern for two innocent perſons. This, I think, is all that can be expected in a tale.

Mrs. Affable. Yes indeed, ladies. Lady *Lucy* has very judiciouſly placed in one point of view all the qualities required in a fiction, that is, in tales and fables. Remember theſe well. I would have you follow Lady *Charlotte*'s example, and compoſe ſomething. This will form a ſtile, and accuſtom you to write your thoughts in ſome order; but that you may ſucceed in your compoſitions, you muſt at once both inſtruct and pleaſe. Thoſe ladies amongſt you, that cannot make a little ſtory muſt write letters. Nothing is ſo unbecoming in a lady as not to know how

how to expreſs her thoughts in writing; but to have a facility in this way, they muſt accuſtom themſelves early to the practice. Our leſſon has been ſo long to day, that we muſt put off geography to another meeting.

Lady Louiſa. I won't forget the ſtory Mrs. *Affable* has promiſed to prove, that there is no probity or worth without religion.

Mrs. Affable. We will begin our next with that ſtory; but however take notice, that, by a great chance, a perſon without religion may ſtill preſerve his probity and worth. We have a natural love of virtue, and this is ſeen in thoſe that are not at all virtuous; but the diſordered love of ourſelves inclines us to depart from virtue, wherever we find it neceſſary to gratify corrupt nature. But ſeveral circumſtances may concur, where a man will not find any occaſion for vicious actions to obtain the ſatisfaction he has in view. Here he continues a man of worth, where he has no intereſt to be otherwiſe, and becauſe no one is wicked without ſome view or other. The ſtory I have promiſed will prove, and ſhew at the ſame time, that, if only religion can maintain unalterable worth and probity, nothing but religion can procure true happineſs, and ſuch as ſhall not depend upon the various incidents of life.

DIALOGUE XVII.

Mrs. AFFABLE.

WE begin, ladies, with the ſtory promiſed at our laſt meeting; it is taken from the ADVENTURER, but I give you notice that the tranſlation is not very exact. I left Lady *Senſible* at liberty to add, or take off as ſhe pleaſed, and I was very well ſatisfied with what ſhe did. The heroine, or the chief character in the ſtory, ſpeaks herſelf.

The Hiſtory of FIDELIA.

I am a younger brother's daughter of a gentleman's family; my father had a middling fortune; his inclination to pleaſures, when he was young, hindered all thoughts of increaſing his worldly ſubſtance, by taking to ſome honourable profeſſion. When he advanced more in age, he ſpent the remainder of his fortune in the purchaſe of a place in the government, which afforded him a ſufficient and eaſy ſubſiſtence. He married at the ſame time; I was the only child by that marriage; I loſt my mother when I was twelve years of age; and my father, who loved me extremely, would not truſt any one but himſelf to improve my underſtanding; his great affection for me, which undoubtedly blinded him, perſuaded my father, that I had an uncommon genius, and beyond what uſually appears in our ſex; and to correſpond with the intention of nature, this was his

his manner of expreſſion, he thought he muſt give me a different education from that which is commonly given to other children. He had ſtudied well, and did not want wit, and ſo was well qualified to take upon him the quality of my tutor and governor; but, very unhappily for me, he was without any religion; he believed the ſoul as mortal as the body; this pernicious idea had corrupted his morals, and made him a great libertine. He would not for millions have wronged any man of a ſhilling, and had no ſcruple of an intrigue with another man's wife; becauſe, as the fine faſhionable gentlemen ſay, it is no ſhame to have miſtreſſes; though the very ſame perſons will tell you, that a woman who is not modeſt, deſerves to be ſcorned. My father had too much ſenſe not to be convinced, that what was a crime in a woman, could not be without guilt in a man; however, as he was againſt my incurring the contempt of others, he was reſolved I ſhould be imbued with his principles with regard to religion, as well as to morals. He would repeat inceſſantly, that virtue was ſo eaſy, and afforded ſo much contentment to its votaries, as to be their reward.

Whilſt my father gave me theſe fine ideas with reſpect to morals, though diametrically oppoſite to his principles, he forgot nothing that could contribute to fix me in theſe principles, without ever thinking that this contrariety could never ſubſiſt in a mind, which he was now forming to a habit of reflection. All revealed religion with him was ſuperſtitious, and only proper to enſlave vulgar ſouls, inſomuch that his main care was to clear my mind of ſuch prejudices. Though he conſtantly recommended the avoiding of vice, and the practice of virtue, his advice was ſupported

by motives, that had no relation to the immortality of the ſoul, which he never once mentioned to me. Though he was ſilent on this important article, an interior feeling, to the cauſe of which I was a ſtranger, did not ſuffer me to look upon the moment of death as a total annihilation; I could not think of what was to happen after death without ſentiments of hope or fear. Now and then I put the queſtion to my father on this matter; his anſwer was, that the immortality of the ſoul, whether true or falſe, was not to influence my actions, or give me any inquietude; ſince virtue, which could make me happy here, was certainly ſufficient to make me ſo hereafter, if any hereafter was ———

Miſs Frivolous. Let me interrupt you. I always took that to be an infallible maxim; it has been frequently repeated to me; is it poſſible it ſhould be a miſtake?

Lady Tempeſt. And I think, Mrs. *Affable*, you have often ſaid the ſame to us.

Mrs. Affable. I have ſo, ladies, but not altogether in the ſame ſenſe. Had we, to make an impoſſible ſuppoſition, been created to be annihilated at the moment of death, we ſhould certainly be moſt miſerable, as every ſituation in life is thick ſown with troubles and vexations, which, only the thought of the immortality of our ſoul can alleviate. A wiſe man in this caſe would examine, among theſe different ſorts of miſeries, which was the moſt tolerable. Reaſon would convince him, that the trouble of overcoming our paſſions being leſs, than the pains taken to gratify the ſame, there can be no doubt about the choice. I know, that it is to no purpoſe for any one to attempt an abſolute conqueſt over our paſſions, as the arduous work is above our natural power, and that it can only

only be perfected by religious principles under the influence of divine grace; but if this perſon could not ſucceed in the attempt, the difficulties might be ſomething leſs, which ſtill would be a great point gained. The virtue of a heathen is to be preferred to abandoning one's ſelf to vicious inclinations; this is the beſt colour that can be put upon it; but this is far from being ſufficient to procure the happineſs which this gentleman promiſed to his daughter; and the ſequel of her hiſtory will ſhew what the conſequence was of her loſing the hopes he had given her in relation to this article.

FIDELIA *goes on.*

I mentioned the ſenſible impreſſion which I had at firſt of the immortality of the ſoul; but this grew imperceptibly weaker and weaker, and at laſt diſappeared entirely. Though my father had not expreſly opened his mind on the ſubject, yet it could be eaſily gueſſed. I was ſatisfied, that he believed his being would end with his life, and that if he did not ſpeak plainly upon that head, he wanted terms to declare his thoughts clearly to me. I had a very high opinion of his knowledge, and a great reſpect, as well as a tender love for my father; this was enough, and very cogent to adopt his ſentiments. On the other ſide, he had ſupplied me with all the authors that had appeared againſt Chriſtianity; what need of more to turn the brains of a young perſon only eighteen years of age, and without any help to ſtand againſt the authority of a parent, on whom ſhe doted? I loſt him, when I was twenty; I loſt my poor deluded father, whoſe pernicious leſſons were at laſt ſo fatal to his daughter. His death brought me

to a condition, wherein I ſtood in need of all my philoſophy. The place, which had yielded us a ſubſiſtence till that time, was only for life; and with my father I loſt not only the ſuperfluous, and the convenient, but all that was neceſſary to ſubſiſt. An uncle of mine did not ſuffer me to continue long in the fear of want; he took me home, and proteſted he would always look upon me as his daughter. This uncle by my mother's ſide was very wealthy, and had by trade got his great ſubſtance, which had taken up the whole of his attention. He had only that ſort of wit, or rather inſtinct, neceſſary to advance his fortune by trade; and his education had been extremely neglected. He ſaw, but with a good deal of trouble, that I ſpent moſt of my time in books; his trouble was much increaſed, when he read their titles, which appeared in his thoughts downright blaſphemies. He ſaid, thoſe ſort of books were only proper to make me an Atheiſt. I offered to explain my ſentiments; for, as I thought myſelf in the right, I eſteemed it a crime to diſguiſe my way of thinking; but the extent of his capacity could not reach the difference between a Deiſt and an Atheiſt. The arguments I urged had no effect, but to convince him, that I was a wicked woman, who, as he ſaid, neither believed a God or a devil. Being, as he really was, a true honeſt man, and a zealous Chriſtian, though more by habit and prejudice of education, than by conviction and reaſon, my principles gave him inexpreſſible concern. I had very great obligations to him, my dependence was wholly upon him; ſtill I was leſs ſenſible of the danger I was in of forfeiting his kind relief, than of the grief which afflicted his honeſt heart upon my account. My comfort was the teſtimony of my conſcience, which reproached

reproached me nothing. Where was the fault, thought I, in being above vulgar errors? My father's principles gained ground daily with me, and the impreſſion made grew ſtronger and ſtronger; not ſo much by the arguments by which they came recommended to me from him, as by the behaviour of my uncle. This is, I ſaid, interiorly being a good chriſtian; I ſhall ſoon be hated by him; his inborn good nature would have preſerved me from any ſuch danger, but ſuperſtition has got the better of his amiable diſpoſitions, and will ſoon ſmother the calls of nature and humanity; I ſhall be quite forſaken.

I was for ſeveral months in this moſt melancholy plight; for nothing is ſo intolerable to ſelf-love, as being under a neceſſity of receiving continual favours from a perſon, who has ceaſed to have any affection or eſteem for one, and a perſon that I could not forbear deſpiſing. My uncle came one day to my chamber; he looked more chearful than uſual, and after he had ſaid ſeveral things, which I looked upon as forerunners of happy tidings, he ſignified that he had a very advantageous match to propoſe, and which, he thought, I ſhould have too much ſenſe not to accept. This was a merchant I had ſometimes ſeen at dinner with us; he was neither young nor old; his means were very conſiderable, and he was very good-humoured. Upon this bottom my uncle conceived he had great reaſon to be ſure of my conſent, and ſo much the more, becauſe I did not at all diſpute the good qualities he mentioned; but, good as they were, I did not think them ſufficient for a man deſigned to be a partner for life, and a maſter and director of my actions; a man whom it was my duty not only to obey but to love; and I found that

he

he was not a man that would raiſe thoſe ſentiments; he had but a mean capacity, no delicacy of thought; his behaviour was coarſe and unpolite. My uncle was in the greateſt ſurpriſe, when I laid before him the motives, that induced me to refuſe this match. What do you mean, ſaid he, interrupting me, with your delicacy of thought, and unpolite behaviour? Ah child! had you read only books that would have taught you moderation and prudence, you would talk more reaſonably. But, very unhappily for you, your favourite reading has been in books, which are the readieſt way to turn your brain, and perhaps, at laſt, to ruin your ſoul. Now, indeed, I fear I ſhould wrong my conſcience in accepting the kind offers of my friend in your behalf, and helping him to a wife ſo ſilly, and almoſt a heathen; but I ſtill hope the beſt, and that the unbelieving wife may be ſanctified by a believing huſband. Your objections to the match are ſo ridiculous, that I cannot think you are ſerious, when you make them. Don't think to impoſe upon one, that has lived ſo long as I have in the world. No, niece, never promiſe yourſelf, that you can do it; I ſee the true motive of this refuſal; ſome libertine has ſtruck your fancy, and you intend to match with him, that you may take your full courſe without any reſtraint in the broad way of perdition; but, if the advice I give you does not reſcue you from danger, I can at leaſt diſmiſs all care of you for the future, and ſhake off the burthen of anſwering for your perſon and your ſoul. You ſhall either accept the kind offer of a worthy man, who will be anſwerable for your behaviour, or you ſhall e'en diſpoſe of yourſelf, as you pleaſe, for I am determined not to be farther concerned about you. Here I leave you; think

think ſeriouſly on the happineſs offered you by a kind providence; remember the affectionate and tender manner of taking you to my houſe; this ought to give me ſome power and influence over you, and determine you to follow my counſel.

He left me after this harangue, and I conſidered very ſeriouſly the choice I had to make upon this declaration. I looked upon it, as a kind of proſtitution, to deliver myſelf up to a man, to whom I could not give my heart; all my oaths and proteſtations of love would have ended in perjury. On the other ſide, in caſe of a refuſal, I was to face all the horrors of poverty, and to remain without any protector, friend, or relief. After deliberating ſome hours, I was determined not to accept the offer, truly, more from a principle of conſcience than inclination. It is true, I muſt have offered ſome violence to my niceneſs, in accepting a huſband, for whom I had the greateſt indifference; but ſtill as my affection was not preingaged, and I had a mild eaſy temper, I certainly thought I ſhould be leſs unhappy in following my kinſman's advice, than expoſing myſelf to be abandoned by him; but I alſo thought I ſhould be cruelly tormented with remorſe for doing what I could not in my opinion juſtify. I was brought up, as I ſaid before, with the notion, that virtue only could make us happy; and that ſuch things, as are generally looked upon as evils, could not affect the happineſs of a ſoul governed by its duty, and enamoured with the charms of uprightneſs. Theſe principles were certainly true, if we talk of real virtue, and not of that, whereof I had conceived falſe ideas. I reſolved therefore to run all hazards, rather than act contrary to ſuch noble and praiſe-worthy principles; I was even glad of an occaſion to ſhew the contempt

I had

I had of the frowns or favours of fortune; my pride was flattered by my ſteadineſs; and thus I ſacrificed all the conveniencies of life to a paſſion; but I made a bubble of myſelf, and was ſtrongly perſuaded, that I had no other view, but to teach men, that the virtue of a ſtoic ſufficed to bear up againſt the greateſt difficulties.

I imparted the reſolution I had taken to my uncle, and aſſured him withal, that it ſhould never hinder my continuing to ſhew him all the gratitude, and the greateſt reſpect, that lay in my power. I ſolemnly declared, that my refuſing to comply with his deſire was not owing to a weak paſſion for another perſon, but to the fear of hurting my conſcience by an engagement, which it could not approve; that the match propoſed offered me great advantages, but that riches were not ſo much eſteemed by me, as to let them have the preference to virtue, and to ſacrifice the laſt to the purchaſe of the former; that a promiſe from the lips, and not from the heart, muſt be attended with guilt, and that I could not without great injuſtice enter upon a contract of ſuch importance, whilſt I found that I was unable to diſcharge the duties conſequent to the engagement; that I was not miſtreſs of my affections; and, in ſhort, that no one ſhould have my hand, who had not before obtained the firſt place in my heart.

I was amazed, that my uncle's paſſion gave me room to make ſo long a ſpeech; but obſerving his countenance I ſoon perceived, that his paſſion with-held his tongue. He began at laſt to ſpeak, but it was to load me with reproaches; my reaſons he condemned as romantick fooleries, which he believed I gave no credit to myſelf; he added, that my only intention was to impoſe upon him,

that

that I might have leiſure, and meet with leſs difficulty to make ſome unhappy match. It was in vain for me to proteſt, that I was not then in a mind to marry the perſon he propoſed, or any other. He continued to think, that a young woman at my time of life could not ſo obſtinately reject a huſband, with whom ſhe was to come into ſo great a fortune, unleſs ſhe had ſome other perſon in view. He called God to witneſs the juſt reaſons of his anger, and of my ingratitude and want of duty; and giving me a bank note of fifty pounds, as the laſt token of his compaſſion, he bid me be gone out of his houſe, and never to appear in his ſight again. I called all my courage to my aſſiſtance to thank him for all paſt kindneſſes, and with a low court'ſy I left his chamber. I made what haſte I could to get my clothes together, and about an hour after went to a man's, who had been formerly my father's ſervant and let lodgings. The next day I paid a viſit to a couſin of mine; he was ſon to my father's elder brother; he had inherited the greateſt part of the family-eſtate, and increaſed his fortune conſiderably by marrying a rich heireſs. As we had been very intimate in my father's life-time, and knowing beſides, that he had been brought up in the ſame principles that I was, I hoped I ſhould meet there with ſome comfort and friendſhip, if not relief. I gave him a minute account of my adventure, and expected that he would have applauded my conduct; but the air of ſcorn which appeared in his looks, and increaſed gradually as I was ſpeaking, convinced me how much I was miſtaken. What evil ſpirit, he ſaid, interrupting me, has made a fool of my poor couſin? I always took her before for a woman of good

good ſenſe. What nonſenſe, to loſe your uncle's favour, and to be reduced to beg, for refuſing ſo advantageous a match? and why, pray? becauſe forſooth you had no love for the man you was to marry. Who are they, I want to know, that conſult their own good liking in the caſe of marriage? I have fifteen hundred pounds a year, and that leaves me more room to humour my inclinations, than you have, that are not worth a ſhilling. I would not have you to imagine, that either my heart or my eyes had any ſhare in my marriage; I only thought of her fortune, thirteen thouſand pounds, which I had with her; as to her face and humour, they never once came into queſtion. Would I have given two-pence for my wife? No faith! but her fortune can procure me a ſeraglio of beauties, and ſatisfy my inclination to whatever may be my pleaſure. What matters it, whether a huſband or a wife be amiable, as long as money can ſupply what is wanting? You, dear couſin, had an opportunity; you might have been miſtreſs of as ample a fortune as mine, and have procured yourſelf whatever you wanted. Could you fancy, that, being married, no one durſt make warm addreſſes to you? Quite contrary; now that you are ſingle, you will ſcarce find a lover, whereas being married you would find a ſcore with eaſe, in as much, as they are out of danger of being engaged farther than they deſire. You were for making a conſiderable figure in the world, and picking out ſuch a lover as romances deſcribe; for, indeed, I do not think you would have had any difficulty in managing, as you pleaſed, honeſt *John Trott*, that was intended for you.

My

My indignation could not ſuffer this ſtrain of converſation any longer. I got up with a diſdainful look, and was leaving the room, when my unworthy relation, taking me by the arm, my pretty little couſin, ſaid he, put off thoſe ſcornful airs, I know you, and have known many others. Leave to ſuch, as are brought up by prieſts and nurſes, the fear of everlaſting fires, and the dread of being carried away by the d—v—l, if they liſten to the calls of nature, which invites them to lead an agreeable life. Let thoſe women enjoy the liberty of being fooliſhly virtuous; you have too much good ſenſe to follow their example. You know, that the period of your being is of a ſhort duration; it is but reaſonable to make your advantage of time, and to divert yourſelf without ſcruple.

He would undoubtedly have gone on, but my paſſion and rage was raiſed to the higheſt pitch; I flung out of his hands, and went out, aſſuring him, that he ſhould never have another occaſion to inſult my diſtreſs, and to ſully my imagination with his filthy diſcourſe; in effect, I reſolved never to come near his houſe, and I ſtood to my reſolution.

Lady Louiſa. An unworthy man! Mrs. *Affable.* How came *Fidelia* not to fly in his face? I ſhould certainly have ſtruck the villain.

Mrs. Affable. I ſhould have been tempted to do ſo; but the ſtory is too long, what remains of it, to go through it this day. We will have the continuation of it the next time we meet.

Lady Lucy. Oh! you are very hard-hearted, Mrs. *Affable.* I juſt long to know what will become of poor *Fidelia.* Hitherto, ſetting aſide a little pride, ſhe is faultleſs. I muſt own ſhe had a wrong

a wrong way of thinking with reſpect to religion, but that was the father's fault and not hers.

Miſs Frivolous. For my part, I muſt ſide with her in oppoſing her uncle's will. Oh! it is the ſaddeſt thing that can happen to marry a man one don't love. Are not you of my opinion, Mrs. *Affable?*

Mrs. Affable. Far from it my dear; on the contrary, I am perſuaded that the love-matches run the greateſt hazards of proving very unhappy.

Lady Lucy. Why, Mrs. *Affable?* Would you have me marry a perſon, that I don't love, or one for whom I have an averſion?

Mrs. Affable. You muſt not confound one thing with another. There is a wide difference in not loving, and poſitively diſliking a perſon. I would rather adviſe a young woman to beg her bread, than marry a man, to whom ſhe is quite averſe; but if ſhe has an eſteem for him, that is grounded upon her knowledge of his good humour, that ſuffices to determine her to give her hand to him; and experience has ſhewn, that more matches ſucceed in this way, than thoſe that are made by inclination.

Miſs Frivolous. I aſſure you, Mrs. *Affable,* that I will never marry, unleſs I have a very great love for the perſon I ſhall take to be my huſband.

Lady Lucy. I am of the ſame mind, and I muſt join with *Fidelia*; marriage includes a vow, or promiſe to love a huſband. He is a companion we chuſe, a maſter, a guide, that we take. The ſubjection would be intolerable, if we did not love the perſon, to whom we conſent to grant all the authority comprehended in thoſe titles.

Mrs.

Mrs. Affable. Yes indeed, ladies, marriage would be an inſupportable ſlavery, unleſs you loved your huſband; but I will maintain, that a young woman, who has made a proper inquiry into the character of her future huſband, and has conceived an eſteem for him from the character ſhe has diſcovered, will infallibly love her huſband. I do not pretend ſhe ſhall fall in love with him; no, that is not neceſſary for the happineſs of a married ſtate; but ſhe will love him as a friend, that deſerves her confidence; ſhe will make her happineſs conſiſt in obeying him, and making him as happy as it ſhall be in her power to do. Miſs *Frivolous,* you will be ſure to be tomorrow at our private conference, which I am to have with theſe ladies, and where this point ſhall be thoroughly diſcuſſed.

END OF VOL. I.

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